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THE SHOE AND CANOE

OR

PICTURES OF TRAVEL

IN

THE CANADAS.

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ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THEIR SCENERY AND OF COLONIAL LIFE;

WITH FACTS AND OPINIONS ON EMIGRATION, STATE POLICY, AND OTHER POINTS OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

With Numerous Plates and Maps.

By JOHN J. BIGSBY, M.D.

HON. MEM. AMERICAN GEOLOGICAL SOC., LATE SECRETARY TO THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION UNDER ART. VI. AND VII. TREATY OF GHENT.

AA 48

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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"There He setteth the poor on high from affliction; and maketh him families like a flock. The righteous shall see it and rejoice."—*Ps.* cvii.

"Make my grave on the banks of the St. Lawrence."—LORD SYDENHAM, *late Governor-Gen. of British North America.*

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NIAGARA.

The River—My Friends—The Vicinity of the Falls—Forsyth's Inn—The Indian carried over the Falls—The Stolen Drawings—The Falls—Anecdotes royal and true—Mr. John Vaughan and his Ways—Dr. Franklin—The Chasm and Curtain—Goat Island—Stamford Park—Queenston Heights—Rhoda's Procession—The Deserter.

In this excursion I concern myself with the general features only of the Falls of Niagara, and more particularly with the sayings and doings of the pleasant party with whom I visited them.

I have thought well to separate this light reading from the topographical details and accurate admeasurements which I obtained from the Boundary Surveyors, as being more easily consulted than read. They will be found in the Appendix, together with a small map of this

locality, which I hope the reader will glance at before perusing this Excursion.

The River Niagara fully merits its fame. It is magnificent in dimension, beautiful in form, enriched with various and exuberant foliage, and cheered with bright skies.

In 1822 its east bank, a part of the north frontier of the United States, was (and probably is) a scarcely touched forest, while the Canadian shore blooms from end to end with orchards and farms, hamlets and ornamental residences.

The Cataract of Niagara is unrivalled in the impression it makes upon every cultivated mind. Its superiority does not, however, depend so much on its height, or on the accompanying scenery, as on its naked vastness, and its extraordinary beauty of outline and colour.

A cataract as large as that of the Rhine at Schaffhausen might be cut out (so to speak) of that of Niagara, without its being perceived.

In a picture this Fall is tame, formal, and disappointing; but in the living landscape no such effect is produced, and the mind becomes wrapt in solemnised and pleased wonder.

The rapid transition from the placid, lakelike character of the river above to the vehemence and tumult of the Falls, is very striking to the spectator who approaches from Lake Erie, as I

did on my first visit, riding jauntily in the spring-waggon of a Seneka Indian well to do, who was dressed, as might be expected in a white man a little eccentric.

Near the village of Chippewa the broad, hurrying stream is seen a couple of miles off to leap into a dark and deep gulf. All between the spectator and the plunge is bright, clear, and verdurous, all beyond is gloomy and grey in the wreathing mists sent up by the shock of waters.

The great chasm which I thus incidentally notice, and its picturesque outlet or gorge at Queenston, are additional features of great interest.

Although it will be described in the Appendix, I may here advert to the singular fact that all the superfluous waters of the great upper lakes pass through it, while in one place it is only 115 yards broad.

I had the good fortune to visit this cataract in very agreeable company. Our travelling party of six represented Philadelphia, Quebec, New York, Paris, and London, very entertainingly. As for me, my youth pinned me down as a listener only. We consisted of an old merchant (or rather philosopher) of Philadelphia, a British colonel on half-pay, a major in the American service, an English barrister, Count Montalembert, an

attaché to the French Embassy in the Brazils, now a grey-haired Legitimist,* and a young medical man.

Speculators had not then effected the base transmutations of the present day. There were no large clumsy caravansaries, no lines of white-washed lodging-houses, and no vulgar, intrusive bridges to mar the graceful outlines and harmonious colourings of waters, rocks, and sloping woods.

At that time (1822) a visit to Niagara was a great undisturbed sensation. The great Falls were almost in their primeval forests. We came upon the giant river in all its solitariness, rolling its immense wave over jutting rocks, and sepulchred in woods vocal with its roar.

Nothing incongruous met the eye or ear; the picture was perfect and the effect most profound.

In those days there was a small hamlet on the American side of the river, with Judge Porter's handsome house at one end of it; but both hamlet and hall were out of sight.

On the British side there was only one house near it, an inn, kept time out of mind by a family of the name of Forsyth. They were very primi-

* Then all strength, spirits, and gentleness—a *blond*, of rather large and full contours, so rare in Frenchmen, and a most agreeable and highly-educated person.

tive folks, but being careful and shrewd, they passed in the world as rich.

They paid their guests small worship, and could be exceedingly hasty and bitter to the highest; but the gentle and quiet had good entertainment, old-fashioned talk or none, according to the humour, wholesome food and white sheets.

Their place might have been an old farmstead in Worcestershire. The house was low, with little windows and lozenge-shaped panes. It had once been small, but had been added to as the family increased, and therefore shewed a deal of roof. Cowhouses, stables, and pigstyes, hung close around.

There it stood, with an orchard of mossy fruit trees on one side, and large forest trees on the other, the public road being in the rear.

As Newstead Abbey, blackened with the stains of centuries in the days of the poet-lord, was a far more interesting object than in its present elaborate renovation, so Niagara of old was greatly to be preferred to Niagara new and disenchanted.*

For all this old-fashioned still life has been grubbed up; and in its place we have a tall square hotel, encircled with two or three galleries, and

* Many hearty and respectful thanks, nevertheless, to the present owner, the kindly Colonel, who permits free access to this shrine of unhappy genius.

watching the Falls from a hundred windows. On the pillars of these galleries we take a certain kind of lazy interest in scanning quaint devices in pencil, original thoughts and impressions in rhyme and prose, with many newly-married names coupled in love-knots, names of lofty sound sweet to the western ear, such as Adrian and Formosa, Herman and Mariana, &c. &c. Higgs, or Snell, or Smith, usually follows. Other such house-monsters there are hereabouts, and more on the American side.

Instead of the ferry that was wont to cross the billowy current below the cataract with a freight of ladies in a state of safe consternation, we have now two shaky bridges, one above, and the other below the Fall;—the impudence of the mechanician robbing us of the august and natural. It is to be hoped that some April avalanche of ice and trees, rushing at midnight down the rapids, will sweep the upper abomination into the abyss.*

Instead of the seed-royal of prepared worshippers

* Occasionally, from the immense quantity of ice carried over the Falls, the channel becomes choked and blocked up a short distance below the Falls, so as to be passable on foot. This was the case during the winter of 1845-6, when a path was marked out across the ice opposite Clifton House. The Falls are very grand in winter; the rocks at the sides being incrusted with icicles, some of them measuring perhaps fifty or sixty feet in length.—*Smith's Gazetteer.*

(with a few stragglers perhaps), the pilgrimage to the Falls is now performed by swarming crowds of all conditions and ages—Canadians—the sallow Carolinian and his full-blown lady—rich people from Tennessee, Georgia, and Ohio—the Spaniard from hot and hateful Cuba, a spectacled German or two, and occasionally some British officials, in costume without an erring fold, and as impassible to human intercourse as ice to lightning, until warmed up by their favourite Oporto.

The great majority of the visitors only stay a couple of hours, and order their horses for the next stage before they see the show. Those who do stay a little longer treat the patient cataract with the same vulgar, prying contumelies that the public of bygone days did the dragon when the Cappadocian saint had slain him. The Ariel, a little steamer, plying in the chasm for hire, may be almost said to walk into its mouth.

Seclusion, that pleasant nymph, has ran away outright. You are *guided* to death. No sooner has the mind acquired the tension so indispensable to the enjoyment of the wonderful scene, than a man with a bit of spar for sale breaks up the vision; or the angry cries of a sulky child are heard; or a bundle of affectations from one of the interminable streets of New York comes rushing and buzzing up the steep, and effectually cuts

short your ecstatics. "Oh, mamma!" I heard a pretty little miss call out, "it is not at all as it's put in my geography-book. Where is the promenade between the curtain and the rock? Where are the bears and the moose struggling in the rapids, and then swept into the abyss? and where are the hundred Iroquois waiting below to receive the wild beasts on their spear-points? I am quite disappointed!"—and so on. If this little lady had been present when the Indian female went over the Falls in 1820, it is hoped that she would have been more than satisfied. It happened thus:—

The poor creature, of middle age, fell asleep in a canoe fastened to a stake in the river-bank, about three miles above the Falls.

During her sleep the cord broke, and the canoe floated gently but swiftly down towards the cataract.

She awoke when within 500 yards of the brink, already amid foaming rapids, and beyond rescue.

Having slowly turned round twice to see if there were any possible escape, she stooped for a large red blanket she had, folded it over her face, and quietly sat down. The woman and the canoe in a few instants were carried over the precipice, and never seen more.

I fear some of the visitors are not honest. My

companion on one of my many visits to the Falls, Captain Vivian, made eight beautiful sketches of them.° He had just finished them carefully and left the room for a mere moment—and they were gone. All inquiries were in vain. They were lost, and for ever.

We suspected a very pleasing and talkative young lady in a most becoming green satin dress, who sat next to my friend, a handsome young officer, at dinner that day. She was all "entusy-musy" about cataracts and wildernesses, and above all things wished to take away with her some drawings of Niagara. Is it possible that, with such a happy, open face, she could steal a sketch-book? We never saw her more, and the loss occurred soon after dinner.

Soon after our arrival our whole party walked down the sloping meadow between Forsyth's and the Falls, dipped by a steep bank (adorned with fine tulip-trees of nature's planting) into a narrow slip of wet coppice, and stood on Table Rock, a platform, which, almost yearly diminishing, supports the northern end of the British or Horse-shoe Fall. We could put our feet into the shallow water as it was hurrying to the brink.

The whole scene lay before us. We saw the overwhelming flood, springing in a dense sheet of the tenderest emerald, and of white and grey, into

the dark chasm—not in a line uniform and straight, but in a varying and most graceful curve.

We looked around upon the woods, upon Goat, or Iris Island, midway between the Horse-shoe and American Falls,—upwards to the rapids pent in for a couple of miles by high banks,—and then the eye dropped into the grey abyss itself, its dark mossy walls, its masses of displaced rocks, half-buried in the river, and the churning, foamy waters sending a white vapour so high as sometimes to be visible at the distance of twenty miles.

We remained half-an-hour on this spot, and returned to the inn by a little *détour*, which afforded some new points of view.

Very few words were exchanged during the walk home; each was left to the enjoyment of his own sensations. The scene is so simple, so sublime, so full of mingled grace, beauty, and terror, that there is no room for talk, and it is above human commendation.

We went to dinner, not with a hundred strangers at a table very narrow and long, the hot meats cold and the cold warm; but by ourselves, in a snug parlour.

The weather had become sultry, and a thunder-storm was brewing.

The good dinner also disinclined us to leave the

dessert. So we resolved to share a couple of bottles of Forsyth's particular port among us.

There were in our party both good talkers and good listeners; most of us had travelled extensively and in the best company.

Of course the conversation was not on politics; but it became anecdotical. A few of the little stories I recollect to this distant day.

"The last time I was here," said the worthy Colonel, "it was as private secretary to the Duke of Kent. His Royal Highness was greatly interested in the spot. The falling river, the untrodden woods, the prevailing solemnity—all proclaiming the irresistible grandeur of nature and the feebleness of man—went to his heart."

Again, his Royal Highness was brought into the proper frame by a deputation of Delawares and Mohawks, who somehow got scent of his approach, and waylaid him on the heights of Queenston with a soldierlike speech full of woodland tropes.

He greatly admired these broad-chested Redskins, with their measured tread, swart, serious faces, and hooked noses.

The Duke was much taken with the old crone, Forsyth's grandmother—with her simpleness and straightforward oddity. Not knowing clearly at the time the quality of her guests, she was often

plainer in her remarks than complimentary. One of the suite had a six-bladed knife, and expected to make at least six uses of it in the west. It had knives, corkscrew, saw, &c. &c. "Well," said she, staring agape at the Sheffield master-piece, "in all my born days I never saw such a knife as that;—no! nor never heard of one. A man with such a wonder as that in his coat-pocket, who comes 500 miles to see our Falls, must be a very uncommon fool!"

As princes sometimes wish to be quiet, especially during the fatigues of a Canadian journey, the Duke of Kent travelled *incog.*, or meant so to do; but the veil was often removed by accident or indiscretion.

"We arrived (the Colonel speaks) rather late "one evening at the little Inn of the Cedars, on "the St. Lawrence.

"The landlord was very attentive, for he saw "that he had under his roof no ordinary personage; "but who, he could not guess for the life of him.

"He repeatedly entered his Royal Highness's "sitting-room. The first time he said, 'I think, "'Captain, you rang the table-bell. What did "'you please to want?' The second time he "brought in a plate of fine raspberries, and said, "'We have found in the woods, Major, a few "'rasps. Will you please to taste them?'

"He invented a third and fourth excuse for "entering, and saluted his Highness, first as "colonel, and then as general. The last time, "just before leaving the room, he returned from "near the door, fell upon his knees, and cried "out, 'May it please your Majesty to pardon us "'if we don't behave suitable. I know you are "'not to be known. I mean no offence in calling "'you captain and colonel. What must I call "'you? For anything I can tell you may be a "'king's son.'

"To this long speech the Duke would have "given a kind answer, but for an universal and "irrepressible explosion of laughter. If you had "seen the scared old innkeeper on his knees, you "would have laughed too."

The Philadelphia merchant-philosopher was in high talk that evening.

All Philadelphia reveres and loves (or rather did so) Mr. John Vaughan,* old and young, high

*. He was an Englishman of good family, who had come to Philadelphia in early life as a merchant; but his affections were too warm, and his anxiety for the advancement of his fellow-creatures in happiness and virtue was too great, to allow his whole energies to be devoted to a selfish object, so that his time, means, and talents, soon became absorbed in schemes of philanthropic, literary, or scientific utility. He did not labour in his calling exclusively. When trade changed its channels, he did not run after it, so that after a time Mr. Vaughan was left nearly high and dry, with but few commissions or correspondents. There was never anything like

and low, for his long life had been a ceaseless current of benevolent acts. Even in the city of Quakers, this Englishman had been before, and beyond all, in good works. I had passed a winter in that delightful town, and was indebted to him for a comfortable home, for introductions to desirable society, and for access to libraries and lectures.

Mr. Vaughan took his proper part in the con-

insolvency. Mr. Vaughan was a bachelor, and I believe had a safe little patrimony. But fifty years before his death, such was his usefulness and special capacity, that he was chosen secretary of the important institution, the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, with salary and handsome apartments attached. This mark of the esteem of his fellow-citizens must have been very grateful to Mr. Vaughan.

In 1822 Mr. Vaughan was a little, active, light-hearted old man, with a pleasant, confiding face, wrinkled by hot summers, sharp winters, and a long life in exciting times. I have often seen his open-hearted expression in the countenances of philanthropists and naturalists, but not often in those of professional men and authors.

With all his gentle forgetfulness of self, Mr. Vaughan was ardent and skilful in the prosecution of an object, and few had more irons in the fire than he had at all times. Besides an active share in the business of charitable institutions, he had a multitude of private charges in the shape of widows and orphans. Did a father die early, and leave a scantily-provided family, Mr. Vaughan was accustomed to find himself appointed years before their guardian. He seldom refused the office, and set at once about soothing the bereaved, arguing with or imploring creditors, providing for immediate wants, and so on.

He was always in the fidgets about some one or other of his wards, seeking berths for the boys in ships and counting-houses, and placing out the girls in any proper way he could.

versation, but with the exception of the following characteristic anecdote, I entirely forget what he said.

Although Mr. Vaughan was much Dr. Franklin's junior, he was intimate with him, because there were points of resemblance in their characters, and because public business threw them often together. At the time spoken of, now long ago, Franklin was the editor of a young newspaper,

He had been long in the habit of walking in the morning on the quays of Philadelphia; thus to do good, while taking necessary exercise. If he saw a loiterer with a homeless look, especially if in an English smock-frock, the cheerful little man would enter into talk with him, point out some decent lodging-house, direct him to the St. George's Society for the relief of foreigners, and to other sources of information and help, not omitting to give the stranger his own address in case of need.

The English emigrant has more occasion for this kind of assistance than the Scotch and Irish. The latter have considerable address and readiness, and they meet with more help from their countrymen than the English do.

Mr. Vaughan died at Philadelphia at the age of eighty-six, passing from labour to rest, from hope to recompense. He was honoured by a public funeral. His portrait had hung for thirty years in the City Gallery of Paintings, and now his bust is placed in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, which has so greatly advanced the cultivation of science in the United States.

Mr. Vaughan was an original member of the Wistar Society of Philadelphia, an association of sixteen of the leading persons of the city. Its object was, for each member to hold in his turn a *soirée*, for the purpose of introducing respectable or distinguished strangers to each other, and to the most eminent individuals in the vicinity.

Although this note be rather long, is it not well to pay a deserved tribute to so good a man?

advocating uncompromisingly a certain line of American politics.

In those days men were very earnest. One of Franklin's subscribers disapproved of his proceedings, but forbore for some time, hoping for a change; but time only made matters worse.

One day the subscriber met Dr. Franklin in the street, and freely told him that his politics would ruin both him and his country. He finished by desiring him to take his name from the list of his subscribers. Dr. Franklin told him he was sorry to lose him, but that his wishes should be obeyed.

A week or two afterwards, not a little to the old subscriber's surprise, he received from Franklin a little note, inviting him to supper on the coming Friday evening.

He accepted, and went. He found the perverse editor in clean, plain lodgings, at a side-table, leaning on some books, in his usual easy humour. Supper was being laid on a round oak table, over which a neat-handed girl had spread a white cloth. She then gradually covered it with a shining, firm cucumber, a pat of butter, a large china jug of water from the spring, a loaf of good bread, three cool lettuces, some leeks, and a piece of ripe cheese, with a little jug of foaming beer, more brisk than strong.

Just as the last article was placed on the table,

a tap at the door brought in that friendly man, Dr. Rush, so well known all over the world for his medical skill. Another knock introduced Mr. Vaughan, most probably then full of young projects, and primed for discussion.

To the subscriber's great surprise, after these two, Washington himself stepped in, his square, grave face relaxing into good fellowship when he saw his company, and the preparations for making a night of it. Hancock, positive, able, and honest, and one more, made up the company.

They disposed themselves round the table, and fell to. So slender a repast, in such a humble room, for such a party, consisting of the first men in America, puzzled the subscriber severely.

All these guests were in their prime, splendidly and variously endowed. Each had passed the day in labour for the good of others—in the senate, the army, or in private life. They now came together for well-earned relaxation. The hours were only too short for the outpourings of their full minds. Twelve o'clock saw them home.

A few days afterwards the subscriber again met Dr. Franklin in the street. "Ah!" said he, "a thousand thanks for that delightful evening. I saw the lesson you were reading me. You meant to shew that a man who can entertain the first and best of our country upon a cucumber and a

glass of cold water, can afford to be politically honest."

"Well, friend," Franklin smilingly replied, "something of that sort."

When the thunderstorm had passed over, leaving a delightful freshness behind it, the dinner party strayed up a shady lane near Forsyth's, on the opposite side of the road—up Lundy's Lane, which leads to the round eminence whereon, in 1812, the battle of Lundy's Lane was most severely contested.

I believe we had all forgotten the whole affair, although many brave men fell there in the heroic performance of the duty of the moment, for not a single observation was made on the subject. We simply looked round upon the fertile soil, and upon the signs around us of a daily increasing population. We saw the ready access to markets, and pronounced the easy prophecy that ere long Canada West would be filled with a prosperous people.

The next morning all the party, except Mr. Vaughan and the Colonel, descended into the chasm. They feared the extreme heat then prevailing, and remained at home, amusing themselves with the quaint notions of old Mrs. Forsyth, and with discussing the merits of General Lee, a distinguished revolutionary officer on the American side.

As most of us were young, and out for a holiday, our spirits were at boiling point; practical jokes, frolic, and song, were the order of the day. It was then that I learnt my famous ditty about the farmer's dog, "Little Bingo."

In those days there were no means of descent into the chasm but by long ladders, old and crazy. Two of us, therefore, standing on the summit of the precipice, imitated Henry Navarre at the battle of Ivry, by courageously flinging our hats into the gulf to arouse our courage. We regained them by the merest accident. There was not a wearable hat to be bought within a hundred miles. The count attaché, after we had descended and stood upon the colossal fragments, which, now half buried in the waters, had fallen from above, proposed to bathe in a quiet nook he had espied; but I told him that such trouble was needless, as before he got home he would enjoy a new kind of lavatory.

It was not long before the grandeur of the scene had changed our merriment into repose and thoughtfulness. We sat down upon the rocky slope or talus, nearly on a level with the water.

The upper world of habitations, woods, and broad, shining river, was excluded. On each side, close to us, were mural precipices, 150 feet high, crowned with trees. The eye was filled and

fascinated by the wide curtain* of falling waters, whose fair and delicate colour is rendered more marked by the gloom of the surrounding walls of dark limestone.

Colossal fragments in magnificent confusion mount half-way up the precipice, and even obstruct the stream as it rolls impetuously down.

Over the Horse-shoe Fall the water leaps *en masse,* and meets with no obstruction. The same is the case at the small cascade, called the Ribbon or Montmorenci Fall (*vide* map); but at the American or Schlosser's Fall, the descending sheet of water often dashes upon successive ledges of rock, and then, arching gracefully, drops in broken feathery or arrow-like masses.

In the mist which overspreads the front of the Horse-shoe Fall the rainbows are very large and brilliant at times, but they are faint at Schlosser's.

I think I shall better convey to my readers the general impression created by the scenery of the chasm below the Falls, by the following magnificent lines, than by any words of my own :—

"The thoughts are strange which crowd upon my brain
When I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from his hollow hand,
And hung his bow upon thy awful front,

* Twelve hundred yards, or two-thirds of a mile broad, including Iris Island.—*Vide* map.

And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and thy flood
Had bidden chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we
Who hear this awful questioning? Oh! what
Are all the stirring notes that ever rang
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might."

ANON. *U.S. Literary Gazette.*

We scrambled over the fragments lining the foot of the precipice to the north end of the Horse-shoe Fall. Here we observed more nearly its form, colour, and massive thickness.

There is a considerable interval between the descending water and the rock it rushes over.

Into this dark cavern we ventured without a guide, amid a concentrated roar which stunned us, while the whirling hurricane of watery vapour, which filled the place instead of air, beat violently upon our persons, and changed our breathing into a laborious struggle of sighing and gasping.

There we stood, with tottering knees, making dumb shows of astonishment and distress. It was difficult to keep our footing, or to walk over the rough slope of fallen rocks, made slippery by wet

mosses, and the slime of the frightened eels we saw darting from stone to stone.

We succeeded in going some ten or twelve feet within the curtain, which was too thick to see through, but its emerald colour was peculiarly clear and soft. We then saw at a little distance a buttress preventing further progress, except at some risk.*

I may almost spare myself the trouble of mentioning that, while in the cavern, every point and angle about our drenched clothes was a water-spout. We were glad to escape and hurry home for a change of clothes at the top of our speed; even the count was satisfied.

It is a fact worth remembering that, although the fields in the vicinity abound in erratic blocks, I only found one in the chasm after an extensive search, a gneis full of garnets. This shews that they had found their present resting-places in the fields around before the chasm was formed.

Not long ago a mastodon was found in a fresh-water deposit, near the Falls, on the right bank of the river.

Our ardour was a good deal cooled by this immersion. We were all for an early dinner,

* I imagine that this has since been removed, and the footing generally been made more secure, because visitors, aided by guides, penetrate farther than we did.

with the intention, some of sauntering to the Burning Springs of Bridgewater, and others of 'crossing' to the American side of the river.

For my part, I went to neither, being occupied the whole evening with a sojourner at Forsyth's, attacked with inflammation of the bowels. The house was full of guests, the few servants, though kind, were busy and little used to extreme suffering; so I had to be nurse as well as physician, and shewed that, besides flourishing a lancet, I could wring a hot fomenting-cloth with any queen of the washing-tub. In a couple of days the patient moved away, weak and grateful.

Our friends were pleased with their evening. Those who had crossed below the falls in the little ferry-boat spoke highly of the view from the middle of the stream.

They mounted the woody American bank by a ladder, similar to that on the Canadian side, but shorter, and crossed by Judge Porter's two bridges into Goat Island. These bridges, of ordinary make, connect Goat Island with the main by means of an intermediate islet. They rest upon triangular buttresses, mere boxes filled with stones, and set with the sharp point opposed to the stream. There are now refreshment-rooms, bil-

liard-tables, and gardens on the island; but the greater part is still in ornamental woods.

The views from Goat Island are very fine, though partial; those from the first bridge of Judge Porter are good. Looking downwards, the white foaming waters are seen among round islets of black fir, hastening to the brink; beyond which, in the distance, and veiled by a thin haze, the Canadian side of the river is seen, a lofty weather-cliff, fringed with coppice, and separated by a green meadow from a range of grassy eminences, sprinkled with tulip and other trees.

The Chippewa or Bridgewater Burning Spring is about a mile and a half from Forsyth's, on the British side of the river, near a cluster of small houses called Bridgewater.

Numerous bubbles of sulphuretted hydrogen gas escape here from the bottom of the shallows near the bank. They are as large as a nut, and smell strongly. A bottomless barrel, full of gravel, is placed over a spot where many bubbles have appeared. To its luted head the hollow trunk of a small tree is fitted, which again receives a short gun-barrel, from whose muzzle the gas arises, and, when set fire to, burns with a broad, flickering flame about eight inches long.

The whole is enclosed in a shed for the purposes of exhibition.

Several shy, little quails, pretty birds, as round as a ball, were met with in this walk to Bridgewater, glancing about among the long grass.

The next morning we left in a body for Queenston, a village at the outlet of the chasm, and at the foot of the heights. We visited the whirlpool on our way, but I shall not notice it now, as it is described in the Appendix.

This is a charming ride through a succession of farms, orchards, village-greens, and woods. The last abounds in the red-headed woodpecker, at least I have seen more of them there than elsewhere. It is a very splendid bird, ever on the wing, and fearless. Its head and neck are of a rich crimson, and the back, wings, and breast divided between the most snowy white and jetty black.

About half-way from Forsyth's, near a cluster of cottages and a school-house, we were shewn a large collection of Indian ornaments, rings and triangular plates of copper, for the nose probably, many beads, and an Indian skull. They had been very recently found under and among the roots of an old tree. Not far from here we had a glimpse of Stamford Park, the country-seat of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Upper

Province, an exceedingly elegant imitation of the Cottage Ornée of the Isle of Wight, surrounded by a broad verandah, and covered with roses.

As we emerged on the brow of Queenston Heights from the rather close scenery we had been riding through, a beautiful and uncommon landscape presented itself.

In the immediate foreground, 300 feet below, are two pretty villages, Queenston and Lewiston, between which the Niagara, escaping from the chasm, expands into a tranquil river, and is traced, winding through a sea of woods, till it loses itself, at Fort George, in Lake Ontario, seven miles off, whose wide waters are represented by a narrow blue line, bounded by the high lands about Toronto. The junction of the river with the lake is marked by the heavy white building on the east bank of the former, called Fort Niagara (in the United States), and the town of Newark, or Niagara, on the west bank, a pleasant place of moderate size.

This panorama could not fail to be suggestive. I see, methought, that the epoch of man is but beginning, that the aspect of the earth, as we now behold it, in its inhabitants and garniture, is in its infancy. A thousand years are a small thing, a portion of the historic time which registers the

present moments as they pass, itself a fragment of geological time which may overspread a thousand centuries.

The Almighty and All-wise Being begins nothing in vain, and in the end will leave nothing incomplete. "He appears to work slowly," impatient man may say. How much remains to be done!

Look at the forest-plains below me, idle, vast, and fertile, both in the Canadas and the United States—think of the illimitable and rich countries in every quarter of the globe, hitherto untouched by spade or plough—and yet I must believe destined to be cultivated and enjoyed by countless multitudes.

The physical condition of man—how wretched, how inconsistent with his destinies! and yet how full of promise!

Again, how much has man to learn! How far beneath true, practical Christianity is the civilisation of this day anywhere! Ignorance and perverseness on the part of the weak, and oppression on the part of the strong, are almost universal. The bloody hoof of despotism is still on many kingdoms, and false religions are betraying the bulk of mankind. And yet I both see and hear the footsteps of physical and religious progress. I dare not compare, in number, zeal, and

power, the real servants of the Maker of all things, and those who serve him not—the disproportion is enormous.

I repeat, that there seems much to be done before the impending change comes, and that, probably, by ordinary agencies. The millennium may indeed intervene. May it come quickly!

Many good men are expecting the almost immediate end of the present constitution of things; but they have Scripture warrant for nothing beyond uncertainty. They are influenced by temperament, not by reason or inspiration.

We took up our abode at the Queenston Hotel, a humble but clean house of entertainment, and next morning were taken over the rugged, grassy heights, overhanging the village, to see the battle-ground where fell, in 1812, the energetic and gallant Brock. Our friend (Mr. Ridout, of Queenston) had been present in the battle. He shewed us the spot where the victory was won, where the American commander (General Winfield Scott) gave up his sword, and where the British general received his death-wound; neither did he forget to point out the broken precipice, fringed with shrubbery, down which the American soldiers sprang to avoid the English bayonet, and so perished by a death more forlorn,

lingering, and painful still, at the bottom of the cliff or in the waters. I hope there is exaggeration in this part of the battle narrative.

We were sorry that a landscape so full of beauty should be connected with so sad a story as a battle always ought to be felt; but so imperfectly Christianised is the world as yet; people and rulers both so ready to invade and oppress, that physical courage and contempt of death itself in the execution of a professional duty must be applauded. Cowardice, crime, and national decay, always go together, as do bravery, virtue, and social progress. We find, in the imperishable pages of Scripture, thirty verses (2 Sam.) dedicated to the names and exploits of valiant men, from Eleazar, who smote the Philistines until his sword clave to his hand, to Benaiah, who went down and slew a lion in a pit in the time of snow.

We returned home to dinner; and afterwards, with great regret, separated for our respective homes.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop; but I cannot help briefly narrating two incidents which occurred on this same day.

As we were looking out of the inn-window, while the servant-maid (or daughter) laid the cloth for our repast, we saw a female procession

moving up the street. We called to Rhoda for an explanation.

"Oh, gentlemen!" said she, with a proud smile, "do you not know? The soldiers' chaplain, who has been here for a couple of years, is leaving us. Well, he has just married one of the Miss Binks', who lives, twelve miles back, behind Short Hills. So the town has determined to present the bride with a new bonnet and a silk dress,—very handsome of course. I have seen them. Yes," she added, after looking into the street, "they are walking to Mr. S.'s house, the white house and green shutters facing the river."

The procession was wholly of prim village ladies, smiling or serious according to their dispositions—about twenty couples—a tidy, happy little girl in hand here and there.

At their heads most solemnly walked, with white wands, two middle-aged men, prosperous churchwardens perhaps. Behind the male leaders came a single female, bearing the bonnet on a tray, but hid from vulgar gaze and from dust in a white muslin napkin; and then followed, covered in like manner, the bulky, but light, silk dress.

It was all methodically done in the true combining spirit of the Saxon race. Some collected the money, others made the purchases, being eminent in such transactions. Several minds

were required for the inditing of the address, and two esteemed friends of the bride bore the gifts. So said the voluble Rhoda.

And thus the grateful feelings of the little community made its fitting manifestation; and the hearts of two amiable and diligent servants of God were encouraged. Such a scene could only have occurred in a simple state of society.

The Rev. Mr. B. S. took many ways to win the hearts of the Upper Canadians. One of the most effectual was marrying the tall, fresh-coloured daughter* of a worthy militia colonel, whose ancestors came from Holland.

He thus proclaimed his determination to end his days in Canada. A multitude of new relations and sympathies sprung up at once between him and his flock.

Mr. S. was by birth and education an English gentleman. In his thoughtful, mild face—in his simple and most engaging demeanour—it was instantly seen that all his thoughts were centred in the execution of his high commission. His very uncommon pulpit talents were only secondary in usefulness to the affectionate, holy, and laborious tenor of his life.

* An excellent pastor's wife she made. I spent a happy evening with them afterwards at Montreal, where Mr. S. was of great service in his Master's cause.

Two of us determined to walk to Newark (seven miles) for the purpose of embarking in the Ontario steamer for Kingston.

We were walking steadily along the river-side, among alternate woods and farmsteads, the bank being often hid in shrubbery and fine trees, when a soldier in an undress, and carrying a bundle, and a piece of board a yard long and six inches broad, overtook us. Quickly passing us, he ran down to the water's edge by a little bush-entangled path. In a moment or two he had launched into the stream in a very little skiff. He looked about, wiped his brow, and, kneeling down, began to push eagerly in a slanting course, with his poor board, for the American shore, 700 yards distant.

He was a deserter from the little garrison of Queenston. We sat down on a knoll to see what would happen.

When the man had got half-way across, turning our heads, with a natural curiosity, in search of some pursuers, we saw, with beating hearts, some distance up the river, a boat with four soldiers rowing and a serjeant steering, in full rush, to intercept the runaway.

I own that the regimental triangles,* clotted with gore, came before my eyes, and I earnestly wished the man to escape. He, too, instantly

* A wooden frame to which the soldier to be flogged is tied.

saw his danger, flung a large stone out of the boat into the water, dashed his cap on the floor of his cŏracle, and coolly, but most stoutly, wrought with his board.

At one time I was sure that he would be caught. I looked momentarily for the uplifted musket, but the serjeant was unarmed—perhaps by order.

The chase, though hot, was short. The whole thing was over in five minutes. The four-oared boat, going (with the current) six or eight miles an hour, pounced upon the man one moment too late.

He had barely beached his cockle, snatched up his cap and bundle, and disappeared, without ceremony, in the foreign bush, when his pursuers swept by him with such force that they could not stop themselves, and so allowed the fugitive to get too far inland for further chase.

My heart was in my mouth all the time, and I was upset for the evening.

Desertion along the whole Canadian frontier is frequent: it is a most dishonourable act; and yet there are strong inducements to be guilty of it. Common soldiers often become thoroughly disgusted with their monotonous, hopeless, and often annoying mode of life. Among no class of men

is suicide so frequent, and especially in the British dragoon regiments.

A soldier in debt, or in fear of punishment, sometimes unjustly (for tyranny exists everywhere), rows over the narrow water-line, and secures, he expects, not only liberty, but welcome, and eventually, if industrious, the possession of land, with the sweets of a domestic circle of his own. With such temptations, what wonder if an English peasant soldier often disloyally crosses the border?

But, practically, nine out of ten deserters are driven by want into the American army—a service in bad repute, most irksome in peace, and especially dangerous in war. The soldier has been so long provided for by others, that he usually has lost the faculty of self-maintenance and continuous labour.

I was once present at the roll-call of a company of infantry at Sacket's Harbour on Lake Ontario, and every name was British or German—there was scarcely one American. Their Christian names, Asahel, Ira, Zabulon, &c., are unmistakeable.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

PART I.

LAKES ONTARIO AND SIMCOE, ETC.

Winter Journey from Quebec to Montreal—A Story—To Kingston on melting ice—Disasters—Kingston—To Toronto in a boat along shore—Toronto—Yonge Street—Lake Simcoe—The Johnson Family—Notawasaga Carrying-place, and River.

For the purpose of making my descriptions of each district the more clear, compact, and continuous, it may be remembered that I stopped short in the Second Excursion at the entrance of the French River into Lake Huron; because I then only skirted in a hurried manner a part of the north shore of the latter, and knew but little about the rest of that fresh-water flood.

I shall now be enabled, in an early part of this excursion, to speak fully of Lake Huron, and then to continue my narrative in an orderly manner through Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods, in South Hudson Bay.

In the summer of 1823, my esteemed friend Col. Delafield,* the American agent of the Boundary Commission, the two astronomers, with their staff and myself, were directed to proceed to the Lake of the Woods, for the purpose of surveying it, and Rainy Lake, another very large body of water. The ground to be passed over on the way thither was mostly new to me.

The British portion of the expedition were ordered to leave Kingston, in Canada West, as early in the year as possible, in a beautiful clinker-built boat for Toronto. From thence we were to transport boat and baggage thirty-seven miles by Yonge Street, in a waggon, to Holland's Landing on Lake Simcoe; then to pass into Lake Huron by the pretty river Notawasaga, and so onwards to Fort William, in Lake Superior. At Fort William we were to find, ready for us, two north canoes, manned by six *voyageurs* each. In these we were to proceed by the Grand Portage, along the old commercial route, to the Lake of the Woods, while the American party were to pursue the new route up the River Kaministigua.

As this excursion is long and diversified, it is naturally divided into four parts, under the heads of—1st, The St. Lawrence, Lakes Ontario and

* Now Commandant of West Point Military Academy, on the Hudson River, state of New York.

Simcoe; 2d, Lake Huron; 3d, Lake Superior; and 4th, The Lake of the Woods, &c.

As the Commission was to meet early in May, for the transaction of business, at Kingston in Upper Canada, I left Quebec, together with Col. Hale, the British agent, in the first week in April, 1823, with the hope of arriving at Montreal at least before the approaching thaws should render the roads impassable.

At two in the morning of the appointed day, therefore, the musical bells of the stage sledge (or cariole, as the Canadian calls it) were sounding adown the street, and then stopped at my door. I forthwith stepped in, abundantly well wrapped up, and with a green veil tied over my heavy fur cap, to protect my eyes from the snow-glare.

We were four in number, exclusive of our civil French driver. Winter travelling in Canada is delightful. When properly clothed, cold is only seen, but not felt. It is probable that the exhilaration universally experienced by persons in health in frosty air, may partly arise from a given bulk of the then condensed air containing more life-giving oxygen than at higher temperatures. We were fortunate in our weather. The snow was well laid, and as crisp as salt; the winds were still; and the stars rode high, and many, in a cloudless

sky of raven blue. Our stout Normandy horses felt their task lightly, and made excellent way.

The whole country lay under a white mantle of snow, many feet deep, burying out of sight the fences of the farmer, and often half-hiding his house.

We were soon hurrying through the pine woods of Carouge. The smooth and gently-hissing movement of our sledge produced a dreaminess, which gave strange forms to the snow-loaded underwood, and to the strong lights and shadows sustained high in the air by the tall black stems of the pines; while here and there we had momentary glimpses of a broad, white, sparkling world beyond the wood—either extensive meadows or the ice-bound St. Lawrence itself.

The night appeared long, but at last the intense blue-black of the sky began to pale, and the stars slowly to disappear; the dull grey of the morning in the east slowly overspread the heavens, followed, after a weary interval, by the scarlet, pink, green, and yellow streamers of light which harbinger the glorious winter day-spring of Canada. We shook ourselves, and were glad. So fine was the ice on the St. Lawrence, that at Point aux Trembles, about thirty miles above Quebec, we drove down to it and travelled on the broad bosom of the river for forty or fifty miles,

charmingly relieved from the rough joltings of the highway.

The high banks on both sides, the woods and habitations, were all snow-clad and at rest, save that now and then a door would open at the sound of our horses' bells. The day became beautiful;—the sun a ball of fire, making the snow and frost-work glitter almost painfully to the eyes.

The ice was as smooth as glass, and so transparent that we could see the long tangled weeds below, visibly trembling in the current. I leaned over the sides of the sledge to see any fish, if possible, but in vain.

There is danger in very smooth ice, arising from the unsteady traction bringing the sledge round before the horses, on any accidental sharp pull. This occurred to us. Just when least expected, while Jean Baptiste was fumbling in his pocket, with his glove in his mouth, our vehicle swung round, caught on something rough, and over we all went on the hard ice, with some violence.

Great, for a moment or two, were our surprise and confusion; but no one was hurt. Old Judge R—— blackguarded the driver furiously; but as his French was very Scotch, it did no harm. I found myself sitting unhurt on a hat-box, pressed

as flat as a pancake. Some broken traces were soon repaired, and we were again under way.

At one o'clock we dined on mutton chops and potatoes, and fancied ourselves warmed with hot rum toddy. In half-an-hour we were pleased to mount and be off. I shall not dwell upon this journey to Montreal, nor in general notice our meals and relays.

At the post-house of Batiscan I thought myself too warm, having on two pairs of pantaloons (as is the habit of the country). Standing beside the sledge, I therefore took off one pair, and got in again, surrounded by a group of idlers waiting to see us start. I had seated myself, and was listlessly making marks on the snow, when I noticed a small round paper package on the ground, and another and another. They proved to be doubloons, worth nearly four pounds each, which had fallen out of my pockets. Just as I picked up the third, the driver's whip set the horses off at a gallop. Another moment lost and I should have been a severe loser. We slept that night at Machiche, two stages beyond Three Rivers. The latter we did not enter, but passed it on the St. Lawrence.

We went 115 miles that day without any fatigue. The horses were always ready, and the

drivers skilful and lively. Their activity in managing the sledge is surprising. If they see a difficulty a-head which is not to be overcome with the reins, they jump off at full speed, and by main force wrench the rushing vehicle out of harm's way—a mass of ice, a snow bank, or a deep rut. Laying hold of the sledge, they will run alongside of it for half an hour with frolicking ease.

The next day we were off at four A.M. We quitted the St. Lawrence and followed the high road on its banks, along the street of houses I have noticed before, occasionally crossing a frozen stream. We had four horses for two or three stages, on account of their length. One of the drivers here was a Vermont man. His team, or span, were large bright bays, in first-rate condition and in perfect discipline. Although exceedingly skilful, this man was careless. Now he went at a snail's pace; in a moment afterwards he would whisper "Hist!" and we were galloping at full speed up an ascent, perhaps,—which he called sparing his cattle.

It is quite common in Canada, as elsewhere, for logs of timber to lie on the road-side, and sometimes not a little in the way. We were going at top speed; our driver had turned round to speak to Judge R——, when we struck full.

against the end of one of these logs. The marvel was this, that all the violence was expended on the traces. They snapped like threads. No one was hurt. The sledge remained motionless, held back by the log, and the liberated horses stood trembling a few yards before us.

We went round the shores of Lake St. Peter—not on it, on account of the roughness of the packed ice.

I was extremely pleased with this portion of Canada, the seigniories of Berthier and St. Elizabeth. The houses were numerous and good, with much land under tillage; and the people looked comfortable and cheerful. I saw that in summer this was a pleasant country, with its winding streams, lanes of willows, wych-elms standing everywhere, solitary and large—and with sheltering hills rising high in the rear. "Here the most fastidious," thought I, "might be well content to dwell."

Early in the day we arrived at Montreal, and took up our abode at the Mansion-House Hotel; the lady-like hostess proving to be an English acquaintance of mine in years past.

While dining there, on the day of our arrival, with certain officers and temporary residents, a commander of the navy, carrying a cloak and small portmanteau, walked into the room.

"Hey!" cried several voices at once, "what has brought you here?"

He looked discomposed and flushed, when he answered, "The same thing that took me away —music: but more and worse. I left because the landlord (Martinnaut) would not stop the flute in the next bed-chamber to mine. I have returned (knife, fork, and plate, waiter!) because my neighbour at Clamp's Coffee-house plays day and night on the key-bugle."

As we did not leave Montreal for ten or twelve days, we accepted several invitations,—one especially to an evening party, at the house of a rich old Canadian. Several officers were there; one of whom, as tall, stiff, and slender as a Polish lance, I thought at the time was exceedingly attentive to a pretty little orphan niece of our entertainer.

One of the ordinary miseries of a garrison town is the propensity of the young and fair to ruin themselves, and break the hearts of their fond friends, by inconsiderate marriages with officers of scanty means.

A week after this evening party saw the niece a bride, to the boundless grief of the worthy old uncle.

The young lady had an useful thousand pounds in her pocket.

It so happened, that two days after the marriage we left Montreal for Kingston, very early in a most bitter morning (April 20), and about seven A.M. we came in sight, at La Chine, of Lake St. Louis, full of ice, floating trees, &c., and the road a quagmire of mud and ice.

We made comparatively rapid progress, because we had good horses; and so we passed, among other people, the new-married couple, on their way to join their regiment at Kingston (200 miles), in a one-horse gig; the tall officer driving, the delicate young creature chatting and laughing under the inclement sky. Two large boxes, voyage-worn, were in front, and a ragamuffin lad was perched behind, to bring the equipage back at the end of the stage. I sighed to see regimental hardships so soon begun; but they are usually borne with light hearts.

My aged and cautious fellow-traveller, Colonel H——, made some very incontrovertible remarks on the transaction, which I omit.

Two years afterwards, I met accidentally the young lady in one of the passages of Kingston Barracks. Although her cheeks were pale, and somewhat hollow, she still smiled; for the Rifleman had proved a good husband. How or when they contrived to reach Kingston I cannot imagine.

During the last day or two of our forced stay at Montreal a sudden thaw set in, which would have prevented our reaching Kingston in time for the Commission Conference, had we not set out on the instant. It is well known that on such occasions the roads in Canada become impassable. Carriages and horses are therefore risked only on exorbitant terms. Only reflect on the immense valley of Upper Canada, overspread with snow and ice, now melting, and drowning all things during their tedious journey down the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, to the ocean. Were it not for a provision of nature, by reason of which the snow and ice of all intensely cold countries melt with great slowness, farms, soil, houses, and people in Canada, would be swept away altogether.

We contrived to cross the head of Lake St. Louis, near the locks of the Cascades, on slushy, honeycomb ice—not very pleasant to move about upon; and pursuing the common road at the rate of one or two miles an hour, we at length arrived at Côteau du Lac, a small cluster of houses at the lower end of the Lake St. Francis, forty-four miles from Montreal.

We slept at the rude-looking, but really civil, old French hedge-inn, not far from the pictur-

esque cross, which we see in Bartlett's truthful sketch of this spot.

I retain a lively remembrance of the mountain of rank feathers which composed our beds, and which all but smothered us.

Starting early next morning, we were pleased to find that Lake St. Francis (25 miles by 5½) would bear a sledge. Along it, therefore, we went at a slapping pace for many miles; but as the day drew on, large rents in the ice began to form, a mile long each, with partial sinkings and overflows. We therefore left the lake a little above the River Raisin.

We then quitted the sledge, and were glad of a common cart to carry us over the half-frozen and deep sludge of the road, and through a cleared flat country, deformed with the ugly Virginia fences and tree-stumps, but dotted with good houses in front of dense woods, all looking blank and dismal enough at this period of the year.

We stopped, weary, cold, and bespattered, at the pretty village of Cornwall, a little above the head of Lake St. Francis, and seventy-eight miles from Montreal. It was the first considerable collection of houses we had seen in Upper Canada.

Good work, considering, we made next day; for we reached Prescott, forty miles from Corn-

wall, in a spring waggon. Our road, such as the season left it, passed through a productive but marshy country, and ran close to the St. Lawrence—always a quick current, and often a boiling rapid—plunging over ledges of rock, and among islands of maple and oak. Since my visit, gigantic ship-canals have been here constructed, for the transit of produce and goods; and the traffic is already very great.

Through the openings between the islands in the wide river we see the American shore, and the town of Waddington, which, being on a rising bank, appears to advantage.

Colonel Fraser has a good house, twelve miles below Prescott: ten miles below which town we trotted briskly through the battle-field of Chrystler's Farm (1813). It was a very important victory. I looked attentively at the scene, and rejoiced that I was there *after* the fray. The vulgar flatness of the ground, the stagnant ditches, the mossy, rotten fences, the dwarfed leafless trees, and the drowsy creaking of a pot-house sign hard by, indisposed me for a patriot's death,—there, at least.

Four miles below Prescott, a Governor of Upper Canada ordered a town to be built; but Nature said "No," and beat the Governor; there being no convenient harbour. Many houses

were erected; but there is nothing left of Johnstown but a few shabby ruins.

I hope that there is at this day a better inn at Prescott (127 miles from Montreal) than we found on this occasion. We met with great civility, but few blankets, with little to eat; and a freer ventilation than was agreeable through the cracks in the wooden walls of our bed-chambers.

A few hundred yards east of Prescott is the finest specimen of a military block-house in Canada. It is called Fort Wellington, and is placed on a flattened mound overlooking the St. Lawrence. It will contain six hundred men at a pinch, I am told. I am sorry I did not sketch its interior, with the ingenious contrivances for stowing away men, ammunition, and provisions. Neither has Mr. Bartlett sketched it, although it would have told well amid the surrounding scenery.*

Half a mile still further east, near one or two windmills, a sharp fight took place in 1837, between the British troops and a party of American Sympathisers. The latter were well worsted, and either killed, taken prisoners, or driven across the river.

* Under the walls of the fort, among large rolled primitive rocks, I found masses of lead ore, mock beryl, anthophyllite, &c. in fine crystals.

Prescott is a lively little place, of 2000 inhabitants (1847), with four churches and chapels. It consists of two principal streets, containing some decent houses, with barracks in the rear, occupied by a company of infantry.

The St. Lawrence is at this spot a mile and a quarter broad, with a steam-ferry to the American town opposite, Ogdensburgh,—a place which exhibits many evidences of prosperity, being planted at the river-outlet of a rich and comparatively populous back-country, famous for its wheat and iron ore; and, perhaps justly, for illicit commerce with Upper Canada (exchanging teas, &c. for broadcloth, &c.)

The next day we proceeded onwards, for the first twenty miles through a country at any other time agreeable, full of river-views and agricultural landscapes, and containing the handsome and showy town of Brockville (population, 2111 in 1847), twelve miles from Prescott, and sixty-two from Kingston. It is chiefly built of stone, and many of its houses would be thought excellent in Europe. It enjoys the commerce of a fertile, well-settled district in the rear.

The immediate vicinity of Brockville is in every direction charming—beautiful hills behind, partly in woods and partly in greensward—while the river-front is a sweet scene of rocky islet and

placid stream, with Morris Town, a cluster of white houses on the American shore.

But now we entered a semi-barbarous country of forest, innumerable rocky mounds, little ponds and lakes, with a few miserable clearances, and an uncouth peasantry, hard-to-do—such as we see in Switzerland, when we leave the fat vales and ascend the alpine acclivities. The roads were only passable at a foot's pace, with many a deep slough and knobby rock in the way. We saw scarce a living thing, save a serjeant or two —a bird very like our blackbird, but having scarlet epaulettes.

This rugged tract is a spur, about seventy miles broad, of primitive rocks, going southwards from the vast formations in the north of that class, and connecting them with those of the United States.

We at length arrived at Andrews' Inn, near Mallory's Town, on the high-road to Kingston; and very thankfully.

This family, a fine specimen of the true Yankee, took to us coolly, with none of the agile politeness of our hosts at Côteau du Lac.

Arriving late, and leaving early, we saw nothing of the men; but the womenkind were tall, good-looking, and barely civil. I learnt the very characteristic names of two of the daughters, as

J. J. B. del.

E. Young sc.

Andrews Tavern & Neighborhood, above Brockville

I was dressing in the dark, between five and six next morning, in a sort of lean-to, communicating with the house, and which served as my dormitory.

"Irene," says one of them, "you have not washed up the dishes yet."

"No, Aurely," replied the other; "neither have you scoured the kitchen floor."

My blankets here were again thin and few, and the crannies in the wall wide and many.

A sketch of this inn and its environs is given.

We might be thirty-five miles from Kingston at this inn, and were therefore drawing near our journey's end.

The road, however, only became worse, if possible, and the country, chiefly a forest, more thickly studded with mounds of gneis or of white marble or serpentine. Houses were very rare. We seldom saw the St. Lawrence: when we did, it was black, swollen, and full of moving fields of ice.

There had been during the night a frost after a warmish mist on the preceding day. This had the curious but well-known effect of sheathing the woods in ice a quarter or half an inch thick. The stiff, white-candied limbs of the trees strike the eye very strangely; but the weight of the added matter often breaks the young trees and

middle-sized boughs, over very extensive districts.

This whole day was heavy enough. It was principally spent among miry woods, bogs, and rocks, with the exception of two cultivated plains, on one of which we dined, and which were level and fertile, from being based on limestone.

But evening set in again in those disheartening and desolate places. We felt that we were abroad most inauspiciously. A thick, chill fog arose, breathing additional gloom and obscurity upon us. Our pace grew even slacker than before, which to an Englishman would seem impossible.

In fact, we had thick darkness all around. We saw that our horses must fail, although fresh from Brockville and well rested at Andrews'. They could not support the ceaseless strain and the occasional extra effort whipped out of them. We were thinking of humanity and of halting (where?), when we suddenly plunged into a deep hole, and broke our axle-tree, at between seven and eight P.M.

We sent the driver to the next house for help and light. It was a good mile off. He did not return for three hours. As there was no aid to be had at the first house, he had to go further; and there he had met with comfort, if I am to

J. J. B. del. B. Young sc.

The Thousand Isles — near Andrews' Inn
(from Yeo's Isle)

judge by his renovated looks. But I ought to mention, that when he returned to us I was within an ace of discharging a pistol at him.

Not liking the neighbourhood, so near the frontiers, although in reality there was little danger; I sat on watch, with a loaded pistol, on the driver's seat, which was higher than the body of the waggon, and commanded a long lane or avenue of trees,—not that I could then see up it.

There sitting a very long time, in a half-frozen, dreamy state, I saw a gleam on the more distant trees,—their massy pine branches metamorphosed every moment into some new and ghostly shape by the light and the fog. In the centre of the gleam was a ball of white fire, rather high in the air, which slowly—very slowly—enlarged, quivered, brightened, and glared, until it came quite close to me and filled all things, when I actually screamed out and tried to point the pistol at the advancing object. But fortunately the truth occurred to me that it might be Jonathan, our driver, with his lantern held high over his head that he might see the better.

Jonathan it was, and he brought us good news,—that we must walk some couple of miles to a farm-house, where a spring-waggon, well filled with straw, would be ready to carry us on to Kingston, then eight or nine miles distant.

Having placed our trifling baggage on the horses, we wearily trudged to the promised refuge, and were soon off again. Our carriage was left in the road till morning.

While taking a little refreshment, I could not help smiling at the children and farm-helpers,—half dressed, roused from their beds, peeping at us from behind the elders, with wonderment and pity. We had fallen into the hands of decent people.

By way of climax to the hardships of the day, soon after we got nestled in the straw a gentle rain, mixed with a few soft flakes of snow, began to fall; and this after a time thickened into a continuous soaking shower. This misery, additional to the bad roads and darkness, quite upset us. Umbrellas were vain things; our hats were softened almost into pulp, and our clothes shined in the light of the lantern as if dipped in oil, with the thorough steeping we were undergoing.

I expected a mortal cold, but was disappointed. We sat shivering through the tedious night; now and then faintly smiling at our forlorn estate.

One o'clock in the morning showed us the lights of Kingston—dim and few, and the comfortable old hotel, since deceased.

We were fit for nothing but warm tea and a bed; these we had, and a bath in the morning.

This journey of two persons from Quebec to Kingston (380 miles) cost 90*l*. In the course of last war, Colonel Bonnycastle states that each shell sent from Quebec to Kingston cost the country a guinea.

A talented traveller, speaking of the vicinity of Kingston, says, "the cause which has surrounded Toronto with a desert has done the same for Kingston, otherwise well situated. On the east side of Kingston you may travel for miles together without seeing a human dwelling; the roads accordingly are most abominable to the gates of this the largest town in the province." Not so now.

The cause he refers to is the land being in the hands of absentees and others making no use of it. But the fact is, the land is often not worth cultivation, and the roads themselves are very little used. They are tolerable in summer, and in winter all defects are hid under snow.

The day after our arrival the Commission began its short session, the other members of it having contrived to make their appearance from their several homes.

We were engaged for several days in general conferences, verifying accounts, examining the beautiful maps, which (2½ inches to the geographical mile) had been completed during the

past winter, and in laying down instructions for the service of the coming summer.

These things done, the Commissioners despatched the working party already enumerated on their long journey of 1400 miles. Until the month of November they were to lose sight of civilised life.

Kingston appeared to me to be an agreeable residence,—stirring, healthy, and cheap. The environs being elevated, the spectator walks amid an ever-changing panorama, firstly of the comely town itself, and then of the high promontories, Frederic and Henry, crowned with forts and barracks—of dockyards, with men-of-war on the stocks—of large and fertile islands,—and in the south-west, of the open and breezy lake.

Kingston is the principal naval depôt for the Canadas, and is strongly garrisoned. Functionaries in the legal and other branches of the public service are also numerous; so that a large and agreeable society is collected here.

European intelligence is received quickly, *viâ* Sacket's Harbour, the corresponding U. S. naval station. Books are exceedingly cheap.

Kingston is immeasurably improved since my visit. I do not pretend to describe it. Together with its suburbs, it now contains 11,000

inhabitants, with ten churches and chapels, ninety-four taverns!! nine bakers! seven butchers! three booksellers, and two sausage-makers. It has an imposing edifice for various public purposes, entirely of hewn stone, at the cost of 18,000*l*. There is a college, two civil hospitals, a mechanics' institute, and, indeed, the appliances and comforts which in England are only found in much larger towns. The best bridge in Canada is that which Government has built across Cataraqui Bay, to connect Point Henry with Kingston. At the back of the town are large roomy barracks for the soldiery.

On the 14th of May we took our leave and embarked on board a roomy open boat, to coast Lake Ontario as far as Toronto, 181 miles from Kingston, and from thence to proceed in her, *viâ* Yonge Street and Lake Simcoe, to Fort William in Lake Superior, and so on, as already mentioned.

The voyage was commenced with gloomy forebodings of rheumatism and ague; but they were only partially verified. During its course I had innumerable opportunities of admiring the patience and good-humour of my companions under annoyances and privations, severe in their kind, and endured (as I could not endure them) for the hundredth time.

We coasted close in shore by Ernest Town, Bath, Adolphus Town, and Nappannee, twenty miles, to the mouth of the large and singular Bay of Quinté, along a farming country, with a mere glimpse of one or two of the towns, or rather villages, just named.

We encamped in a swamp close to the lake. The rain fell in torrents, and soon went through our one thin tent, giving us a foretaste of good times to come. The tent, I may now observe, barely allowed the three gentlemen who occupied it to lie down side by side in close contact.

The Bay of Quinté is very singularly formed, between the irregular peninsula of Prince Edward's county on the south, and the main land of the midland district on the north. Its length, through its various windings, is fifty miles, and its breadth varies from one to five. It has several arms or sounds in different directions, from two to six miles long. It is very picturesque when the traveller is fairly within it, and so continues to its head, the Carrying-place,—the promontories being often lofty, tree-crowned, and surrounded by broad sheets of water, spotted with islets. Large farm-houses of grey stone, villages, and even towns, such as Belleville and Hallowell, are perpetually showing themselves. The ride

from Kingston to Belleville passes through a charming country.

Opposite Capt. Williams's fine farm, near a ferry, is situated the Lake of the Mountain. It discharges into Lake Ontario beautifully, by a cascade shaded by pines, from a height (by guess) of 150 feet.

The Carrying-place, leading from the Bay of Quinté to the open lake, is two-thirds of a mile broad, and has a few houses and stores. A steamer from Kingston visits it every day.

The only instance of rudeness I ever met with in the Canadas, while geologising, took place here, while breaking some fragments of limestone, in a stony field whose fee-simple was not worth ten shillings. The owner came up abruptly to me, and said, "What you are about, thrashing my land with your hammer, I cannot imagine: but I will not suffer it." And he requested me to leave forthwith, which I did. Previously to this gentleman's arrival, I had found many silurian fossils there.

There is little to record respecting this coasting voyage to Toronto. We usually kept close in shore, and thus saw but little of the interior. Where we had a glimpse of it, the land rose slowly to a moderate height, either in flats or hummocks.

The immediate shore (upon which I kept my eyes constantly fixed, in hopes of finding a mammoth) seldom exhibited live rock, but always clay, sand, and gravel, in banks; and beaches, or rushy marshes, lining a succession of bays.

The first remarkable feature westward is Presquisle, a broad, low promontory of woods and grass, at the end of a bay three miles across. It is often used for a harbour.

For many miles west of Presquisle we have only small bays; but we were much interested in observing, at a greater or less distance inland, (100 to 600 yards) well-marked, ancient beaches, either in the shape of rocky walls, of long ridges of clean bowlders, or of sand,—especially ten miles west of Presquisle.

Coburgh, seventy-two miles from Toronto, pleased us much. It stands at the mouth of Jones's Creek, on a high gravelly bank. It is well laid out in good streets, with many excellent buildings, and has a very flourishing appearance. It has a population of 3347 (in 1845), twelve taverns, and three booksellers, six churches and chapels, besides two theological colleges, Episcopal and Wesleyan. It is supported by the Rice Lake country and a tolerably rich vicinity.

Seven miles west of Coburgh we meet with Smith's Creek. Here commences a line (3½ miles

long) of clay and sand banks, ten to eighty feet high, with pastures above them, or woods of pine and cedar, and occasionally breaking into picturesque clefts and ravines.

At thirty-five miles east of Toronto we began to pass for many miles very deep bays of shallow water, half grown up with rushes, fit haunt for myriads of wild fowl, and extending far inland, with long spits of shingle here and there,—the back country undulating and showing the mouths of several rivers as they emerge from dense woods.

Fourteen miles from Toronto "the Highlands of York" commence—bold precipices of clay and sand, 80 to 300 feet high, and seven or eight miles long. The angles of some of them are broken into towers and pyramids of considerable grandeur. They are well worth the geologist's minute attention, from the nature of their materials, and the order in which they are deposited. I need say but little here of them, because they are noticed elsewhere. They are useful as landmarks to mariners. Six miles east of Toronto they lower into a woody bank, and retire to a short distance from the lake behind Toronto, and so proceed round the lake.

The reader shall not be fatigued with our encampments. They were usually in some glen

near the lake. Perhaps there was occasionally a tavern within half-a-mile of us, but as we were well provided we did not go in quest. Besides, it was best to remain with our men. Our last camp was pitched on Gibraltar Point, on the outer side of Toronto Harbour,—a mere swamp, a breeding-ground for ague. If we had passed the night in the town, all our men would have been intoxicated, with the recklessness of soldiers and sailors going long voyages.

This boat-voyage is now seldom or never made, as both sailing-vessels and steamers pass daily between Kingston and Toronto. We found it rather monotonous. Save the bit of shore we were skirting, neither mainland nor isle was ever visible.

We never saw a human being from Presquisle to Toronto, a hundred miles (save at Coburgh), very few houses, and those miserable ones, partly because we were always under the shadow of alluvial cliffs, or beneath a fringe of woods, left perhaps for shelter. Once or twice we caught sight of the smoke of a distant steamer, or heard in the early morning the loud complaint of the loon, a large and beautiful fowl, as it floated a mile or two out on the quiet waters.

At first there was novelty in the rapid operations of the toilet, conducted wholly in the open

air; before a little glass hung on a bush, with cold-water shaving once in five days.

My Toronto and the city of the present day have hardly any relation to each other. Few places in North America have made equal progress. It had in 1817, 1200 inhabitants, and in 1848, 24,000 inhabitants, 91 streets (King Street two miles long), 21 churches and chapels, 10 newspapers, 20 medical men, 5 artists and portrait-painters, 107 taverns, 16 auctioneers, 27 butchers, 19 bakers, and 6 booksellers. The number of taverns observed throughout the Canadas is not altogether indicative of drunkenness, but of the extent of emigration and travelling in general.

Toronto* is a gay place, and in its wealthy shops, stately and crowded churches, paved and gas-lighted streets, public walks, societies, religious, scientific, literary, and social, charitable institutions, is much in advance of British towns of the same size, as was said of Kingston.

The vicinity is liable to ague and its kindred disorders. Rents are very high; some houses of business in good situations are worth from 200*l.* to 250*l.* per annum. The removal to or from Toronto of the seat of government will have no

* Barometric range at Toronto is 1·65 inch, by an average of five years ending with 1844.—Capt. Lefroy, *Jour. Geog. Soc.* vol. xvi. p. 263.

serious effect upon its prosperity. It has become of fixed commercial importance.

Although it has a pretty bank of pines for a screen behind, Toronto has little local beauty to recommend it.

Glory-loving Americans delight to visit Toronto, because in 1813 General Pike surprised and sacked the place; but his stay was brief. About 260 of the Americans were killed or wounded by the explosion of a mine. Among the former was the General himself, a young officer of great promise.

At Toronto we sent our boat and baggage on stout waggons to Holland's Landing (37 miles), now but a hamlet, and then scarcely more than a single public-house in a marshy country on the river Holland, and seven miles from Lake Simcoe.

We travelled slowly to the same place due north, along an old-established road called Yonge Street, and found the drive rather interesting.

About a mile from Toronto we ascended the woody steep already mentioned, and then soon after another, when we traversed first some uneven ground, then a well-tilled plain, followed by a hilly region nearly to Montgomery's Tavern, ten miles from Toronto, at which, during the late rebellion, Major Moody was brutally murdered. It is to be hoped his poor family have a liberal pension.

A rolling country, often marshy, partially cultivated, took us eight miles to Fleck's Inn, where we plunged into a picturesque and rugged district, mostly wild, with ponds or meres in the various hollows, full of perch, trout, &c.* How they get there I know not, as some of these lakelets are quite isolated. Bond's Lake, one of them, is 783 feet above Lake Ontario, according to the observations of Lieutenant Lefroy, R.A. It is twenty-two miles from Toronto.

A tendency to ascend obtains all the way from Toronto until we reach five and a half miles beyond Fleck's. At that point (thirteen miles from Holland's Landing) we begin to descend towards Lake Simcoe for two miles, among a jumble of oak and pine ridges, called the "Oak Ridges," when we arrive at a level and agricultural district.

Eleven miles from Fleck's we find Gamble's Inn, in a charming country, full of fine large farms on flats, varied by the alluvial terraces and mounds of some now forgotten stream or lake. Woods on high grounds surround the scene, and especially two pine-laden ridges, eight and five miles, respectively, distant from the lake, and running towards its west side.

* Mountain Lake, in the Bay of Quinté, has plenty of fish, without the possibility of receiving any from other waters in the present state of the levels.

This district is occupied principally by Quakers, meekly rigid. Very pleasing it was to look upon their quiet, unwrinkled, well-fed faces on the road, and on their comfortable farm-servants. A few Mennonites or Tunkers are close at hand in the wilder parts, whither they have been tempted by the greater cheapness of the land.

From the Five-mile Ridge, just spoken of, Cook's Bay in Lake Simcoe becomes visible as a narrow belt of water, buried in woods, with high lands in the west.

Where Yonge Street crosses a little rise, four miles from Holland's Landing, we see on our north-east the neat country-town or village of Newmarket, with six churches and chapels, two ladies' boarding-schools, and 600 inhabitants, in 1846.

We remained as little time as possible at Holland's Landing; and on the 24th of May we floated down the winding river on the edge of an immense morass to the left, and girt with pineries, into Lake Simcoe.

At the point of embarkation* the Holland river is about twenty-five yards across; but it soon

* Among some masses of limestone on the landing-place, brought by the farmers for agricultural purposes from the outlet of the lake, I found one rare bivalve (the *orbicula cancellata* of Mr. G. B. Sowerby), only known in Sweden, some *conularia*, *bellerophones*, and other fossils of the Silurian age.

widens, and receiving four miles lower down a large branch, it becomes 200 yards broad, and opens into Cook's Bay, which is six or seven miles deep, and three miles across.

Lake Simcoe (Shain-eong of the Indians) has pleasing features, clear waters, woody headlands, and islets. It is 498 feet above Lake Huron, according to observations made in 1845 by Lieutenant Younghusband (Director of Toronto Observatory), and therefore 729 feet above the level of the ocean,—a fact which leads us to infer a severe climate.

It is thirty-five miles north of Toronto, and is in length nearly thirty miles, and in its widest part about eighteen. It is a tolerably compact body of water.

There are many islands in the north and east sides of the lake; but only one is inhabited, and this by Indians of the Wesleyan denomination, of whose Christian consistency of life we hear very favourable accounts.

The banks of the lake are generally low, and clothed with wood down to the water's edge; the land, though fertile, is but partially brought under cultivation. In North Gwillimbury and Georgina there are some prettily situated farms, and there is now population enough generally to pay one steamboat.

I only know of six streams of any size which

discharge into the lake. The names of the three greatest of these are the Holland (in Gwillimbury, &c.), the Talbot (in Thorah), and the Brack (in Rama).

Lake Simcoe is remarkable for the vast numbers of wild fowl, ducks, geese, &c. &c., which frequent its marshes.

Its outlet is at the Narrows, at the north end of the lake.

The Narrows lead into a romantic lake (Gougichin), full of limestone islands.* It is twelve miles long by four broad, and on its banks there are two villages, Orillia and Rama. It pours into the Severn or Matchadash river, which, with seven or more portages, runs into Matchadash Bay of Lake Huron.

A large Indian barrow was opened about the year 1820 on the shores of Simcoe lake, and a good many brass and other ornaments and relics found; but I have lost all my notes upon this subject. Captain Skene, R.E., is my authority.

The townships of the Simcoe district are remarkable for the beauty of their names. They were given to them by Sir Peregrine and Lady Maitland. Some of them, I may mention:—In-

* This limestone is of a delicate pale grey colour, very fine in its texture, and in parts filled with organic remains. It has been analysed at my request by Dr. Troost of Philadelphia, and found to be pure carbonate of lime, with a trace of alumina.

nisfil, Medonte, Orillia, Vespra, Tecumseth, Sunnidale, Essa, Rama, Oro, Adjala. They were one day at a loss for another name, when Lady Sarah espying a pretty lap-dog on the rug before the drawing-room fire, suggested that its name, "Tiny," should mark a small part of the wilderness not far from Penetanguishene. The name was adopted.

The surveyors of the state of New York have been most unfortunate in their territorial designations.

This short sketch of a lake but little known to books having been premised, we may pursue our voyage.

We breakfasted in a deserted hut on the Lake Shore, near Holland river. As it rained hard, we rendered it tenantable by flinging a tarpaulin over a rafter at one end.

I speak of this breakfast on account of our having been annoyed there by a singular black fly in countless myriads, which I never saw elsewhere. We could scarcely eat or drink for them. Their black hairy bodies were one-third of an inch long, and their antennæ were armed with beautiful flat brushes, also black. (Bibio. species?)

Other insects, besides the mosquito, sand, black fly, and ants, are sources of great annoyance in the wilderness. On some parts of the plains of

the river Saskatchawine (an immense stream which flows from the Rocky Mountains into Hudson's Bay) there are marvellous crowds of wasps, which, although they do not often sting, cluster round the traveller while reposing, and even gather upon the meat he is conveying to his mouth.

Cook's Bay, which we had entered, has low woody shores,* and in my time was only inhabited on its east shore.

Clearing this bay, Lake Simcoe opened to the view as a great expanse, with two islets off the north angle of the bay, and others, larger, in the remote distance easterly.

Towards Kempenfelt Bay, on the west side of the lake, a very gentle rise of land is perceptible, and as we proceed down that beautiful bay it gradually becomes from forty to sixty feet high, chiefly covered with pine groves; now, however, in part, the seat of thriving clearances.

Kempenfelt Bay runs about W.S.W., is from one and a half to two miles broad, by nine miles deep, and distributed as usual into numberless shallow coves.

* Singularly loaded with large primitive bowlders for some distance into the woods. It is not so on the east side of the bay. There is some primitive rock *in situ* on the north and east sides of the lake, and a few ledges of limestone are visible.

The flourishing village of Barrie, with 500 inhabitants, three churches, a mechanics' institute, and cricket club, stands at the extreme end of the bay (1847); in my time an untouched forest.

We took up our abode near the bottom of the bay in a lonely house, occasionally used as an inn by the few travellers going to Penetanguishene (thirty-two miles), or into Lake Huron by the river Notawasaga.

It was then kept by a respectable person named Johnson, who had a numerous family. Here commences the portage of nine miles to a small branch of the Notawasaga; and here we were detained for five days, during very stormy weather for most of the time.

As we stay rather long at Mr. Johnson's, and as it is the last house we shall enter for three hundred miles at least, I will describe it.

It was a clap-boarded* house, square in shape, and rather large, standing upon a gravelly bank, close to the lake. It contained a good kitchen, three or four sleeping-rooms, partly in the roof, two good parlours, and bed-chamber for guests of quality. I have had worse at the best hotel in Washington.

So new was the wood when the house was put together, or so hot are the summers in Kempen-

* A house faced with boards, laid horizontally, and overlapping.

felt Bay, that it had shrunk most grievously. The kitchen and the parlour might almost be called parts of a cage, so well were they ventilated. I also remember a round tub of a boat staked to the lake shore, and a little garden of herbs near a high cleared bank of gravel, behind the house, ranging for an unknown distance parallel to the lake shore.

An hundred yards or so inland begins the forest—a fragrant forest of firs, maple, beech, oak, and iron-wood—many of the trees from fifty to seventy feet high, without a branch. As there is no undergrowth, we may walk at our ease for miles on a soft carpet of last year's leaves, thick as the slain at the battle of the kings whom Chedorlaomer overthrew.

We were soon comfortable here. Good food is essential to persons exposed constantly to wet and cold. So we carried our own supplies, and were not dependent on the split fowl and leathery ham usually presented to travellers in out-of-the-way places like these.

My companions were at their duties in various parts of the portage, hastening the progress of the boat and baggage, while I remained in or about the house.

Towards the evening of our first day I asked our very obliging landlady for candles, and was

surprised to learn that they had none. I was much disturbed. What was to be done during the three hours of darkness yet to come before retiring to rest?

She replied that they used a country-made lamp, fed with tallow, but that some candles should be made and placed on table in half an hour; and so they were,—useful, good-looking moulds. After running a thick cotton thread down a candle-mould, they fill it with melted lard, and then sink it deep in the lake for fifteen minutes. Night by night, during my stay, such candles did good service—but not a little blown upon and wasted by the all-pervading wind.

I took some delightful walks in the neighbouring woods, and along the side of the bay; finding a few rare fossils. In one of these perambulations I met with a little wiry old man, who had been a small farmer near Wakefield, and therefore called " Yorkshire Johnny." He had a clearance a mile or two to the north; and we trafficked with him for butter.

" Why, Johnny," says I, " you've got a desperate long way from home. Don't you wish yourself in Yorkshire again?"

" No," replied he; " not a bit on't. In old England we were in a standing fright at four things,—rent and rates, tithes and taxes. Slave

we ever so hard, my old woman and me, we could not make ends meet; but now we are putting money into the old stocking:"—and off he went, chuckling. The four things this old farmer stood so much in fear of scarcely exist in the Canadas.

Like the Swiss cheesemakers in their mountain châlets, Johnny had put on a canvass jacket with short sleeves, for coolness. His bare arms had anything but a pleasing look.

Returning from a long ramble, "a silent listener to the stirs of the solitude," I thoughtlessly walked by a back entrance into what may be called the family room of my temporary residence.

It was visible at once that I was an intruder upon an agitating interview.

With his back to me, apparently gazing upon the lake below, was a shapely, but rather short young man, with massy flaxen hair flowing over his velveteen jacket; and before me, standing in the middle of the room, was the most beautiful girl of seventeen I ever beheld. I seemed to look upon an angel unawares. I had not seen her before, perhaps from her being in delicate health.

She was the very ideal of innocence disturbed, and, alas! of fragility. She was small in person,

and, as was easily seen through her simple dress, tenderly and elegantly fashioned.

She was too transparently fair for health: her face was perfect—Raphaelesque—and wore the inspired melancholy of certain invalids, with faintly crimson lips and shining ivory brow—the blue, dove-like eye lifted upwards.*

This attitude and play of feeling was but for a moment; for she immediately accosted me with good breeding, and evidently with the hesitation of a half-formed purpose—which now I know.

An elder sister coming in the instant after, opened to me, with affectionate zeal, the secret of the scene. The pair were lovers, and very naturally had their plans.

The young man resided at a fur station, not very distant, and had heard of the approach of our party. He had come to offer himself as guide and huntsman to our party, thereby to make up a little sum for a very important object. But, unfortunately, we were provided months before, so that we could not engage him.

But, "who would die in this bleak world alone?" as the silly song says. They were afterwards happily married; and she lived among the rocks and cranberry-marshes of Lake Huron,

* "Columbinos oculos in cœlum porrigens."

astonishing the few wayfarers that crossed their threshold with her modest beauty.

Nature seems to delight in contrasts and surprises: her fairest things are out of sight. Instead of this young person being placed on a barbarous and inclement frontier, it would seem more fitting that she should have been the child of an English baronet; or, better still, of a well-beneficed Devonshire rector, of kind heart and elegant tastes. I am jotting Canadian pictures —accept this as one.

The elder sister, Mary, was almost as remarkable in a different way. She was a strong, tall brunette, full of good-natured energy (she made my candles)—a handsome, broad-faced, happy dame,—one of those self-supporting institutions nobody inquires about. What became of her I do not know, and never shall.* She spoke bravely for her sister's lover, while the poor girl herself could only sit and wish.

A few weeks before our arrival, just when the ice in the bay was breaking up, Mary, looking out of the window, saw a bear swimming across, and about midway. She called to a little sister about eight years of age, seized an axe, and both

* From recent information, I have a fancy that she keeps an excellent hotel at the gay little town of Barrie, hard by, and is as obliging and happy as ever.

jumped into their boat. The child paddled to the animal, now in full retreat, while the Amazon stood forwards, axe in hand, and clove his skull by repeated blows. She showed me the rich, glossy skin, now an useful trophy in sledge and bed-chamber. After this story I had the weakness to be rather afraid of her.

As the father of this fine family was not poor, and as they did not seem uneducated, I suppose he sent them to some neighbouring boarding-school for a year or two, as at Newmarket or Toronto.

At length we left Johnson's, to cross the portage—a broad, sandy opening in the woods, which I shall not further describe, as its features are now totally changed.

Near its lower end we found ourselves overlooking from a lofty bank a vast prospect of marsh and wood, stretching to the south thirty miles or more, and bounded eastward by a long range of blue hills, flat-topped, and running in the direction of Cabot's Head, Lake Huron. This marsh does not go more than three miles northerly, and is succeeded by high forests and occasional lakes towards Penetanguishene.

Not far from this escarpment there was, in 1823, a post for two soldiers, as a guard to any military stores that might pass. An absurd ty-

ranny was practised even here. The stronger soldier was in the daily habit of chastising his comrade for supposed breaches of discipline. Being seldom visited, the weaker man had no present redress.

Into this forbidding marsh, which, in South America, would have been peopled with serpents and alligators, we descended, and near a deserted building embarked in a stagnant creek, twenty feet broad, often quite benighted by trees and creeping plants.

We worked cautiously among fallen trees and loosened masses of earth for eight miles along the perpetual doublings of the creek, among inundated woods of alder, maple, willow, and a few elm and ash. When we drew near to the main river, Notawasaga, the still water was exchanged for a reflux against us.

We entered the Notawasaga gladly from the north: it is large and long; its principal branches rising near the rivers Credit (Ontario) and Grand (Erie Lake), in the townships of Mono and Amaranth.

We struck it, twenty-five miles from Lake Huron, thirty to forty yards broad, and running two miles an hour through grounds for the most part under water, with here and there mounds of slippery shining ooze, weedy mud, or even knolls

of grass and trees. It has many sharp turns and long reaches, amid spots of exquisite woodland scenery. Here we often startled the busy wild-fowl. As we descend, the river begins to have, on one or other side, high banks, and it swells out into two pretty but small lakes, dotted with isles of marsh and willows, near the Rapids; the second being one mile above them.

These Rapids are some miles from Lake Huron, and are nine miles long. They only average three miles an hour, and are not rough, except when obstructed by rafts of fallen trees. Their smoothness may, in part, arise from the bed of the river being of white clay or marl, which the soldiers of Penetanguishene use to clean their belts.

Three miles from the head of the Rapids I began to see in the right bank, near the water-mark, two horizontal seams or layers, each four inches thick, of fresh-water shells *closely pressed together*, and lying under from twenty to fifty feet of sand. This was very distinct for three miles down the Rapids, and more or less down to Lake Huron.

These shells are unios,—precisely similar to those found now in the lake. They are large, perfect, friable, with a calcined pearly lustre. Both valves are in juxtaposition, and often con-

tain sand and the smaller fresh-water univalves, &c.; which latter are scattered thinly about these two layers.

This deposit of shells proves that Lake Huron has been much larger than at present, that its waters were then sweet, and that they were laid down during a period of tranquillity.

About the middle of the Rapids the banks run up to the height of 120 feet, and consist of clay, capped with sand and fine gravel.

Below the Rapids the river assumes a steady width of from 150 to 200 yards, with high scarps of sand, bearing groves of fir. It is now for several miles a truly fine river, the land about it dry and fertile, with some magnificent pines. Sunnidale, the township at its mouth, has only 174 inhabitants (1847).

We saw scarcely any living thing in the lower part of the river. Now and then we caught sight of a wild duck or a solitary Indian, and of his canoe gliding under the shadow of high and umbrageous banks.

The Notawasaga discharges into Lake Huron, between banks of drift-sand and shells, which, on the left, shelter the little trading-post of Mr. Robinson, while the other side has a thin grove of pines. There is a bar at the mouth; and, smooth as it was when I passed it (twice), it is

the seat of a raging surf when a high north-west wind prevails, and is the dread of all who travel in canoes.

" Huron! chantons, le lac Huron!" cried our steersman, as we swept rapidly between the petty ridges of broken white shells which line the mouth of the river and the strand of the lake.

He then struck up the spirited and original air, which is married to the following simple words; and was well chorused by his comrades:

" Le premier jour de Mai
Je donnerais à m'amie
Une perdrix, oh, là! qui vole, qui vie, qui va là!
Une perdrix, oh, là! volante dans les bois.

Le deuxième jour de Mai
Je donnerais à m'amie
Deux tourterelles, une perdrix, oh, là! qui vole, qui vie, qui va là!
Une perdrix, &c.

Le troisième jour de Mai
Je donnerais à m'amie
Trois rats des bois, deux tourterelles, une perdrix, &c.

Le quatrième jour de Mai," &c. &c. &c.*

* Taken from the mouth of the singer.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

PART II. SECT. I.

LAKE HURON.

General Sketch—Canoe-voyage along North Coast of Huron—Giant's Tomb—Indian Fishermen—The Gull's Nest—Crowds of Isles—Stormbound—Indian Grandmother and her Coracle—Indian Home — Parry's Sound — Labrador feldspar — French River—La Cloche—Beautiful Scenery — French Ruin—Sagamuc Rivers—Ojibbeway Indians—Rivers Missassaga and Thessalon —Copper Mines—Indian Sports.—North-west arm of Huron—Lake George—Straits and Villages of St. Mary—Society at St. Mary's—Embark for Drummond Island in Lake Huron.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

As we shall feel more at home in our journey through Lake Huron, after a little preface descriptive of its principal features, I shall at once say, that

Lake Huron is the third of the great Canadian lakes from the Atlantic. It is bounded on the

north by hills, morasses, forests, and stony barrens; in every other direction by fertile, low, or undulating lands.

It is studded with islands innumerable, some emerging in diminutive mounds of naked rock, or in the gentle swells of inundated woods, so to speak; and others in lofty table-lands, fifty miles long.

Its shape is triangular, but indistinctly, so that its real form can only be learnt by an inspection of the accompanying map.

It is nearly 1000 miles round, and often 1000 feet deep. Bouchette says that its length is 218 miles, and its greatest breadth 180 miles, but, I think, not very correctly.

Its height above the Atlantic is 594 feet.

At the south-western angle of Lake Huron is Lake Michigan,* an enormous gulf, only separated from the former by Mackinaw Straits, four miles broad, but without length, and merely designated by two capes.

By a glance at the map we see that Lake Huron is all but bridged over, lengthwise, by the

* Lake Michigan is 300 miles long, 65 broad, and 730 round. Soundings have given 800 feet in depth, in places. Lake Michigan has the St. Clair for its outlet; but when its waters are unusually high, they flow by the Rivers Des Plaines and Illinois into the Mississippi—a remarkable fact.

Manitouline Islands, which stretch from Cabot's Head to the south-west mainland, and also nearly touch the north main in the La Cloche district.

Of the three portions into which the lake is thus divided the two northern are full of shoals, rocks, and islands. The southern division has scarcely a reef or islet, and is deep and broad; as free to ship or steamer as the mid-Atlantic. It is larger than both the others taken together; but be it remembered that the Georgian Gulf alone is 160 miles long.

Cabot's Head, ninety miles from the mouth of the Notawasaga, is a remarkable headland, evidently once a part of the Manitouline ridge. It is 144 miles almost due north of the outlet the St. Clair, and runs northerly for twenty-five miles. It is not broad; and consists of deeply-indented limestone bluffs, sometimes 300 feet high, skirted by reefs and occasional islets.*

Let us say a few words on the Manitouline Islands.

The appellation of "Manitouline," or "Sacred" Isles, is first observed in Lake Huron, and is constantly met with in the lakes further to the west.

They are four in number, the Fitzwilliam (or

* A little to the north-east of Cape Hurd is a very convenient harbour, a *cul-de-sac*, 800 yards deep by 40 broad, with 7 fathoms water.

Fourth), the Grand, Little Manitou, and Drummond, besides the Isle of Coves, and other fragments, from Cabot's Head to Fitzwilliam Island, the distance being fourteen miles, and almost wholly covered with shoals and islets.

The Fitzwilliam* is small, but its neighbour, the Grand Manitou, is as large as two average English counties, being seventy-five miles long, with an average breadth of eight; the eastern half of it may be safely set down as twenty-five miles across. The old French maps make it a large, very long island. Previous to 1825 the English maps erroneously broke it up into many parts.

Its shores are everywhere deeply indented; singularly so in the middle (Bayfield's Sound) and at the east end, where Heywood's Sound on the north, and the Manitouline Gulf on the south, are only three miles apart, a low ridge of limestone separating them.

The Grand Manitou is often rugged, high, precipitous, looking from a distance like a succession of table-lands. The scenery is sometimes magnificent; and it has large tracts of fertile land.

* On one of the islets close to the Fitzwilliam, Messrs. Thompson and Grant found rattlesnakes. The Flower-Pot Isle is also here, so called from two bare rocks standing together on the long tongue of a high island. The tallest is 47 feet high, with a small base and broad top.

Its summers are hot, and vegetation rapid. Judging from Penetanguishene* (north-east 120 miles), the winters must be very severe.

Indians with their white superintendants alone occupy this island; and these chiefly at the two Government villages of Manitou-wawning (Heywood's Sound) and at Wequemakong (Smyth's Bay), eight miles apart.

They were formed in 1836 by Sir Francis Head, and, all things considered, have done better than might have been expected. In 1840 there were 732 Indian settlers, of whom 437 were Christians.

The Grand Manitou and the isles on its north, both easterly and westerly, are remarkable for dipping on their north side into the lake by a deep wall. Most of their precipices are on their northern side.

An island, called Wall Island by Captain Bayfield, has a submerged wall of this kind on its north side. Two miles out from it in the lake there is bottom at six feet, but move one yard

* At Penetanguishene the thermometer occasionally descends to −32°. Captain Bayfield has seen it at 40 , with rain during the day, and fall to −33° during the night there.—*Quebec Hist. Soc.* vol. iii. p. 49.

In 1825–6 the extreme range was 124°! The extreme range at Madeira is perhaps 40°. Sir J. Richardson found the mean heat of the same year at this place to be 45°.

In June and July the temperature rises to 92°; when the heat is oppressive to the sensations.—*Geog. Soc. Journ.* vol. ix. p. 378.

northerly and you have a depth of 138 feet, with a muddy bottom. A similar instance [Lieutenant Grant] occurs in Pelletau's Narrows, &c.

The Little Manitou and Drummond Island, which continue the chain of islands to the south-west mainland, are comparatively small. Further particulars respecting them will be found in the course of this Excursion.

The large and beautiful island of St. Joseph (British), in the north-west part of Lake Huron, Michilimachinac, the Gulf of Saquina, and the south shore generally, will be treated of in the course of my narrative.

The waters of Lake Huron are clear and transparent, and, according to Dr. Drake of Cincinnati, "so full of carbonic acid gas that they sparkle. "They transmit the rays of light to a great depth, "and consequently having no preponderating "solid matters in suspension, an equalization of "heat occurs." Dr. Drake ascertained that in summer, at the surface, and 200 feet below it, the temperature of the water was 56°.

"One of the most curious things in the shallow "parts of Huron is to sail or row over the sub-"lacune mountains, and to feel giddy from fancy; "for it is like being in a balloon, so pure and "tintless is the water." So far, and perhaps too far, Dr. Drake.

The rivers of Lake Huron are not very numerous; but it has five, as large, or larger, than its outlet, St. Clair. They are the Severn, French, Spanish, Mississaga, and the Straits of St. Mary, all on the barren northern coast. Of the outlet I shall speak in the proper place.

The evaporation must be enormous, but I am not aware of any estimate of it having been made.

The reader must need be patient while voyaging with us along the chill and stormy shores of North Huron. If hard to read, it was harder far to endure; but the great Maker of all things did not disdain to fashion them, and here and there to add an ornament.

Soon after our entrance into this lake our extra provisions failed, and we were content with cocoa, brown sugar, and biscuit, night and morning; salt beef and potatoes for dinner. Our hardy boatmen had their usual Indian country fare, maize-soup thrice a-day, with a glass of whisky after unusual exertions, or in cold weather.

When we issued from the picturesque Notawasaga we found ourselves at the bottom of a vast circular bay, fifty or sixty miles round.

Stormy as the weather very soon afterwards proved, the morning of that day was serene. Everything, lake, sands, and foliage, sparkled

under the rays of a burning sun, and looked soft and innocent. In front the eye ranged over waters apparently without a shore, upon whose bright surface the low smooth billows rolled in slow succession to the beach. On our left was a line of woods, having in their rear the " Blue Mountains," before referred to. On our right we had a line of broken heights, usually well timbered, as far as Twenty-mile Point and the Christian Isles, grey and indistinct in the extreme north.

A reperusal of my notes shows that the impression made upon the mind by this inland sea varies with the hour. At one time it is thus written :— " When the varied shores of these liquid wilder- " nesses have ceased to attract the eye, and their " vastness to interest the imagination, all sense of " pleasure is lost in that of gloom and solitude, " and in the remembrance of their storms." At another time it is said, " that I am affected even to " tears to think that I never again shall seek the " rare insect or fossil, or greet the friendly savage, " among the shadowy isles, the purple mountains, " and broad waters of Lake Huron."

Proceeding northwards from the river, we arrived in due time at the north angle of Notawasaga Bay, and passed the three Christian Islands, once a missionary station of the Roman Catholics.

They are from one to three miles long each, the nearest to the main being three miles distant. They are covered with fine forests.

Four miles and a half further brought us to the Giant's Tomb,* an oval island three miles long. It is a landmark for great distances, from its resemblance to a lofty cairn, and thence its name. It is a high mass of limestone, flat-topped, surrounded by a belt of low land; the whole island, except where there is too much sand, clothed with fine trees.

I was much struck with the state of its shores; that on the north was scraped clean to the rock by the waves, which wash the very roots of the underwood; the east beach is wholly of fine sand, and the south and west sides of the island are covered with vast accumulations of rolled blocks only, of great size, and among others, of Labrador feldspar, which exists some miles to the north-west as a living rock. The ice of winter may have *partly* done this, and dropped its burthens in places of repose.

We now crossed to a naked islet on the direct way to the North Main, holding Gloucester Bay on the east.

Gloucester Bay is large, and very irregular in

* In 1823 there was no magnetic variation at the Giant's Tomb.

its outline.* Its lower end takes the name of Matchedash, and receives the river Severn of Lake Simcoe.

From this point (the barren gneis islet), a sudden change of scenery took place. The deep waters, regular outlines, and fertility of the main (based on limestone before) ceased. The intricate region of islets, of reefs, and marshes, began.

The view from hence, our dining-place (where my compass would not traverse), is very fine. The capacious mouth of Gloucester Bay, partly barred by islands, is on the east, bounded by high woods and headlands. Looking south, past the lofty Giant's Tomb, partly hiding the Christian Isles, we see the successive capes we had just skirted. Northerly, we beheld the thousand rocks of the north shore, backed by ranges of pine forests.

We now made directly north, and encamped for the night on the slippery top of a mound of granite, twenty feet high, some little distance from Rennie's Bay (so named by Captain Bayfield).

Whether we were really on the main or not, I

* Only a few miles from our crossing-place, at the bottom of a very narrow inlet in Gloucester Bay, is the naval and military station of Penetanguishene, one of those dismal places in which the British soldier has so often to vegetate, cut off from the whole world. The winters spent by the officers in low wooden cabins are severe, and tedious beyond measure. Being placed on a narrow isthmus, the station can be attacked front and rear.

cannot tell. We were among a labyrinth of dough-shaped mounds, rushy marshes, and thin groves of stunted cedar, birch, alder, and red oak. We could not see 500 yards into the interior.

Our tent was only secured by laying poles loaded with stones along the bottom of the canvas.

The evening had been lowering, but afterwards became partially clear and starry. I left the tent at about eleven o'clock, and was much struck by the picture before and around me.

Our men were asleep at the fire—all, save the cook on duty, who was feeding it with wood, and stirring the soup. The cool wind was shaking the birch trees, and the waves were whispering and rippling among the reefs below. Looking towards the head of Gloucester Bay I saw several solitary red lights wandering over the surface of the lake, which lay here and there in shadow. These were the canoe-torches of Indians spearing the fish attracted by the flame. When they chanced to draw near, the flare of the light, and the frequent streams of cinders dropping into the water red-hot, were reflected beautifully on the dark men and their craft.

After a time I went and sat on a stone by the side of the cook, and watched his stirrings and tastings.

"Monsieur le Docteur," said he, breaking si-

lence, " these vile rocks and morasses remind me " of a mishap of mine long ago in the Indian " countries, which would have put an end to me, " '*ici bas*,' had it not been for a tin-pot and a " gull's nest—things very simple, Monsieur le " Docteur."

" Our *bourgeois* (master) took me and an Indian " to look out for a new beaver district on the Black " River, which runs into the Mackenzie.

" Two days from the Fort, while crossing a " pond, I saw a gull's nest, with four little gaping " chicks in it, on a bare rock. I had lifted up " my foot to kick the whole hatch into the water, " according to our notion, that if you kill a bird, " a deer, or what not, ten will come instead, when " the *bourgeois* forbade me.

" Well, one day, three weeks afterwards, our " canoe capsized in a rapid, and we lost all—every " thing, except a tin-pot, which stuck in one of " its ribs. Of course we turned back, and lived " on dead fish, green bilberries, now and then a " young bird, tripe de roche, and Labrador tea, " which fortunately our pot enabled us to boil.

" The cold winds seemed to cut us asunder, and " swept through our very marrow, for we lost " most of our clothes too.

" When we were near spent by many days' weary " travel, the *bourgeois* told us that if we would

" work like gallant men, he would give us a meat-
" supper on the morrow's night. We wondered,
" but somehow believed the *bon homme.*

" Sure enough, on the next evening, we reached
" a pond. I knew it immediately. Above a bare
" rock two old gulls hovered and sported in the
" air. Trusting the young birds had not flown,
" but fearing they had, we rushed to the nest and
" found four large plump pullets, which I certainly
" think, blessed be God, saved our lives. The
" next day we fell in with some friendly Indians."

" So you see," said I, " Baptiste, that mercy is
" the best policy."

The next morning early we started for the old trading post of Bourassa. The whole intervening north shore, thirty miles long, is as much cut up, and as full of fiords and inlets, as the coast of Norway. These are sometimes several miles deep, and receive rivers, such as the Muskoka, Moon, and Seguine. It is faced, too, with a multitudinous belt several miles broad, of rocky or tolerably-wooded islands, invested by marshes, rushy basins, and lagoons, so numerous and intricate as to baffle the most experienced guide. Captain Bayfield counted in this part of the lake 7000 islets and islands within forty-five square miles. It was small blame to us, therefore, that we were lost in the deep bay, which is honoured

by the name of Franklin, east of Parry's Sound, choked with reedy islets and half-drowned cranberry grounds.*

This happened towards evening. It was then blowing a hurricane in the open lake, where in our boat we did not like to venture. We accordingly crept along under the lee of this and that islet; but although our guide had been on this coast several times, his memory failed him; and we were compelled to encamp, after many weary attempts to find our way.

We were on the outskirts of the island groups. I shall never forget the hoarse raging of the storm, mingled with the whistle of the bowed reed-beds—so different from the crisped smiles of yesterday. We were glad to pitch our little tent in a tolerably dry hole under a bush, fastening it down with double care, and covering it with a few pine-branches to make it warmer; for the low, exposed islet, gave us little shelter from the resistless wind. But when once ensconced within our ingenious defences, it was

* The cranberry grows in shallows, composed of smooth primitive mounds, five yards square, scarcely above water, stagnant ponds full of varied vegetation. Both plant and fruit lie low. The Huron cranberry is far finer than any I ever tasted elsewhere—high-flavoured, full of juice, skin very thin, and of the size of a boy's marble. I boiled up with sugar a good many in October, and found them a delicious addition to our suppers.

right sweet to remember the line of the old poet,—

"Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem!"

All the next day we lay wind-bound. At some risk we might have proceeded on the open lake; but it was not thought prudent to expose our valuable instruments to chance of damage.

The surveyors meanwhile prepared their field-books.

On the third day the wind lulled, and we were about to leave, when at two P.M. we perceived a small black object a mile off, in the open and still rough lake. We hoisted a nandkerchief upon a pole, when the object drew near, and proved to be an old Indian woman (or witch), in a bobbing corial, travelling on her private affairs (with the wind, be it remembered), her grey hair and brown tatters streaming before her. Our interpreter explained our situation. She promised that her sons should pilot us the next morning into a known part of the lake, joyfully swallowed a glass of whisky, and departed.

Next morning, at nine, two stout young Indians arrived. We were soon ready, and very glad to follow their leading.

Towards the mainland was a basin a mile wide, shut up apparently by tall reeds and islets. This

they crossed, breaking through the reeds, and an interval between rocks not more than three or four yards wide, and in like manner traversed basin after basin, with surfaces as unruffled and fair as the open lake was rough and dark.

The Indians now made for a small round island in one of these glassy pools, which was belted round by tall aspen and birch. We landed near a canoe drawn high and dry on shore, and mounting a woody bank we saw before us, to our astonishment, a small oval meadow, in the centre of which was an Indian camp of five wigwams, warm and still within the thick screen of leaves. Men, women, children, and dogs were all about—the men mending nets, the women pounding corn, and the children in busy play until the pale-faces appeared.

I was delighted with the well-fed, good-humoured looks of these red men; and I made favourable comparisons between them and the Glasgow weavers.

They had managed better than us during the last few days—ourselves for shelter embracing a naked rock, they housed in a warm, grassy isle.

"There's a blossom for the bee;
The bittern has its brake;
The Indian too his hiding-place,
When the storm is on the lake."

The highest compliment that an Indian can pay to a white man is, that he is almost as wise as one of themselves—but this comes not until after an apprenticeship of twenty years.

Having pre-paid our pilots, and bought some fish, we left. After going some three or four miles, our own guide began to espy well-known landmarks, and our new friends took their leave.

The Bourassa Post is on an island in Parry's Sound, and consisted, in 1823, of two long, low, barn-like huts, among sand-hills, mounds, and dwarf-cedars.

Parry's Sound is a magnificent sheet of water, ten or twelve miles broad, and as many in length, containing one very large island, and a countless number of small ones. The River Seguine enters at its bottom. Captain Bayfield found parts of this sound 390 feet deep.

The scenery is truly beautiful. Fir-clad hills all around—rocky islets and open basins. We made the circuit of it close in shore.

Twenty miles north-west from hence we passed in the offing the fur-trading post of La Ronde*

* The district of La Ronde (sixty-five miles from Penetanguishene, according to Mr. Donovan, a respectable Indian trader), so unpromising and desolate, contains a rock formation of great beauty and rarity.

Some little distance into the lake, one or two miles outside the nearer belt of islands, is a cluster (the Indian Isles, perhaps, of

(near the Shamenega River), a melancholy-looking log-house, with a cluster of out-houses, sunk for protection behind some sand-heaps and rocks.

Other traders have wintering-houses in this neighbourhood, on the west side of a low promontory, from ten to thirteen miles long. Not far from its bottom there is a very narrow inlet, which runs east two miles or more, and then receives the Muskokony River.

La Ronde is seventy-two miles south-east of the French River.

The features of this long interval are of the same intricate nature as in that from the Giant's Tomb—as full of headlands and deep inlets of marshes and rocky lagoons.

But the islets are usually lower, smaller, and more naked; and they advance further out into the lake, as solitary mounds, hardly emerging above

Bayfield), not very close together, of piny islets, wholly composed, I believe, of Labrador feldspar, — one of the most beautiful of known rocks; and which, as is well known, when polished or merely wetted, assumes a beautiful iridescence. This mineral is rarely found *in situ*. I might not have noticed it; but the heavy rain which occurred as we were rowing by brought out the play of prismatic colours. It is met with at Arendhal, in Norway. The district appeared to be five miles long, and is, I suspect, narrow; as, on my return in the autumn, being obliged by stormy weather to keep close in shore, I did not see it, although I looked for it. I brought away specimens.

water. Being often in line south-westwards, they look at a distance like a shoal of porpoises.

There is little use in minutely describing these monotonous wastes. They are so extensive and uniform, that I think none but a practised Indian could ever find again any given spot—that is, without a large map. Captain Bayfield, R. N. and Mr. Collins have been employed several years in the survey of these and other parts of Lake Huron. Their maps are on a large scale.

We passed along this coast in stormy weather, and had to avail ourselves of the least shelter in endeavouring to make progress. The open lake was often everywhere white with breakers, and therefore not navigable by us. We crept along inside a succession of sea-walls or breakwaters of low rocks, a few feet broad, but each a mile or more long, and such as twenty millions sterling could not build.

While passing through this archipelago, we seldom saw the main; but one fine day (on our return) we stood out into the lake, some miles east of the French River, and saw a considerable way into the interior.

It was an extensive flat covered with pines. It is known that some miles further north the country becomes a fertile table land, 750 feet above the level of Lake Huron.

By way of showing the shifts we were put to in the regions north-west of Parry's Sound, I may mention that, after travelling all day, drenched with rain, we could not on one occasion find a dry place to rest in, and had great difficulty in lighting a fire. From the summits of the mounds we should have been blown away, and their sides were too slippery; so we pitched the tent over a little watercourse created by the rain. We floored it with rough poles cut from the young trees adjacent, and covered them with tarpaulin. On this we laid our little blanket-beds. While staying here wind-bound for forty-eight hours, we heard night and day the ripple of the streamlet beneath our feet.

While in this comfortless abode, our astronomer told me that about twenty years ago a continued and heavy rain occurred about latitude 50° in the Rocky Mountains. The rills and ditches became rivers, the rivers floods and seas. All the low grounds were inundated. The Indians were in great alarm, and thought a second deluge was coming, until one evening a rainbow appeared, which quite appeased them. They call it "the mark of life," or "the sun-strings."

The weather took up when we crossed French River Bay. This bay is three miles broad and two miles and a half deep. Its form is regular,

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the shores low, but high woody ridges present themselves, from ten to fifteen miles in the rear. Point Grondines, the name of the west angle of the bay, is a mile and a half from the river. It is a headland 1500 yards across. Not far hence there is a group of Indian drawings on a smooth cliff.

The north coast of Lake Huron, from a few miles east of French River, runs a little north of west. It had run north-north-west; and I remarked that a series of high hills which, at the mouth of the French River, was proceeding westwards to join the lake very obliquely, began, in ten or twelve miles, to form its actual margin in slopes and ridges; and it may be said, once for all, that ridge after ridge in succession, in like manner, strike the lake shore nearly to the Falls of St. Mary.

From Point Grondines to the Fox Islands is a distance of twelve miles, principally along an open basin.

The Fox Islands are in thinly-scattered doughy mounds, piled one upon another to 100 or 120 feet, and barren, save a few pines. They are six miles and a half south of Collins' Sound.

The views among the Fox Islands are very picturesque. Twenty or more grotesque high islands of rocks and pines are scattered over a broad expanse of lake. On the north-west is a

magnificent circular bay, surrounded by mountains whose base the waters almost bathe. On the south-west, the long blue line of the Grand Manitou is seen passing east and west—grand, indeed, from its height and dimensions. Collins' Sound is full of fine scenery. It is fourteen or fifteen miles broad, and, together with a multitude of smaller islands, has one which is very long, and so narrow in parts, that, being compelled by boisterous weather in autumn to take the inner route between this isle and the mainland, we frequently heard the plash and roar of the waves outside.

This strait is called La Morandière, from having been long the residence of an Indian trader of that name.

Half a mile from a ruined fort is Point Colles,* a low platform of horizontal rocks, jutting a little into the water, and chiefly to be noticed as being the site of observations for longitude and latitude, made by order of the Boundary Commission. Near it is an excellent landmark—a white rock, 350 feet high, rising out of a dense forest.

From the Fox Islands and the contiguous shore

* Point Colles, Latitude 45° 46′ 26″ Longitude 81° 43′ 0″
Hill Island, Latitude 46 5 0 Longitude 82 4 18
according to the astronomers of the Boundary Commission.

the scenery of the lake for thirty miles westwards makes a sudden change. The dreary cranberry marshes, their reeds and mounds, are replaced by the lofty and well-wooded district of La Cloche.

It has been left for Captain Bayfield to lay down these bewildering regions with accuracy in charts; and it has been the work of years.

For my part I only say, that, from the Strait of La Morandière I have passed three times westward, through an apparently endless succession of basins of free water (only recognising at these separate visits a few great features), with the hills of the main on the north—steep eminences of snow-white quartz, from 500 to 700 feet high; and on the south the high slopes and terraces of the Grand Manitouline—almost always a prominent object in Lake Huron. The few islands in the interspaces are of limestone, precipitous and pine-clad. Captain Bayfield's sailors ascended one of these hills, and I took rock specimens from another, one-third of the way to its top. We dined at its foot.

In two places in this neighbourhood; at Cape Peter (the north-west angle of Smyth's Bay), and at the large compact island of La Cloche, the entrance into the north-west arm or wing of Lake Huron is almost blocked up by the near approach to each other of certain capes of the

Manitouline and the main. At Cape Peter the barrage is assisted by islets; and at La Cloche, that island is itself the principal interposed mass. The strait between it and the Manitouline is only a few hundred yards wide; and even part of this is taken up with an islet. It has been passed through by my deceased friend, Lieutenant Grant, in the schooner Confiance. The strait on the side of the mainland is very narrow also; the headland from the north being many miles long, and very indented.

We find Hill Island on the west, and within a few miles of this headland. From a high hill on the main opposite this island, ascended by the crew of the Confiance, the interior appeared level and covered with pines.

The island of La Cloche* is high, compact in shape, and of considerable size. It is uninhabited except by Indians occasionally.

It has some extensive platforms of limestone about it, nearly of the same level as the lake, on which I met with some curious fossils.

We encamped on a low islet for the night, near La Cloche. Its rocks were very full of crevices,

* It is so called from some of its rocks ringing like a bell on being struck. This particularly applies to one loose basaltic mass lying on the shore, fifteen miles below the little Sagamuc, and about three yards square.

which harboured so many long brown snakes (five out of one hole), that it was not until we had killed some, and frightened away the remainder, that we ventured to go to rest.

The same night I had another little fright here. Sitting round a fire at our supper of cocoa, nearly in the dark, just as I was discussing a biscuit rather harder than usual, I happened to turn round, when, behold, a tall figure was stationed on a ledge a little above us, in a strange robe, and holding a long staff in his hand. I nudged my neighbour. After a moment or two's delay, he called out to it, "Nidgé" ("Friend," in Indian). He was an Indian, and then joined us with his usual noiseless tread. He had seen our fire, and had come in hopes of biscuit and perhaps a glass of spirits. Unusual as it is among Indians, he stood waiting for an invitation to join us.

Near the island of La Cloche, on the margin of the lake, almost hidden by young trees, we met with the ruins of a small French fort, at that time only ten feet high, and built a hundred years ago of very large slabs of limestone, for a defence against the Indians.

I can only speak of the district of La Cloche in general terms.

The traveller, from the unsightly north-east shore, comes well prepared to be charmed with

it. No part of the great Canadian lakes can be compared with this portion of Lake Huron, as far as my personal experience goes. All at once we find ourselves sailing over calm and clear waters, amid clustering isles of all sizes, some with high cliffs, some lying low, all wooded, and skirting a lofty mainland.

Here and there we pass by little grassy valleys, park-like, with clumps of trees and umbrageous avenues, as if leading to some deserted mansion. The especial beauty of these places very much arises from deep shadows, and the harmonious tints of the vegetation — from the vivid whiteness of the bald quartz hills, and the quick alternation of open and close scenery. During long journeys on important business we cannot sketch where we most desire to do so. Thus was it here.

So extensive and perplexing is this region of wood, rock, and water, that although some of us were no strangers here, still, by taking a northern direction at the west end of the great sheet of water, either called or near to Le Forêt des Bois,* instead of the proper course, we deviated into a large archipelago of romantic beauty. This error cost us five hours' hard labour.

This style of country, exceeding twenty-five miles in length, terminates westwards a few miles

* North-east of the island of La Cloche.

before we reach Little Sagamuc River, the immediate north shore now becoming lower, and the well-known belt of small islets in-shore being resumed to some extent, while, midway between the main and the Grand Manitouline (plainly seen), are eight large and woody isles, in little groups, spread over the open lake.

The Little Sagamuc enters at the bottom of a shallow bay, under the protection of a belt of trap islands. It is forty feet wide, and at the distance of 600 yards from its mouth is precipitated obliquely over a rock, twenty feet high, buried in woods, and with a very respectable share of foam, fury, &c. It is the outlet of a small lake one mile off.

An Indian trader, of the name of M'Bean, has been here many years, and has given his name to the spot.

On a grassy flat, at the mouth of Little Sagamuc, we found some Indian wigwams, resting in unbroken stillness. The young men were lying lazily about, and the women busy, as their wont is; the younger having their usual good-humoured, chubby faces, their musical voices pouring out multitudinous criticisms upon our manners and appearance.

I ran to gather a specimen of the rock at the waterfall, but such a flock of capering imps

attended me that I could scarce perform my task.

I have reason to believe that the Ojibbeway Indians, lately in England, came from this neighbourhood. They were Wesleyan Protestants, and did honour to their profession. There has been a small Wesleyan mission hereabouts.

Near this, to the west, are the rivers Le Serpent and Sand. They are small; but the latter is used to reach Lake Nipissing.

Ten or twelve miles along a hilly mainshore brings us to Spanish Bay, Aird's Bay, or the Bay of Sagamuc. We passed across its mouth, which is many miles wide, and defended by a long line of woody islands, the largest of which is called Aird's. The inner shores of Aird's Bay are altogether out of sight, but we saw that its west side ran northerly, in a series of lofty and partially-wooded bluffs. No map, except the little-known one of Captain Bayfield, gives any idea of this large bay.

That officer told me that it is very large, and receives the finest river of Lake Huron, excepting St. Mary's (from Lake Superior).

The Spanish or Sagamuc River is navigable for boats, without a portage, for thirty-five miles, along a channel averaging 120 yards in breadth, with frequent rapids, some from four to six miles

an hour at narrows. The small lakes into which the Sagamuc occasionally expands are full of islets. One of these expanses is called Birchbark Lake. Navigation is stopped by a fall thirty feet high, passing over a shining greenstone. This river communicates with Lake Tematscaming. The name of "Spanish" is given to it from its having been once occupied by Spanish Indians, as I have heard. It has two mouths.

About forty-two miles west from the Little Sagamuc is the River Missassaga, Spanish Bay occurring in this interval. These forty-two miles are distributed into a chain of beautiful and large basins by successive sets of islands, those near the main being of primitive rock, small, various in height (from 20 to 200 feet), and so surrounded by shallows and reefs as to make passing even in boats difficult.

We kept close to the main shore, and found it well wooded. In the evening many of the trees were enveloped and surmounted by myriads of flies, in a spiral pyramidal wreath, constantly rising and falling. At a distance they looked like a thin smoke. The same may be seen occasionally in England.

The Missassaga is a fine river, and has two entrances, one on each side of a marshy tongue of land 1400 yards across.

The eastern mouth is the largest, and is 120 yards broad, according to Captain Bayfield; and enters the lake in a flat beach, sandy and rocky in places. The falls first met with pass over red granite.

In 1848, Mr. Logan, the provincial geologist, ascended this river for forty miles, one of its tributaries for seven miles, and another for four; as well as two lakes on the Grand Batture Portage.

On another occasion I ascended, with a fur-trader, for five or six miles, to a North-west Company Station, a river of good breadth at the mouth, and widening within, flowing from the interior among large meadows and pineries, into the lake, and this two miles east of the best-known entrance. The Rhine, among the reedy pastures below Strasburg, reminded me of the River Missassaga. We encamped, on this occasion, for the night, on the river side among willows and long dry grass; but the latter took fire, and would have burnt us up, if we had not instantly and vigorously beat it out with large boughs.

In what may be called the Missassaga District, while the edge of the lake is marshy, we have, in the interior, a range of tolerably high hills running parallel to the lake shore.

The space between Missassaga, and the Point, and River, Thessalon (twenty-eight miles along the north shore), is a series of shallow, marshy curvatures, so excessively encumbered with erratic blocks,* that landing is somewhat difficult, especially seventeen miles west of Missassaga.

Along shore we have more sandy beaches than usual, extending a good way into the low and sterile neighbourhood, overgrown with wild vines, and cherries, and dwarf pines.

Scarps of basalt and round-backed mounds, solitary rocks, with glazed surfaces, are sprinkled over our route, but not in the profusion we find east of the French River.

Point Thessalon is a narrow strip of low, wooded land, faced with bowlders and sand, a mile long on its east side. A single tree at the point, in advance of all its brethren, marks the locality well. This was the north-eastern limit of the Boundary Commission's Survey in Lake Huron. It is in this neighbourhood that many orthocera, five and six feet long, have been seen, but not removed on account of their weight and size.

Thessalon Bay (of which the point just mentioned forms the west angle) is three miles across and one deep. It is principally sand-bank, co-

* Among these are masses of beautiful jasper puddingstone; —also seen by Captain Bayfield.

vered with drift-wood. At its bottom the River Thessalon pushes through rugged eminences of trap. It is thirty or forty yards broad at its mouth, and is bordered by willows and other trees. Its size upwards I do not know; but Mr. Logan says, that he met with four falls on it, 13, 18, 8, and 3 feet respectively, affording excellent mill-seats. Some of the land in the valley, he says, is well fitted for cultivation.

The whole region, extending from the River Missassaga, in this lake, to the River Montreal in Lake Superior, in a north-west direction, will eventually be covered with a numerous mining population.

Within the last few years (1849) large deposits of copper ore have been met with at the extremities of the line just indicated.

Considerable grants have been made by Government for mining purposes, after an official survey by the Colonial geologist, whose last Report (made in January 1849) furnishes the following particulars:—

Twenty-two mining locations are claimed of Government on the north shore of this lake, but the Bruce Mines, nine miles west of the Thessalon River, are the farthest advanced and the best known.

All the way from the Falls of St. Mary to

Shenawenahning shows more or less indications of copper.

The copper ore and undressed stuff at the Bruce Mines, in July 1848, was 1475 tons, giving about 118 tons of pure copper. The expectation in September 1848 was, that the lodes would yield 250 tons of such ore monthly. Large quantities have already been sent to Montreal and Boston.

One hundred and sixty-three persons were employed at these mines, which, with their families, gave a population of 250 souls.

Three frame-buildings, thirty log-houses, and two wharfs, had been erected. The harbour was good and timber abundant.

The rocks which compose the Bruce Mines are greenstone, granites, sienitic conglomerate, with its associate slate and quartz rock, whose general strike (and that of the lodes) roughly coincides with the trend of the coast, and therefore west-north-west.

The productiveness of the lodes differs according to the rock they traverse, being greatest in the greenstones.*

* Copper is the most plentiful metal, in the form of vitreous copper, variegated copper, and copper pyrites. Iron pyrites is sometimes associated with them. Copper pyrites, in one instance, was accompanied by rutile, and in another by arsenuretted sulphuret of iron and nickel, with a trace of cobalt.

The lodes vary in breadth from a few inches to thirty feet, and cut through all the rocks. The gangue, or veinstone, in which the copper ores are contained, is in general white quartz.

With these facts before us, it is evident that this part of North America is about to become very important. It is also not a little remarkable that our stock of the metals is receiving increase in proportion to the increased demand, from augmented population and a more extended application of them to the uses of life. Copper is thus prevented from becoming too dear.

Of the interval between Point Thessalon and the Channel of Pelletau I shall say little, as I know little. We sailed at a distance off land, which enabled us to see the successive ranges of hills inland, which we had observed all the way from La Cloche.

Drummond Island, and the other Manitoulines, are in sight, blue from their remoteness; while the fine island of St. Joseph is comparatively near at hand. I never landed here, and therefore perhaps, missed seeing some traces of the fine mineral region on the main.*

* Not far west of Missassaga I met with small fragments both of galena and copper ore.

Pelletau's Channel is so named from a Canadian who long cultivated some rich land on an island at its east end. It is included between the north-east shore of St. Joseph and the contiguous main. Except towards the west end, the channel is an unobstructed sheet of water, ten or twelve miles long, and six broad at the east extremity, but narrowing to a mile and a half in the west.

The two sides of this channel present very different aspects. St. Joseph is a gentle, verdant acclivity, while the north main is a region of half-naked black fastnesses, of trap mounds, swamps, ponds, and ridges.

Near its west end, Pelletau's Channel widens into an expanse twenty-five miles square, and becomes full of islands; one of which is of some size, compact, rather high and woody.* It nearly

* This island has great sylvan beauty. It is in such spots that the Indian makes his home. I think that, unlike the native whites of his country, he has much feeling for the picturesque. His mind is full of metaphor and grand idealities.

On the former voyage in a light canoe with M. de Rocheblave, we had been working our way quietly among the solitudes of the north shore, when we approached this island. We rounded a woody point, and suddenly beheld a hundred half-naked Indians hotly engaged at their game of ball in a meadow which ran down to the water side—their wigwams being under the lee of a steep, and their kinsfolk looking on in groups.

Two parties were contending with infinite heat and clamour to drive a little ball in opposite ways, each to his own goal, casting it

blocks up the Narrows (as they are called) at their east entrance.

Two other considerable, nearly naked islands, are close to the main, with which they form an admirable harbour, at one time intended for a military station, under the name of Portlock Harbour. (*Vide* Plate.) It has some very pretty scenery. While in Pelletau's Channel, as you approach this harbour, at the distance of a mile or two, there is perceived an opening or break in

far and high in the air, with long sticks, which had a kind of open cup or ring at the lower end.

Immediately we appeared there was a loud scream of joy and surprise. The game ceased. The Indians rushed to their guns, and filled the air with harmless musketry in our honour.

Canoes forthwith pushed off to us. The north-west trader knew his sad duty.

"Hand out the rum-keg," said he; "give me a couple of quart measures." He half-filled them, secretly, with lake-water from the offside of the canoe, and then ostentatiously poured the coveted liquid into the cans.

By this time the Indians had arrived. Warm greetings were exchanged. The rum was presented:—but how to carry it ashore? The trader could neither wait nor leave his cans.

The savages were at their wits' end; but at length one of them held out a round thing of felt which counted for a hat. Into it went the fire-water. But who shall paint their dismay, their antics, and howlings, when they saw the precious fluid distilling through the well-worn felt in twenty tiny streams! The hat, however, was withdrawn from our canoe—many, many a hand beneath it. In the height of the hubbub, "Down paddle," said the trader; and we escaped. In a few minutes woods, wigwams, and Indian sports were far behind.

a high country, expanding as it is neared, and finally disclosing an extensive haven, interspersed with rocky islets, or girt by heights, starting forth in a series of woody or rocky capes, —the whole supported in the rear by three ridges of hills covered with poplars, birch, and half-consumed pines.

We have now arrived in our tedious, but hitherto undescribed journey (at least, not carefully), to the place where the north-west arm of Lake Huron, communicating with Lake Superior, begins to take shape.

The southern mainland of Huron, having formed the great sound called Lake Michigan, is deflected in latitude 45° 53′ nearly east, to longitude 83° 55′, when suddenly trending northerly and westerly (opposite Drummond Island) it approaches the *north* main to within ten miles, in latitude 46° 20′, and, with it, forms an oblong space, narrowing westwards, 400 square miles in extent, which receives the waters of Lake Superior.

This space is crowded with islands, large and small; the principal one being St. Joseph (sixty-five miles round), which, with the large "Sugar Island" (thus named from its maple woods), is so wedged into the lower end of the channel, or strait, from Lake Superior, as scarcely to give, at

the narrowest points, the breadth of a mile to the sum of the four outlets from above.

It is here that, strictly speaking, Lake Huron ceases (or rather begins), and where we find ourselves at the foot of a double set of narrows and currents. The first set (we proceed upwards) consists of three,—namely, those of the "Middle Passage," between Nibish Island and St. Joseph's, the Straits of Pelletau, and the basin below Encampment Douce (a rocky isle at the Nibish).

The Middle Passage is eight or ten miles long, one mile broad above, and a quarter of a mile below, with a southerly run, and emptying into Muddy Lake.

The Straits of Pelletau are formed by the approach of St. Joseph to within two-thirds of a mile of the north main at their west end, and to within a mile and a half at their east end.

The main here is a line of dark lofty cliffs, while the St. Joseph side is a marsh. Narrow as this strait is, it contains eighteen islets—those nearest the main partaking of its forbidding character; sometimes being divided from each other by mural rents, only a few feet across. As the islets approach St. Joseph they lower, and have marshy coves. The current is inconstant—sometimes strong.

From the summit of the adjoining main is presented a truly scenic and striking combination of high and sombre rocks, scantily clad with pine, and overshadowing a labyrinth of waters.

The current of the basin runs among shallows on the north-west side of St. Joseph, at the foot of a still water, into which some of the upper (Nibish) group of rapids pour.

This second or upper group of rapids and narrows forms the outlet of Lake George. This lake is eighteen miles long by five in average breadth. Its west side is formed by Sugar or George Island, which, twenty miles long, stretches from the Straits of St. Mary to within a mile of St. Joseph. It is fertile, but narrow. A shallow water, a mile broad, intervenes between the main on the west and Sugar Island. At its foot, on the south, we have Nibish Island, squeezed in between the main and St. Joseph. It is regular in shape, and ten miles by four and a half in dimensions.

The boundary line under the sixth article terminates in the Nibish (or Neebish) Channel, near Muddy Lake. The seventh article assigns Sugar Island to the United States.

The rapids go under the general name of Nibish. They are three. Their names are,—1st,

the Eastern Nibish; 2dly, the Middle; and 3dly, the West Nibish rapid. Their position and size will be best seen on the map.

The Middle Nibish rapid is the ship channel from Détroit to St. Mary's; and even here the ship must be of very small draught, and is unloaded to pass one particularly shallow spot.* A view is given of the encampment of the Boundary Commission, on a pretty isle at the foot of the Eastern Nibish. Passing through Lake George, we reach the river or strait of St. Mary, which connects Lake Superior with Lakes George and Huron.

Almost the whole outlet (now loosely described, in reliance on the map) is of a soft and agreeable aspect, presenting expanses of transparent water, with curving shores of rich woods or successive headlands. Where the rapids occur we have reefs and accumulations of gravel or bowlders, with maple and birch forests, or short pine-clad precipices on either shore.

Where we enter St. Mary's Strait the view is very pleasing.

* The Nibish rapids are sometimes considered to be four: when the East Nibish (the ship channel to St. Mary's) is divided into two, and named the "Little and the East." They are separated by an island a mile or two long.

Encampment Douce, of which a view is given, is at the foot of, and to the west of, this island.

As we pushed up the sparkling current, our boat was surrounded by numbers of white fish (*Coregonus albus*),* whose exquisite flavour, especially when boiled, is renowned over North America, and whose export forms the staple employment at the neighbouring villages.

We had scarcely seen a human being for ten days, when all at once we came in sight of two villages, British and American, on their respective sides of the river, and several canoes passing to and fro, or fishing.

The river itself (seventeen miles long by half a mile to a mile and a quarter wide) is deep, silent, broad: massive woods overhang its banks. Directly before us, at the distance of two miles,† are the boiling rapids, called St. Mary's Falls.

On the British, or left side of the river, an accidental conflagration was raging in the woods. The horizon was considerably darkened by smoke; and every now and then a gleam of fire, faint in the distance, reached us, newly fed by some resinous trees.

Anxious to see the devastating process, as soon as we landed at the North-west Company's station I walked as far as I could into the burning woods. The fire was running about on the

* It is allied to the salmon family.

† There is excellent clay for brick-making here.

ground, wherever there was a sufficiency of dry matted grass or undergrowth of any kind. The tongues of fire crept up the hot pines, which were perspiring turpentine, and sometimes burst suddenly into broad sheets of flame. The crackling, flare, and rapid combustion of leaves, branches, and grass, were all new to me, and grand; but the smoke, driven about in gusts, was so loaded with acridity, that I was glad to escape with burnt shoes into a respirable air. When the fire reached any little plot occupied by diseased or old pines, whose boughs are always heavily loaded with Spanish moss, the whole started into an atmosphere of flame. This conflagration was considered small; but it had embraced, from first to last, an area of several square miles.

The surveying party of the Boundary Commission, with whom I was now travelling, passed rapidly through St. Mary's into Lake Superior. This journal ought to be continuous with their movements; but I beg the reader's permission to delay for a little our excursion into Lake Superior, in order to assemble in one chapter all our proceedings in, and remarks upon, Lake Huron.

We shall be glad enough to rejoin our friends.

At the time of this visit St. Mary's was a very modest settlement. I imagine it remains so.

The Canadian village is, or was, a straggling

line of fifteen log-huts on marshy ground, with, at its lower end, the comfortable dwelling of Mr. Ermatinger, whose daughter's acquaintance I had unexpectedly made on the western branch of the Ottawa.

The North-west Company of fur-traders have an important post near the head of this village, close to the rapids, on the broad tongue of low-land full of little watercourses, which is the British portage. This post consists of a good resident's house, large storehouse, stables, labourers' dwellings, garden, fields, and a jetty for their schooner. The cattle were in a remarkably good condition.

The American village is but small: it has, however, two or three houses of a better class, and is on higher ground, with a few Indian wigwams interspersed.

The Americans have a stout barrack here, called Fort Brady, and two companies of infantry.

Mr. Johnson, a much-respected Indian trader, lives here most hospitably in a house, whose neatness is in striking contrast with the careless dilapidation reigning around.

A few potatoes and some Indian corn are raised on either side of the river, and there is a little pasture land.

Mr. Ermatinger built a windmill, in a vain

attempt to induce the people to grow wheat. It is said that the cold mists and draughts from Lake Superior check the growth of corn.

St. Mary's is healthy. I did not hear of ague there. Our party enjoyed excellent health in Lake Huron.

But in point of agricultural improvements there is both room and opportunity, by the drainage of swamps and shallow lakes. It is now in these countries as it was in the early times of Britain. A great part of England was then taken up by unwholesome marshes and woods, so that the lower levels were but little inhabited. Many of the towns, villages, and Druidical remains, were on the hill tops. Now our valleys are healthy, warm, and productive. We therefore inhabit them.

The white and red inhabitants of St. Mary's live chiefly on white fish caught in hand-nets at the foot of the rapids, and they, as before said, are salted in very large quantities.

The rapids rush tumultuously in a white mass of eddying, billowy, foamy surge, through a strait only half the usual breadth, and half a mile long, bordered on both sides by almost inaccessible swamps and dense woods, where the lowness of the banks has permitted a number of petty channels to form. Looking up from the middle of the river the scene is full of life, and stir, and strong con-

trasts. We see dark woods and dazzling waters, often crowded with Indian canoes. One reef, or ledge, very visible from the shore, is supposed to cause a drop of six feet. An American surveyor has calculated their total descent to be twenty-two feet ten inches. The underlying rock is a horizontal sandstone, mottled red and brown, belonging to the Silurian age. Father Hennessin (edit. 1696, p. 34) describes St. Mary's Falls exactly as they are now.

In 1824 I remained three weeks a guest at the North-west Company's post, enjoying the great kindness of Mr. Sivewright, the superintendent, an old officer in the fur trade, familiar with the most remote regions of the north-west, and very communicative.

Every place has its own peculiarity, I suppose. Here it was the correct thing to live almost solely upon white fish morning, noon, and night. Rich and delicately-flavoured as this food was at first, in the end I loathed it, and for ten years afterwards could not see fish on the dinner-table without a shudder. White fish here varies from three to six pounds in weight. In Athabasca Lake they run to twenty pounds.

I was much pleased by my visits to Messrs. Ermatinger and Johnson. The former was every inch a trader, public-spirited, skilful, sanguine,

and indefatigable. Save two rooms, his whole dwelling was a warehouse. My shepherdess was quite at home among the Indians and the white fish. Her *boudoir* was full of little tokens of Atlantic city education. She seemed mosquito-proof, and did the honours of her home with kindness and grace.

Mr. Johnson was a merchant, with the generous and social qualities of the old Irish gentleman. He had been plundered and burnt out by the Americans in the war of 1814, in one of the many unchristian ravages which both parties committed on the unoffending citizens on the frontiers. Up to the time of my visit (ten years afterwards) Mr. Johnson had received no compensation from his own Government, although his loss was very heavy, and his claims respectfully urged in the appointed manner.

I was surprised at the value and extent of this gentleman's library; a thousand well-bound and well-selected volumes, French and English, evidently much in use, in winter especially; and not gathered together in these days of cheap literature.

Mr. Johnson was an Irishman of good family, and died in 1828.

He was so kind as to invite some of his few neighbours to meet me at a good dinner, and produced a bottle of crusted port of an especial

vintage—a sort of good thing of which I was utterly unworthy.

Mr. Johnson had married the daughter of a powerful Indian chief, residing on the south shore of Lake Superior, which, of course, brought him the friendship and trade of all his tribe. She was a portly, bustling, happy-looking creature, and had imbibed all her husband's notions; and she united to the open-handedness of the Indian the method and notableness of the Englishwoman.

They had several children, the eldest at that time a gay half-pay lieutenant of a Canadian corps. His eldest daughter has since married Mr. Schoolcraft, formerly an Indian agent, but now at Washington at the head of the Indian department; a gentleman in every way worthy of his advancement, and to whom I am considerably indebted both for information and attentions. She then strongly reminded me of Walter Scott's Jeanie Deans by her quiet, modest ways, by her sweet round-oval features, expressive of the thankful and meek devotedness so universal in Indian women. The style, manners, and conversational topics, both here and at Mr. Ermatinger's, were remarkable, and quite distinct from those of the cities we had left behind us.

I shall not be so ungallant as to describe the dress of the ladies. No lady likes to be described

in a fashion ten years old, although no obsoleteness in dress can hide goodness and intelligence.

I could not help inwardly smiling at the garb of our male company in their vast coat-collars "*à la régent,*" and waists so high that the coats were all skirt. Their pantaloons were slit up outside, and adorned with a profusion of bullet-headed brass buttons; while, in imitation of the Mexican *rancheros* and the English dragoons in Spain, these good people, who never crossed a horse, made the inner parts of this nameless garment almost wholly of leather.

I envied the masses of long black hair which rested upon the shoulders of my friends. They had enough hair to make perukes for twenty duchesses.

The unsettled postures, dark hue, and wandering black eye of the Indian, were well marked in some of the guests, and the perfect gipsy face. Their English was good, and without the disagreeable nasality of the American.

It is true that we ate fast and in silence, but this being over we were very merry, in spite of an abundance of mosquitoes. Each took up his own easy position, uncourtly but not uncourteous, and talk became plentiful. We wasted no words upon civilised man. We dilated upon the prospects of the fishery, of the wild-rice harvest, the furs

of the last winter's hunt, the rumoured incursions of the Sioux and other Indians upon the quieter tribes, the massacre of the whites at Red River, then recent, while I obtained from one or another descriptions of the adjacent regions.

All this made me feel that I was near the wild man's land; and I was confirmed in the idea by one day meeting in the village a handsome white woman, who wore a broad silver plate on her head on account of having been scalped.

The young men of this neighbourhood were brave fellows, who could steer the canoe and point the rifle, and would ask nothing better than a roving war-commission at the head of their Indian friends to kill and be killed at ten shillings a-day for all time.

Their principal occupation in winter was to follow the Indians to their hunting-grounds to the south and west of Lake Superior, for the purpose of taking their furs almost as soon as ready, to ensure repayment of the usual autumnal advances made to the Indians.

In summer my friends performed the functions of country gentlemen. They farmed, fished, and sported.

The great defect in colonial life is the lower civilisation which characterises it; where the inferior appetites, the animal instincts, prevail, and

are exclusively gratified; where a man's thoughts seldom go further than himself, his shop, farm, bottle, horse, and rifle.

In the country parts of Canada few young men get above the class of "gents.," and the elders seldom rise higher in their notions than the second-rate retired tradesmen at home. There are here and there some few loftier minds, driven into hiding-places by misfortune; but they only mark, and so thicken, the general gloom. There is not enough of the fine gold of English society to make a public impression. In England the female gentry, in their respective rural neighbourhoods, do a large amount of good, as living examples of wisdom, generosity, and gentleness.

I advise only the uneasy classes of Great Britain to live in Canada; the easy classes, however, I strenuously advise to visit it.

I did not find my time heavy at St. Mary's. Opportunities of leaving are rare, and must be made; so my friends contracted with two very young Indians to take my old travelling companion, Mr. Tabeau (on a second missionary tour), and myself to Collier's Harbour, on Drummond Island, in Lake Huron, forty-five miles from St. Mary's. It was 1100 miles from Quebec, and the most westerly British post.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

PART II. SECT. II.

LAKE HURON CONTINUED.

Canoe-voyage to Drummond Isle — Mosquitoes — Muddy Lake — St. Joseph — Indian Widow full of trust — Night-storm on a Shingle Bank — Arrival — Port Collier — Garrison Life — Heads in a Sack — Indian War Party — Mackinaw, Town, Island — Mr. and Mrs. Macvicar — Indian Chiefs — Lady and Ring — Voyage with Indians to Drummond Isle — Their kindness — American Officer killed — Arrival in state — Boundary Commission — H. M. schooner Confiance — Entomology — Little and Grand Manitoulines — Thunder-storm — Voyage down Southern Huron to River St. Clair.

About the middle of a calm, sultry day, we embarked in a small crampy canoe, with a little tea, biscuit, and ham.

It was again my lot to leave kind hearts. With many a good wish expressed, and many a wave of the hat, we glided down the gentle current of the strait, more borne along by its friendly force than by Indian diligence, for we soon found that of

those who ply the paddle between Mackinaw and the Yellow Stone River we had picked up th. veriest idlers of all. But they were civil, merry and talkative. Reproof or encouragement were difficult, as they only spoke the Chippewa tongue.

Time, however, stole on, and — thanks to the current aforesaid — evening found us twelve or fourteen miles from St. Mary's, towards the bottom of Lake George. Twilight coming on, we pushed into a creek, or rather stagnant ditch, for a hundred yards, and found a little greensward, which pleased us at first with its coolness,

"Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

But our operations preparatory for the night aroused the mosquitoes, which rushed in clouds upon us, ravenous for the prey. While taking a little tea, I had only to open and shut my hand to crush half-a-dozen; but they were in the air, the grass, the trees, in billions. This is the case all over the Indian countries at certain seasons, and is a plague only to be moderated by mosquitoe-nets, and by encamping, if possible, on a rock free to every wind. Our Indians did not seem much annoyed by them.

I shall not describe the night we passed. The

hired beggars in the Hindoo flea-hospitals do not fare worse. I quite lost my temper under the persecutions of my innumerable foes and the clammy, stifling heat of the place; always a great mistake, but I am bound by the Christian verity to confess it, as I now do.

We were early risers, most anxious for the open waters, and sped along at a goodly pace down the West Nibish Rapid into Muddy Lake, the vicinity being rendered very picturesque by sparkling rapids, islets, and verdant uplands, in every direction.

Muddy Lake, a part of Lake Huron, is so named from the nature of its bottom. It is nine miles across from east to west, and about the same length. Its boundaries may be seen by a glance at the map. The shores run into deep and often grassy bays.

There is a series of small streams and lakes which lead from Lake George to Goose Islands, near Michilimackinac, which furnishes a short and quiet way thither from St. Mary's. Brine springs are common upon this route, and Goose Islands have a considerable deposit of gypsum.

St. Joseph belongs to Canada, and is a compact island, seventeen miles by twelve in general dimensions, its length running south-east.

Its interior rises to the height of 500 feet by

three tiers of rich woods, which are called the "Highlands of St. Joseph."

At its south-eastern extremity there had been for thirty-five years a small British post, until about the year 1820.

It is fertile. Its coasts are broken into bays with a few islands about them. It has at least two creeks. They are on the south and east sides. One is at the south-east cape, near an excellent harbour.

Our surveyors, rowing a mile or two up this stream, were surprised one day to find a neat log-house far up in the woods, with a patch of Indian corn and other vegetables. It was inhabited by an Indian widow and her daughter. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness of this lodge in the wilderness. They were not alarmed at our visit, and came to our camp for needles and such-like little matters. They were Roman Catholics, and pleasing, well-conducted people. We had not been aware of any one being upon St. Joseph; it is a jungle containing only bears and other wild animals. We did not afterwards meet with any one who knew them. Two lone women in such a desert in the howlings of a Canadian winter! —what resignation and trust in a presiding Being!!

But to return to our voyage of two days and two

nights to Collier's Harbour. We loitered through the second day in Indian fashion; life being with our red friends not a task but a holiday.

By the middle of the day we had passed the narrow part of Muddy Lake, through the strait (a mile broad), had skirted the ascending shores of Isle à la Crosse, and were leaving behind us the ruined fort at the south point of St. Joseph, when we saw a black cloud arise on the north, the lake growing dark in that direction, with a rough brown scud driving towards us.

As we were within five miles of Collier's Harbour, with the wind, though gustful and muttering, in our favour, we held on, and were approaching the first of the three little islets which spot the route between St. Joseph and our destination, when a blast of wind came suddenly upon us, and almost lifted our tiny craft out of the water, bodily. There was distant thunder, and lightning was flashing behind us: single drops of rain began to splash heavily in the water.

The Indians immediately paddled to the islet at hand, a mere morsel of shingle, of an acre perhaps, with a young birch-tree and a few bushes on it.

A few minutes sufficed (for we worked in haste) to drag the canoe ashore, turn it keel upwards to shelter the Indians, and fling our little sail over

two poles and some bushes for ourselves, with some ham and biscuit, if we chose to eat; which, however, we did not.

Scarcely were we under our poor covering when the coming storm assailed us, not with its mere fringes, but in its full fury. I thought the wind would have swept us into the lake; it clipt off the crests of the foaming surf, and drove them right across the little beach.

The waves swept by us, that dark and moonless night, in line after line, of tall, white breakers; and in reality threatened rather unpleasantly to swallow up our bit of shingle. All this while our thin sail at intervals shook vehemently with the tempest, and shielded us very imperfectly from the occasional bursts of heavy rain.

The lightning was quite blinding; each flash (and they were many) revealed, as clear as day, leagues of stormy waters and scattered isles; and then left us for several minutes in utter inky darkness.

My brows began to ache; and the brightness was so painfully intense that I wrapped my head in a boat-cloak, and committed myself to a merciful Providence.

The Roman Catholic priest sat quietly by my side, now and then endeavouring to read his breviary by the light of a taper, which the storm

put out every three or four minutes, and which he re-lit by help of his tinder-box. Fire we had none, of course. He afterwards gave up the attempt, and laid himself down to listen to "luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras."

The storm lasted several hours. Towards midnight it moderated, and we fell asleep.

Next morning, as is usual after such passionate outbreaks, every thing looked fresh and gay; and the sun was shining upon a smiling world.

Of the Indians under the canoes, and how they fared, we knew nothing, save that the eddies of the wind from time to time brought to us a strong odour of tobacco; so that to them that ugly night may have been a season of luxurious enjoyment.

We put off, and passing on our left the snug little village of Portoganesa, on the crescent-shaped island of that name, we arrived, by seven o'clock or so, at the north portage of Port Collier, where we found some officers of the garrison awaiting our arrival (or anybody's, for they knew us not). They had seen our canoe from the eminence behind the barracks, and made many kind inquiries how we passed the tempestuous night.

I shall say but little topographically about the British post on Drummond Island, because it is

deserted, having been assigned to the United States.

But I may mention that both the barracks and the village ranged along the front of the harbour. Behind is a slope loaded with rounded white rocks, called "Drummond's Lambs" (at a distance they look like sheep), and surmounted by a natural terrace of rock.

Drummond Island is twenty-four miles long; its greatest breadth twelve miles, and its least two and a half miles. It is separated from the American main by a strait of about a mile across.

This post was established by General Drummond about the year 1812. It is healthy, but most dismal,—a mere heap of rocks on the edge of an impenetrable medley of morass, ponds, and matted woods.

I observed in two or three of the houses, in the village of Indian traders and their half-breed children, that some of the rooms were lined with moss and birch-bark,—a very good contrivance in so cold a climate.

In 1823, the garrison consisted of two companies of infantry. It may be well to put down a few notes on garrison life on the frontier of a British colony.

The friendly and intelligent gentlemen of the garrison had little to do save read, hunt for fossils,

fish, shoot, cut down trees, and plant potatoes. Their military duties took up little of their time. Now and then they made an excursion to Michilimackinac, or they rowed over to St. Joseph's to inspect the government herd of cattle grazing there.

They had few or no visitors,—a few Indian traders, and an inspecting-officer once a-year. They were more than 200 miles from the nearest British military station.

Their shooting was either utterly unproductive, or so abundant as to cease to be sport. Pigeons and ducks at certain seasons are so plentiful that it is said (I do not vouch for the fact) that you have only to fire up the chimney and a couple of ducks will fall into the pot.

Judging from my experience, the officers fared hard and yet did not save money. Every pound of fresh meat came from a distance, and therefore was dear. The island grows little else than potatoes.

I quartered myself upon the excellent medical officer, Mr. White, "candidus" by name and by nature.

I dined at the officers' mess. At my first appearance there, we were nine sharp-set young fellows. A small square lump of highly-salted beef, a fowl (perhaps two), a suet-dumpling, and two

dishes of potatoes, were both dinner and dessert. I was astonished. This was followed by a poor Sicilian wine. It appeared that contrary winds had retarded their usual supplies.

Such is military life on detached service.

The men were employed as much as possible at one kind of work or other; but both drunkenness and desertion were too common. They obtained whisky from the village in spite of strict regulations to the contrary, and had no notion of saving their surplus pay. As a less demoralising mode of getting rid of the soldier's money than buying whisky, the commandant in my time sent to Détroit, 300 miles, for a small company of players, into whose pockets the men joyfully poured their money. Among these strollers there was a modest and very pretty young woman, the daughter of the manager, Blanchard by name,—one or two of the officers went crazy about her; but, in the midst of the excitement, the commandant suddenly shipped off the whole party, and the flame went out.

Desertion is scarcely to be prevented when soldiers are placed so near the frontier of the United States. There is, at least, a change for them, and they expect for the better.

While I was there, an order came from Quebec to the post, forbidding the employment of

Indians in capturing deserters; for during the preceding summer five soldiers started early in the morning across the strait to the American main, and made by the Indian path for Michilimackinac. On arriving there they would be safe.

The commandant sent half-a-dozen Indians after them, who in a couple of days returned with the men's heads in a bag.

The Indians knew a short cut and got a-head of their prey, and lay in ambush behind a rock in the track. When the soldiers came within a few feet of them, the Indians fired, and in the end killed every one of them.

During my stay at Collier's Harbour a war-party (forty-five) of the Pottawattomies, from Wisconsin, accompanied by three women, paid a visit to the post. They were as grim as red and black paint, red moose-hair, spears, clubs, and guns could make them.

The commandant caused a large bower to be built on the beach; and, surrounded by his officers in full dress, there received his guests.

The chief, a fine dauntless fellow, made a long and animated speech on the occasion, in brief but picturesque sentences, with the usual pauses and gesticulations with his spear.

I remember that he began by begging Major F. to clear out his ear with a feather from an eagle's

wing, that the way to his heart might be free. The jist of the speech was, that they had been out on a war excursion, and had killed three pale-faces (Americans).

The British officer replied, that he was extremely grieved to hear this, and that they must abide, unassisted, the wrath of the people they had injured.

The Indians professed themselves greatly surprised. They thought it was with us as with them,—once a foe, and always.

Except three or four, these Indians were much inferior to the European average in size, weight, and strength. Where they had picked up the women I know not, being a war-party.

After the conference they danced a war-dance with great solemnity to the drums and songs of their three women; a remarkable sight, and often well described.

Rations were given to these mistaken, but very self-satisfied people, for a few days, when they departed. They received no presents.

Drummond Island is celebrated for abounding in beautiful and new fossils, some of which are figured in the London "Geological Transactions." Its orthocera, a many-chambered fossil mollusc, are sometimes five and six feet long.

Awaking one bright and fragrant morning, the

window being open, I was surprised to hear a chorus of voices coming off the water. Having asked what it meant, I was told that it signalled the approach of a canoe with despatches and newspapers.

"They are full six miles off yet." So I lay and listened.

As long as the music was distant it was charming, like—

> "Voices of soft proclaim,
> And silver stir of strings in hollow shells."

but when it came near, its delicacy ceased.

Humming-birds are both large and numerous at this place. How often have I sat at the open window of Mr. White's cottage, whose light was tempered by a trellis of scarlet-beans, and watched these graceful little beings, while they tremblingly sipped on the wing the honey from the flowers!

After remaining on this occasion a week or more at Drummond Island, together with my friendly priest I again started for Michilimackinac (forty-two miles west), a small but important island at the entrance of Lake Michigan.

Leaving in the early morn, and having willing and stout canoe-men, we arrived late on the same night without any adventure.

Our course was straight, holding on our right

the south-west mainland, a series of points and shallow bays.

The lake is here pretty clear of islands, and is shallow; its floor of limestone being very visible far from shore, huge slabs sometimes rising to the surface.

Twenty-five miles off, Michilimackinac (Mackinaw) is a long, low cloud on the edge of the horizon.

It is an oval, nine miles in circumference, lying nearly north-west, a few miles to the east of the imaginary line separating Lakes Huron and Michigan.

The short sides of the island are pebbled beaches, the long sides picturesquely-wooded cliffs of white limestone.

The view into Lake Michigan from the Indian path, which winds among the shrubbery on the summit of the south-west precipice, is particularly pleasing. The land, at first closing on the water at the pretty hamlet of St. Ignatius and its opposite cape, at once dilates into a capacious sound with curving woody shores, and sprinkled with islands in the distance.

The projecting point, 150 feet high, near the south-east angle of the island, is perforated by two large windowlike openings, close together. The height of this rock, its whiteness contrasting with

the dark investiture of cedar, and the light of the blue sky streaming through the apertures, make a striking composition for the painter.

Excepting three small farms, little had been done agriculturally when I was there. The heavy timber had been felled, and was replaced by flourishing shrubbery. I ran hastily over the higher parts of the island, and found them rough and often marshy. In the middle, near an oblong mound, is a singular mass of limestone shaped like a sugar-loaf, fifty or sixty feet high, and so steep as to have only a few cedar-bushes upon it.

The town is at the south-east end of the island, on the narrow beach, and under a high cliff. It then consisted of from 100 to 120 wooden houses in two parallel streets, that in the rear being the best.

The church in the middle of the town was a disgraceful wooden ruin, standing among the neat white habitations of the citizens.

I did not go into the fort. It overlooks the town in a broken line of officers' houses (white, with green verandahs), with strong white picketing in the gaps, and ornamentally terminated at each end by square white towers. A narrow walled road leads up the crumbling precipice from the town.

There is neither harbour nor pier. Vessels lie out far from land.

A friend was prepared for me at Mackinaw in the following manner.

Forty-five years before my visit to Drummond Island, a Scotch youth, tolerably well educated, of the name of Macvicar, ran away from his parents at Banff, and entered as a common sailor on board a merchant vessel bound to Quebec. There he left the ship, and made his way into the extreme west of Canada, and his parents never heard of him more. But it was known that he had sailed for Quebec.

About this time, a nephew of the runaway, a military medical officer, arrived at Quebec on duty, and was charged to inquire after his lost relative. At length he heard that there was an Indian trader of the name of Macvicar in Lake Huron. The officer was an old friend of mine, and gave me a letter of introduction to his uncle, if he should prove such.

I found a Mr. Macvicar at Collier's Harbour, and he proved to be the very man.

He was nearer seventy than sixty, built large and bony, with broad rugged features, crowned with tangled masses of grizzled hair. He had early married the daughter of a chief of the semi-civilised tribe of the Ottawas, and by her he had large family. His businesslike habits, a smat-

tering of medicine, his tried bravery, and his matrimonial connexion, soon enabled him to accumulate property in the fur-trade.

In 1823 he had a valuable establishment on Drummond Island, and a still more important one at Mackinaw, which latter Mrs. Macvicar conducted.

I dined once or twice with Mr. Macvicar at Collier's Harbour, found him very companionable, and inquisitive about Scotland and his nephew, to whom, by the bye, he wrote a letter of thanks.

He was not annoyed at all by what occurred at dinner, and throughout the evening at each of my visits—the perpetual straying in and out of our room of dirty Indians, women and men, in ragged blankets.

Down they squatted in the corners, puffing their abominable weed-smoke into our faces, and joining freely in the conversation.

I told Mr. Macvicar my English notions of this. "Such is our custom," said he. "They are all re-"spectable people. If I denied them, my trade "would stop; and I might soon have between my "ribs a knife-thrust, sharp and sufficient." I said no more.

He was so kind as to give me a letter to his wife, good for comfortable board and lodging as

long as it suited me. To her, therefore, I went on arriving at Mackinaw.

She gave me a nice clean bed, in a large empty granary; cool and airy in the summer heats then prevailing. She told me the hours of the family meals, and gave me the escort of one of her sons in my various excursions.

I would not mind seeking a lost uncle for any other of my friends, if he had such a wife as Mrs. Macvicar.

She was both kind and sagacious. She saw in a moment my wants, and supplied them.

Many Indians speak French excellently. Mrs. Macvicar understood both English and French, but only spoke Indian. She was stout, a little taller than most Indian females. She was of a right genial nature. Her swart countenance was written all over with benevolence; it was one great symbol of love and help; and yet all her numerous household obeyed "the mother" at a look. Nothing could be more orderly than her establishment. She superintended everything, from the merchant-store to the scullery.

Her brother and his two sons, of pure Indian blood, were the handsomest men of any nation I ever saw.

Having been thoroughly wearied by clambering

about in the island the day before, I slept rather late one morning—to between six and seven; and was then aroused by a massive but elastic footstep in my spacious bedroom.

On opening my eyes I beheld, to my astonishment, and with some little nervous thrill, a magnificent Indian, with shaven crown, in the splendid attire of his people—six feet high, moulded in the perfection of beauty and strength. He was pacing to and fro, like a High Admiral on his deck of state—a living portrait of force in repose—and filling the air with white curling volumes of smoke from a long feathered calumet.

He was one of Nature's gentlemen, and smiled slightly at my awaking, and then left the granary, as I suppose, that I might dress.

If he had remained, I fear he would have thought it his duty to fling my poor corpuscle through the ample window into the lake below, as a certain Harry L. was served—and as is said to be done with the weakly infants of these regions.

In the course of the morning I made the acquaintance of the chief in due form, and that of his son, eighteen years old, a youth of remarkable beauty —without his father's muscular developement, and his face, with the pride of the Indian eye, retaining the delicacy of the child. He was also dressed

in rich materials, silver armlets, breastplate, dyed moose-hair, bead-embroidered leather, as soft as a lady's glove.

An elder brother was with them, about twenty-one—a remarkably fine Indian—symmetry itself; but entirely differing in general expression from his relatives. It is well known that family peculiarities pass over one or more generations and reappear. Accordingly, this youth had a dangerous bird-of-prey beauty, the eagle-nose, the lowering, implacable eye of some forgotten ancestor. He seemed to have been bred, not under the dove, but the vulture. I instinctively avoided this young gentleman.*

The fact was that these kinsmen had arrived over-night at Mackinaw, on their way with their tribe to Drummond Island, to receive their annual presents from the British Government.

Although actually residing at L'Arbre Croche in Lake Michigan, and in the United States, they considered themselves British subjects, and some years afterwards migrated to the Grand Manitouline of Lake Huron.

Indian notions of honour and obligation differ sometimes from ours.

* Some may say, "The Ottawas are semi-civilised; you are colouring too highly." No; the sketch is exact. Clive, the conqueror of India, was bred in a parsonage.

These comparatively opulent persons saw no wrong in going a hundred miles for a few small presents. They looked upon them as a retaining fee, and the journey as a holiday just before maize-harvest.

During the summer of 1822 a very large and splendid steamer* (I have seen none equal to it in Europe, 1849) made her appearance in the Huron waters—the first vessel of the kind that had been seen there.

Red men and white flocked to see her from great distances; and among others the three Ottawas I have been slightly describing.

The steam-ship arrived at the appointed day, crowded with fashionables from the Atlantic shores of the United States, eager to penetrate so safely and agreeably into the far Indian solitudes.

Among the numerous passengers was an uncomfortable looking, shaky old gentleman, from the sweet village-town of Geneva on Lake Seneca, evidently a rich man, laden with silly jewellery, and with a much weightier burthen in a romantic and very fair wife, one-third his own age, as eager and impressible as he was stark and torpid.

When the Ottawa tribe appeared on the waters, each canoe carrying its own red pennon—when

* The Walk in the Water, Job Fish commander. These names are genuine.

the warriors stood on the deck, resplendent in silver and scarlet, in a costume of which the Mexican cacique of old would have been proud, the American lady was almost beside herself.

Forgetting her displeased husband, who tottered anxiously after her, her nimble and glowing imagination filled with unreal visions of sylvan life, she wandered in ecstasies from group to group, and at length stood transfixed before our youngest Ottawa friend, Mrs. Macvicar's nephew, as he was gazing in one of his picturesque attitudes at the new monster, its strange entrails, wreathing vapours, and great white wings.

In a little time the lady awoke from her trance, and asked for an interpreter. One was easily procured. Through him, standing in the midst of a large wondering circle, she asked the young Indian to permit her to place upon his finger a richly enchased gold ring, as a remembrance of their meeting on the bright waters of Huron.

The young man was at first mute with surprise —looking at the sky, the ring on his finger, and the lady; when at length, in a few slowly-spoken and scarcely-audible words, he said, "Tell the "pale sister with the blue eyes, that Mahkiouta "accepts her ring as the emblem of love. Tell "her that she has poured sunbeams into his soul, "and made him strong in the forest.

"Tell the pale sister, that as my belt of scented "grass* reminds me of my wide savannahs, so for "ever shall her ring of this happy meeting."

This incident suited the American taste, and went the round of the newspapers. I joined the steamer (being then on an excursion) at Détroit on her return voyage, and descended Lake Erie together with Mrs. G., the lady of the ring, a three days' trip. I found her an interesting person, fanciful, and clever—much to be pitied, and the victim probably of sordid parents.

Having been sufficiently long at Mackinaw, Mrs. Macvicar, my good genius, engaged a seat for me in the canoe of an Ottawa chief, going to Drummond Island with his people for presents—not with her splendid brother, but with the Blackbird† (I do not mean our soprano of the woods).

The price of my conveyance, I am sorry to say, was a couple of bottles of rum.

When introduced to this great warrior, as I had heard him described to be, I was surprised to find before me a small man, with a knowing little face,

* There is a grass, abundant here, of a strong and agreeable perfume, and called Indian grass. It is often made into ornaments for sale.

† So named from the device painted on the right side of his face. The eye of the bird was represented by one of his, while the head and beak spread over his forehead and temple.

which would have fitted a country shoemaker. There was no melo-dramatic nonsense about him.

I was provided with a lump of ham, a large loaf, and a bottle of whisky, stoppered, for want of a cork, with half of one of Miss Edgeworth's novels (doubtless originally from the garrison), and then was told that the Indians had embarked.

Running down to the beach with my knapsack and provision-bag, I found a little fleet of twenty-five canoes on the point of starting; and was bidden by signs to jump into the canoe nearest me, but seeing no room, I hesitated.

The craft was not large. On the prow, where there is a little shelf, there sat an unquiet young bear, tied with a cord,—two smoking Indians and three children sitting on the canoe-bottom next to him. Then came four women-rowers, among whom I was to squat, or nowhere. The stern-half of the canoe was occupied by the Blackbird and a friend, with three more young imps and a steersman. Two or three dogs kept constantly circulating among our legs in search of dropped eatables, who so approved of my ham that I was fain to keep it on my knees.

But we all settled down into a sort of stiff comfort.

The water was as smooth as glass. The strong unclouded sun was in mid-heavens. We moved

away with many an uncouth antic and shriek, both on land and lake, and I was once more abandoned to the happy-go-lucky do-nothings of the Indian race.

They certainly never intended to go further that day than a well-known point fifteen miles distant, on the south-west main; for seeing that there was the gentlest possible of all airs in our favour, when they had gained the open lake, the ladies dipped paddle into water, but seldom and most delicately, falling into that murmuring musical gossip we hear in an aviary. And thus it was all the fleet through.

We proceeded, therefore, lazily and irregularly, greeting by turns every canoe as we passed or were passed. The heat was intense, but I saw no Indian drink; sufficient for him was the pipe—that brought the complacent reverie.

I employed myself in a variety of ways—in watching my neighbours, and especially the bear, who knew the others, but not me. I counted the 240 circular buckles of silver on the back of one of the women, fastened close together like the links of chain armour, each worth about tenpence. Her neck was hid under blue and white beads, and she wore broad anklets and armlets of silver plate. She had also slung over her back, by a white cord, from her neck, a massive silver cross,

eight or nine inches long. The other women, likewise, had on similar visiting finery.

The men were grandly dressed with chamois leather leggings, ornamented with fanciful traceries in porcupine quills, and fringed on the outer seam with red moose-hair. They wore broad breast-plates of silver, with their name or device engraved on it, and armlets and fore-armlets of the same metal three or four inches broad.

Some had European hats, with broad bands of solid silver, silver cord running here and there, and an ostrich feather. Others wore a stiff, high round cap, covered with red moose-hair which streamed over their shoulders.

It must be remarked, that although the general effect was very fine, the details were often defective; for instance, their many-coloured or red shirt of stiffened calico, made very full, was not always of the newest.

To the great delight of my cramped limbs, at six in the afternoon we put on shore on a shingle point, with a few bushes, and some drift-wood ready for burning.

As soon as we landed, two or three men started with a net into a little bay close by, and in less than a couple of hours returned with a good catch of salmon-trout for general distribution.

Meantime the Indian women built the wigwams,

—a simple process—made the fires, pounded the maize, walked up to the knees into the lake, and there scoured their noisy children well all over.

The men lounged about, playing at duck and drake with the taller boys, all screaming most triumphantly at a capital throw.

I saw, indeed, nothing but good feeling among these people, and was very pleased in the course of the evening to observe the great tenderness bestowed upon a paralytic young Indian. He had lost the use of his left side. He had a bed, with blankets, in one of the canoes; his head was so raised that he could look about. All his braveries were on, and his hat was decorated with gold cord. His face was flushed, and looked rather irritable, but was intelligent. His friends carried him carefully to a wigwam.

I believe they took him to receive his present as an amusement to him, although it may be necessary for every Indian to appear personally. This is not the only instance of kindness towards the helpless that I have seen among the savages.

For a long time nobody took any notice of me, so I begged a blazing stick and made myself a fire, with which I roasted and smoked a slice of ham (cut with a penknife). Of this, with some bread, I was making a sorry supper, when, seeing a bottle by my side, five or six Indians joined me,

and were, as far as signs went, very civil, but cast longing looks at my whisky-bottle, with words, among which I recognised, "Nidgé—skittewabo" ("Friend—fire-water").

Eventually—you must imagine the process—they drank all my store, with my perfect good-will, and left me.

Some may ask, Whether it was safe to be alone with a large body of Indians? Yes!—because I was known to be a king's officer, and this band was going for presents. Had I been an American, the case might possibly in these days have been different.

That same summer a young medical officer in the American service, stationed at Mackinaw, having obtained leave of absence to fetch his wife, was crossing a portage near Greenbay, Lake Michigan, when he engaged an Indian, he met with on the road, to carry his portmanteau. So the Indian walked after the medical officer, with his load upon his head, and his gun under his arm.

All at once the Indian said to himself, "This is a Big-knife! The Big-knives shot my father—I will shoot this Big-knife!" and did so instantly, through the back, and killed him.

The poor officer had left his wife, on service, a few days after marriage, and had been away a year.

While I was sitting alone after supper, the Blackbird and another man brought out of the woods some long supple boughs, and planted them in the ground as the skeleton of a bower — for some sick woman, I supposed. Over them they flung an old sail, and smoothing the floor within, they lined it with fragrant fir-tops, then with a mat, and finally with green baize cloth.

The good Blackbird, to my surprise, put my little baggage into the back part of the bower, and then led me by the hand to it, with many gentle but unintelligible words, and made me take possession. I gave him the thanks of the eyes, having no other.

Tied to a bush just behind my bower was friend Bruin, restless and strange, every now and then twitching and dragging at his tether. This I did not like.

As I sat upon the ground in front of my new home (I had thought for once to have slept in a wigwam with the family!), watching the scene, a young man brought me a large middle cut of a salmon trout, boiled and smoking hot, enough for a whole dinner-party in London, on a clean board, with a bone-handled knife and fork. My previous supper did not prevent my relishing this present highly; there was but little left.

Now would I have gone to rest, for the moon

was rising, and the air was chill; but the Blackbird, and six or seven elders of the tribe, sat down round the mouth of my bower to talk over the news—not with me, for I could speak no Chippewa, and they no French.

The chief brought with him a case of spirit-bottles, and at long intervals handed round, with polite gravity, little thimble-like glasses of whisky to the circle. In an hour they retired, each to his dormitory.

I covered the upper half of my doorway, made a pillow of my provision-bag, threw my greatcoat over me, and soon slept, in spite of the rippling waters, and the grunts of the restless bear behind.

I must have been asleep two or three hours when, suddenly, down fell my head to the ground. I thought of savages, wolves, and bears; but on opening my eyes, I saw my pillow, with its ham, &c. moving quickly out of the bower, between the teeth of a foxy Indian dog, whose green-red eyes glared frightfully on me.

He had companions, but they all fled at my shout, leaving the pillow. I had the good fortune to settle soon again to sleep, and did not awake until five in the morning, when it was time to arise.

I sallied forth, and found the Nidgés loading the canoes, drest in their best. But a dense fog,

caused by the cold night air, put everything out of sight—the woods, the lake itself, and our little fleet. We saw nothing but the rimy bushes and stones, and the dim waters that crept along the bank of shingle.

We set off partly with paddles, partly pretending to sail at every momentary puff of wind; and thus we glided slowly through the thick mist, guided, I doubt not, by the land on our left, of which I saw nothing.

I began to prepare my mind moodily for another day and night with the friendly Redskins; but a gentle breeze sprang up, dispersing, in some degree, the fog, and pushing us on at the rate of five miles an hour — every eye gladdening his neighbour; for the dancing motion of the canoes, and the relief from labour, had put us all in spirits.

We continued thus for several hours, and then, to my disappointment, turned into a bay three miles from Collier's Harbour, and there landed—not to breakfast, but for the Indians to don new ornaments, repaint their faces, and hoist the British flag at the stern of the two canoes belonging to chiefs, while the others had small red banners flying over them.

The whole fleet at length drew up in line, and started for the British post.

J.J.B. del.

B. Young sc.

Indian Rendezvous, on Drummond Isle, Lake Huron.

When, to my unspeakable content, we arrived just outside of the harbour, the sun burst forth most opportunely, and lighted up the pretty capes and isles, the white houses and uplands of the port. There was quite a forest or town of wigwams (from one hundred to a hundred and twenty) on the beach, and a crowd of soldiers, Indians, and white settlers, at the edge of the water, to greet and criticise our *entrée*.

The moment we were embayed, and therefore without wind, the women struck out vigorously, gazing with modest joy upon their lords and brothers, as they silently arose in grim and glittering array, and so stood until we landed.

Looking round me at the time, I thought I had never seen a gayer pageant—a fleet of fine canoes, pennons flying, full of athletic savages clothed in silver, and coming peacefully, without a shot being fired even in compliment.

The red spectators were mute; the white men cheered.

I parted with the Blackbird and his nation in the most gracious manner, and frequently met the chief in the village afterwards with his device in full force on his face.

Many of these Indians had brought furs for sale, which were paid for, against law, in rum.

There were, on our arrival, 700 Indians en-

camped on the beach, and many more were expected. The same night showed us the Indian character in very unpleasing colours.

A grand drinking-bout then took place according to custom. It began early in the afternoon. Soon after dark, voices began to be loud among the wigwams. Indians were rushing about, the women after them, with lights, in great agitation, hurrying to hide guns and knives. An uproar now and then rose higher than usual; one or two were stabbed, and the garrison interfered. To go among these infuriated people was not very pleasant; but as the doctor had to do so, I went with him on one of his calls; but all was quiet, the conflict was over, the combatants gone—asleep, perhaps. We had only to deal with a wounded man and a few grateful women.*

I believe that drunkenness from cheap spirits has a demoniacal energy of its own, quite distinct from the drowsy exaltation produced by beer or porter.

* The greater part of the Ottawa nation now reside on the Grand Manitouline. Whether their removal was wise I doubt much, but they may have had strong political reasons. They have moved into a severer climate, to an insular position, and probably to a worse soil. But they are increasing in numbers. They have become stationary, and subsist on a rude husbandry and fishing. In 1845 they sent our schooner loads of fine maple sugar for sale at Détroit. The occupation of making maple sugar exactly suits an Indian.

J. J. B. del.

R. Young Sc.

Confiance Harbour at S. E. Point of St. Joseph.

...ver Mines of N. ... the distance.

I did not stay long at Collier's Harbour, but embarked in a merchant-sloop for Détroit, in the strait of that name, which connects Lakes Huron and Erie.

As it is desirable to place in a connected whole all my observations on Lake Huron, allow me to state, that in the summer previous to this I found myself in his Majesty's schooner Confiance, then employed in transporting from place to place the officers of the British Boundary Commission.

Our two astronomers and their staffs were directed to make a trigonometrical survey of the north-west arm of Lake Huron. In the performance of this duty we spent the summer, encamped in various places,—at Encampment Douce, at the foot of the East Nibish Rapids, on the south point of St. Joseph and the islets on its east, in Portlock Harbour on the north main, in the Pelletau Narrows, and on the Little Manitou.

Our surveyors being numerous and able, the work proceeded at a rapid rate.

I shall not enter into any further details merely geographical. The accompanying map and sketches render this unnecessary.

With correct maps, soundings, and information as to the agricultural or public value of the islands, there was no difficulty in determining

the boundary line, or in giving for such determination a satisfactory reason.

I employed my leisure in the examination of the geology of the country, and in the collection of insects. I met with ninety new species of insects and two new genera. They have been described, and some of them figured, by the Rev. W. Kirby, F.R.S., in the "Fauna Boreali-Americana" of Sir John Richardson. A list of them will be found in the Appendix.

It was remarkable, that when I had to all appearance exhausted any given locality, the insect population of the next station, ten or fifteen miles distant, consisted one half of new species, and so on from place to place,—and this, perhaps, from a difference in the vegetation and in the season of the year.

Compassion—deep and irresistible—has made me forswear the occupation of the entomologist, whose very mercies are the cruelties of other men, whether he kill by scalding water or the red-hot iron wire.

I glued to a tray, in a dark charnel-house of 1200 dead insects, a large and beautiful butterfly, of a sky-blue colour, supposed to be dead. There it was during six months of travel. When I examined my treasures at Quebec, on my return, this imprisoned Peri slowly raised and gently

J. J. B. del.

B. Young sc.

Encampment Douce, below the Nibish Rapids.

shook its wings to greet the returning light. Was not this a torture to be shuddered at?

We remained for three weeks at Encampment Douce, where our tents were thirteen in number, on a sandy point, near a perpendicular rock. The heat was intense (109°½ Fahr. in the shade on two occasions), but the situation accounted for it.

We were devoured with mosquitoes. The scenery was open, varied, and agreeable. (*Vide* Plate.)

As I was geologising alone one day on the outskirts of a small woody island near this place, I was suddenly startled by a violent crashing among the underwood within, followed by a loud plunge into the lake. It was a bear. Bears are not dangerous, except they fancy they cannot escape. This reminded me of the poor idiot at a log-hut on the St. Lawrence, among the Thousand Islands, where I was resting. He came running hastily home, crying out that he had almost seen a bear. "What makes you think so, Tommy?" said his mother. "I saw his smoking leavings," replied the boy.

We were ten days at Fort St. Joseph (a ruin on the South Point), spreading our triangles over the neighbouring archipelago of islands. A mile to the east of this point I found large quantities of olivine in basalt. As this spot is marshy, and

surrounded with flourishing young woods, the insect harvest was plentiful.

An odd incident partly occurred here.

A little river runs for a mile or so on the edge of this marsh. Lieut. Grant and myself were entomologising near our tents when a splendid an quite new butterfly sprang up. We pursued it eagerly for a good way along the river-side, making many an useless dash at the prize, when the insect darted across the stream and escaped.

Casting our eyes to the ground, we saw the olivine, and instantly fell to work in taking specimens. All this time, unknown to us, there were Indians in the woods on the other side of the river, following our every step in perfect amazement, persuaded that we were mad. And why? Because we chased a poor insect,—lost it,—and in our impotent rage were smiting the dumb rocks. They intended to seize and convey us to our friends; but seeing that we afterwards became calm, they refrained.

Of these kind people, and their intentions, I only heard accidentally two years afterwards in a public stage-coach in the state of New York, 700 miles to the south-east! A gentleman was entertaining his fellow-passengers very cleverly with the little story, and was greatly amazed by my telling him that I was one of the butterfly-hunters.

T. B. del. R. Young sc.

Portlock Harbour N.W. Shore of Lake Huron. -6.

Near the Old Fort we built a large and handsome bower, as a dining and work room, as well as for a temporary church on Sundays,—the congregation consisting of five or six gentlemen, eight or ten blue-jackets, our servants, and some boatmen, among whom were Roman Catholics.

The sacred day was always kept with great propriety, and the services gladly attended.

I am of opinion that our sequestered and contemplative mode of life was more favourable (for a time) to the growth of the Christian dispositions than the formal attendance on church duties in cities (by no means, however, to be lightly spoken of), surrounded by the temptations, distractions, and anxieties of civilised life. David's most spiritual psalms were written in the desert.

If a man have any, the least, religious tendencies, they will be awakened in an American wilderness. The Creator and the Preserver feel wonderfully near in the thunder, the gale, and the snow-storm.

Of the scenery about Portlock Harbour and the south-east point of St. Joseph, the plates are specimens.

We disturbed a bear at each of these places, and endeavoured with great zeal, but unsuccessfully, to catch and eat them.

The little island on which I was encamped alone, off the south-east point, was singularly

infested with red ants. There was hardly a spot free. They swarmed in my tent and bed. But out-door fatigue enabled me to sleep in spite of this crawling annoyance. The ants of Lake Huron are of various kinds,—some very large.

Our encampment on the Little Manitou Island was characteristic and snug. It was on the north side, nearly in the middle, on a dry, sheltered knoll, eight or ten feet high, overlooking a boat-cove, itself within a small round bay, where a schooner or two might anchor.

Here we passed three happy and busy weeks,—the surveyors at their field-work,—myself scaling every accessible precipice, and wandering from beach to beach.

We cleared a sufficient site for tents, formed other habitations, more fragrant, from branches of pine—squaring huge seats from their trunks for fireside seats,—and such fires! The untravelled English cannot conceive their wasteful immensity.

Although it was only September, the lake now was stormy and cold; we were therefore glad, as evening drew in, to have so comfortable a nook,—the Confiance, with her amiable commander, in the little haven, and we listening to the gusty winds and labouring trees in pleasurable security.

The smoke from our fires, our white tents, and the various movements, one day brought to us a bald-headed eagle, who inspected us long from

the highest bough of a fine oak—in fact until observed by our idle purveyor, a Canadian of sporting propensities.

He and I crept round the cove and got under the tree. Twice we fired without even disturbing the bird's steady gaze; but the third shot brought him down dead. It was a barbarous act. He was large, richly-plumaged,—how broad from tip to tip of his wings we will not say; but we greatly admired and then ate him.

During our stay here I accompanied the surveyors to the Grand Manitouline Island, eight miles from our encampment. It is separated from the Little Manitou by the strait called the Third Détour, eight miles long by four broad, an open water, with a clear and unobstructed lake at either outlet.

The west end of the Grand Manitou is of a different and more majestic character than any part of Lake Huron that I have seen.

At the north end of the strait the shores sweep in easy curves, lined with stairs of shingle, supported behind by ascending woods.

Towards its centre, ledges and low precipices begin to appear along the beaches, which at length rise to the elevation of 200 feet and more, crowned with cedar and pine. Their height is either strictly perpendicular, or is attained by piles

of displaced masses, each from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, resting pell-mell upon each other. These great blocks advance into the water, and with the help of the pebbles, which gather round them, afford a hazardous and toilsome path over their slippery faces, under arches, and through winding passages. The woods here are impassable from fallen trees, fissures, and narrow ravines, mantled over with an enormous growth of mosses and creeping plants.

Within half a mile of the south-east angle of the Détour these great masses lie horizontally one upon another, fitting in pretty accurately, and extend far into the interior, as a naked platform intersected and surrounded by luxuriant woods.

The extreme neatness and regularity of these natural terraces, their isolated tufts of flowering shrubs, their waving borders of foliage, and their gloomy alleys, seem to realise the fairy scenes of old romance, and produce a feeling of unwonted awe and expectation.

I ventured among them, in search of fossils, as far as I dared. There was a sort of old-fashioned, prim decay about them, which reminded me of the gardens of Haddon Hall.

On the morning of the 27th of September we left our pleasant cove for the River St. Clair, having completed the Lake Huron surveys.

During the day we lay off the Third Détour waiting for a breeze. There had been heavy rain. A thick white mist was curling in patches over the woody slopes close to us. About three P.M. came the desired wind, and we set forth to pass down the Détour, but scarcely were we half-way through, when we perceived very foul weather a-head, in the south, with occasional gleams of lightning. We immediately put about, and ran behind the Little Manitou for security.

This thunder-storm did not, as far as I saw, like those under the equator, first appear at the edge of the horizon, a small sooty cloud, and gradually cover the heavens, with driving rain and incessant discharges of electricity; but it was formed by the meeting, from several quarters of the sky, of clouds, piled and voluminous,—one being much the largest. They descended low, with a flat under-surface, just cutting off (out of sight) the tops of the pines on the heights near us.

The clouds themselves moved slowly, but occasionally we saw in them a rapid internal wreathing and rolling, with a continual building up, for a instants, of new shapes and structures.

The thunder came, but in prolonged reverberations, traversing and retraversing great distances.

It was near sunset, a patch of sky in the west

being clear. Each flash of sheet lightning, as it descended from the upper sky, enriched and brightened the momentarily translucent clouds with the most lovely colours imaginable, principally yellow, red, and bistre.

The lightning was seldom forked, but both in sheets and in straight columns, striking upon the woods and waters perpendicularly.

Although I could not always look upon this interesting scene, for now and then the flashes were overpoweringly vivid, I noticed that they only silvered the outer leafy surface of the trees, without going deeper, as the light of day does.

As our little vessel was under good cover, we only saw the hurricane blackening the lake at a safe distance. Some little rocking we had; and the rain fell heavily and straight down, rebounding from the water in grey spikes six inches high.

We were in the thick of the storm about dusk, and it lasted two or three hours.* I went to bed, and on rising next morning found that we were

* Lake Huron is celebrated for its terrific thunder-storms (Bouchette, "Topog. of the Canadas"). They are generally far more formidable in North America than in England. It is for this reason that the chief private houses and public buildings in the United States and elsewhere are armed with lightning-rods.

In August 1821, Quebec was visited by an electric storm of great violence. This city stands high and exposed, and its houses and churches have metallic roofs and window-shutters. On this occasion the lightning was incessant, and ran in thin

through the Détour, and some miles on our way to the River St. Clair, distant 160 miles almost due south.

The weather was yet threatening and the lake sullen. The waves were short and high, so that not a few of us were miserably sea-sick.

sheets about the roofs from corner to corner, as if desiring to leap down, but dared not. The needles of some ladies, in the act of sewing, were pointed with pencils of electricity. Several lives were lost, besides much damage done. Great numbers were seized with vomitings during the storm.

As might have been expected from the greater heat in the summers of the Canadas, and other meteorological conditions, thunder-storms are violent and frequent. Col. Sabine, F.R.S., in his Report on the Meteorological and Terrestrial Magnetism of Toronto, U. C., has noted many particulars respecting the thunder-storms of that place during the years 1841, 1842. These I have consolidated into two tables, to be found in the Appendix.

From them it appears that in 1841 there were twenty-two of what we mean by thunder-storms; and that of these ten were very violent. Sheet lightning also occurred five times alone.

In 1842 there were eighteen thunder-storms, of which nine were very severe; besides sheet lightning once, and two distant but audible thunder-storms.

The following little table will show the monthly distribution of the storms :—

Year	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1841	—	—	1	—	—	7	6	3	5	1	—	—
1842	1	1	3	1	2	1	3	3	3	1	—	—

I am not aware that any similar tables for Lower Canada or the United States exist.

We were in a great expanse of fresh water, without reef, shoal, or island in our path. On our left was the long, high terrace of the Grand Manitouline, with a few islands (the Ducks) close to them. But we soon left that fine island astern, and obliquely neared the southern or United States' shore of the lake, sighting it a little west of Thunder Bay. We scudded alongside its low forests, its sand-beaches and ledges of limestone, until we again lost sight of land for a short time as we crossed the mouth of the great bay of Saguenay, twenty-five miles across and forty-five miles deep, and off which Colonel Bonnycastle says, that leads have been sunk 1800 feet without finding bottom, that is, 1200 feet below the level of the sea. The fine river Saguenay enters Lake Huron at the bottom of this bay. It is 180 yards broad for twenty-four miles (Rev. Mr. Hudson, missionary to the Saguenay Indians), flowing through a level and heavily-timbered district. It then divides into three small, winding branches, one of which is called Flint River. The River Saguenay is 120 miles from Détroit by land, and more than 200 by the lake.*

We neared the south angle of this bay, Point aux Barques; and as we ran down the sandy, low

* Sir John Richardson informs me, that very recently extensive coal-fields have been discovered in Saguenay Bay.

coast, to the mouth of the River St. Clair, we did not omit to notice, half-way down, the well-known "White Rock," a large, erratic block.

We were delighted to enter the smooth and transparent St. Clair, the American Fort Gratiot, low, white, and trim, on our right hand, and the marshes of Port Sarnia on the left, now (1849) occupied by a busy population.

Storm-tossed as we had been in Huron, the still waters of St. Clair were most grateful.

After a parting look at the angry surges of the lake, and having again, for a moment, listened to its rough music, we forthwith began those reparations in cleanliness, costume, and creature-comforts, which our tortured heads and stomachs did not previously permit.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

PART III.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

Brief Description — Boat-voyage from St. Mary to Grand Portage by the North Shore — River St. Mary — Gros Cap — Maple Islands — Disaster recorded — Marmoaze — River Montreal — Copper Mines — Huggewong Bay — Point Gargantua — The Prairies — Michipicotou Bay, River, Fort — The Goat — Fine Scenery — Gloomy River — Indians, Otter's Head — Indian Road-marks — A Run on Shore — The Ravine — Curious Fresh-water Animals — Basalt Dykes — Peek River and Isles — The Julia — Mist — Wind-bound at the Black River — Written Rocks — Snow again — Nipigon Bay and Islands — Mammelle Hills — Black Bay — Thunder Mountain — Count Andriani — Fortwilliam — To Grand Portage among fine Scenery.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

LAKE SUPERIOR, also called "Keetcheegahmi" and "Mississawgaiegon" in certain Indian districts, and "Bourbon" formerly by the French, is contained by west longitude 84° 18′ and 92° 19′; and by the north latitude 46° 26′ and 49° 1′.

It is placed to the south of, and near to the ridge of high lands which, stretching from the Rocky

Mountains to Lake Superior in broad plains and undulations, divides the waters flowing into the Mexican Gulf from those of Hudson's Bay; and which proceeds from near Lake Superior eastward to the coast of Labrador in a continuous range of shattered and often denuded hills; then constituting the northern dividing ridge of the valley of the St. Lawrence.

From near the west end of the lake this ridge (no longer an undulating plain) is lost on the south and east in the elevations of the United States; but still affords a connected series of successively descending levels for the St. Lawrence, its chain of lakes and magnificent tributaries, Lake Champlain and the Ottawa and Saguenay Rivers.

Lake Superior occupies an irregularly oblong basin, whose length lies east and west, and amounts on its south side to 541 statute miles, as ascertained by Mr. Astronomer Thompson by a patent log. This measurement commences from Point Iroquois at the mouth of the River St. Mary (communicating with Lake Huron), passes the outskirts of all bays, except when their breadth renders the crossing unadvisable, and, rounding Point Keewawoonan, terminates at the mouth of the River St. Louis at the Fond du Lac.

The sum of the canoe-courses round the lake is

1155 miles, always avoiding the bays, and especially Black Bay (north coast), which is itself ninety miles round.

Captain Bayfield, R.N., following the sinuosities of the coasts more closely, makes the circumference of Lake Superior to be 1750 miles, and its length in a curved line through its centre 420 miles, its extreme breadth opposite the River Peek being 163 miles. It does not appear so broad in his map as in mine. It is thus by far the largest collection of fresh water on the earth. Lake Baikal, in Asia, although 410 miles long, is only forty in average breadth.

Of the south shore thus measured a few words must be said. It is divided by the promontory of Keewawoonan* into two nearly equal parts, the eastern of which is chiefly a concave shore, 176 miles long (Schoolcraft), the remainder consisting of a large bay at each end of this gentle but extensive curve. The most remarkable localities are the Pictured Rocks and Grand Isle, which abound in singular and beautiful scenery.

The Huron group and others near Granite Point are almost the only islands on this side of Point

* This word is written after the manner of Mr. Astronomer Thompson, whose residence for twenty-seven years among the Indians, acute ear, and good general education, make him an excellent authority in the orthography of Indian words.

Keewawoonan. There are 139 rivers and creeks on the whole south shore, but fewer in this the eastern division than in the western.

Keewawoonan is a rocky promontory, with three principal summits, from forty to forty-five miles long, and from fifteen to seventeen miles in its greatest breadth, which is at the Portage. Its length lies north-east, and it tapers almost to a point at its extremity.

This great headland is, in fact, a peninsula connected with the mainland by a portage 2000 yards long. The waters giving it this character are a small river and lake.

Vast deposits of copper ore are in the neighbourhood, of which we need only say in this place that, according to a Wisconsin newspaper, a million and a half pounds of nearly pure copper were shipped from hence in the first eight months of 1848.

From Point Keewawoonan, westwards, the shore passes nearly W. S. W. with a waving outline to the strongly-marked headland immediately north of Point Cheguimegon, and fronted by the little-known cluster of islands named after the Twelve Apostles. Here the Fond du Lac commences.

Rivers are very numerous in this part of the lake; but the shore is of moderate height, except where the Porcupine Hills approach the lake in

longitude 90°. Travellers make these hills from 1000 to 1800 feet high.*

Of the north shore of Lake Superior we need say nothing here, as it is sketched with sufficient minuteness in the course of this Excursion.

Lake Superior may be considered to be 593½ feet above the surface of the Atlantic.

I cannot learn that any gradual diminution is taking place in the quantity of its water. The contrary might be presumed, from its receiving the contents of 220 rivers and brooks, some of them of great size, and from its having only one outlet.† Ninety years, however, have produced no change at the Grand Portage, where such an event would have been readily detected.

The appearances on the coasts indicating recent drainage are owing to temporary and local changes of level caused by storms, or to events anterior to historic time.

The effects of tempests in raising the level of certain parts of the lake are considerable. In

* I acknowledge with great pleasure the personal attentions of Mr. Schoolcraft, now at the head of the Indian department at Washington, and his obliging liberality in the communication of information.

† American lakes very rarely have more than one outlet; neither, if the matter be considered, is more than one necessary. Lake Wollaston, however, in longitude 112° west, placed on the summit level between the waters of Hudson's Bay and of the Arctic Seas, has two. I know of no other case.

autumn, a westerly gale lasting more than a day will sometimes inundate the site of the Hudson's Bay storehouses at the Falls of St. Mary.

Respecting the depth of Lake Superior I have little to offer. It is doubtless very deep, judging from its steady and uniform coldness. Captain Bayfield found 300 and 400 feet a common depth. Some distance into the lake he found bottom at 600 feet.

The body of the lake never freezes, although there is always much firm ice near shore and among islands.

Colonel Delafield found the temperature of the water to be 44° Fahr., from an average of many observations in June and July, 1823.

Its depth cools down the water, and this acts upon the air, so that Lake Superior is not hot for many days together. Captain Bayfield made the mean temperature of the air at noon for July and August, the two hottest months of the year, to be 58°.* This was in Pays Plat, on the north shore.

Colonel Delafield found ice on the lake on the 28th of June, and so did the sailing-master of Captain Bayfield near the same time the previous year.

The climate and vegetation of Lake Superior

* At five A.M. in July, Captain B. found the air at 33°.

are almost arctic, although in 47° of north latitude, and but little to the north of Milan, in Italy. It is considerably colder than Sikla, in 57° north latitude, the Russian post on the north-west coast of America. The reason of this seems to be that there are, as far as I know, no high mountains running east and west to screen this lake from the polar winds. The hills on its north for 300 or 400 miles, which I have seen, are short and low, never exceeding 1500 feet in height, and their trend and that of their numerous valleys is more or less north and south.

The vegetation on the great grey granite and gneiss districts of the north shore of Lake Superior is extremely scanty, there being scarcely any soil, while that of the basaltic and amygdaloidal regions is diseased and very small, though dense.

A few observations have been made on the height of the basin containing Lake Superior.

The lowest point of the barrier is, of course, at its outlet, St. Mary's.

For several miles north and south of Point Iroquois and Gros Cap the land at the present day is much lower than elsewhere, and does not reach 400 feet in elevation, while the dividing ridge (the summit-level) on the north shore is always much higher; as also are certain parts of the south shore, if not all.

The height of land between Lakes Superior and Winnepeg (Hudson's Bay) is supposed by Captain Lefroy, R.A., to be about 1500 feet, from a mean of several barometrical observations* made at Coldwater Lake, on the new route to the Lake of the Woods, fifty miles direct from Lake Superior.

The summit level of *water* at the source of the West Savannah River, between the waters of St. Louis (Superior) and those of the Mississippi, has been estimated at 550 feet in Mr. Schoolcraft's narrative, and therefore 1143 feet above the sea, seventy miles direct from Lake Superior.

The highest water-level on the old route to the Lake of the Woods is at the portage of the East Lake of the height of land, twenty-four miles direct from Lake Superior, and about 1207 feet above the sea by estimate.

The height of land is seldom very distant from the lake, and the remark may be extended to the lower lakes, Huron, &c.

Making use of the best accessible map of the vicinity of the Lake Superior, that of Major Long (James's "Expedition to the Rocky Mountains"), the sources of all the rivers on the south shore are within sixty miles of the lake, measured in a straight line. On the north shore, the interval

* Journal of Geographical Society, London, vol. xvi. p. 263.

between the lake and the summit-level is very variable.

We now return to the astronomer of the Boundary Commission and his party of surveyors at the Falls of St. Mary.

We left him on his voyage to the Lake of the Woods; but, having now returned, we shall not leave him again until the end of the Excursion.

Having had our boat carted by oxen across the British Portage, we commenced on the 10th of June, 1823, our coasting voyage, so rarely made now, along the north shores of Lake Superior as far as the Grand Portage, a distance of 445 miles.

The River St. Mary is a truly American stream in size and aspect. The banks, from one mile to one and a third apart, consist of marshes and fine woods of pine, maple, elm, &c.

We had to stem a moderate current for the first two miles upwards, when it ceased to be perceptible, and we were soon at our sleeping-place, Pine Point, six miles and a half from St. Mary's. It shelters a rather deep bay and convenient harbour for schooners.

Pine Point is broad and low, and the neighbourhood sandy, wet, and much overgrown with aquatic plants.

Standing on this point, thinly clad with pines,

and looking down the river back upon the country just left, we have before us a striking landscape—a broad sheet of water flowing through woods, and disappearing at St. Mary's in a sunken forest rendered grey by distance. On the left we have a long line of blue hills stretching towards the north shore of Lake Huron. On the right nothing is seen but the woods of the river-side.

We were sorely mosquito-bitten at Pine Point. The whole party heard the shout of "*Alerte!*" our usual morning *reveillez*, with vast content.

Above this point the River St. Mary suddenly widens, and seven and a half miles westerly brings us to its head, guarded on the north by Gros Cap, and on the south by Point Iroquois.

Banks and beaches of reddish sand frequently line the shore, derived from the sub-rock.

Point Iroquois is a somewhat lofty and commanding promontory densely covered with trees. It is several miles apart from its fellow, Gros Cap.

We breakfasted under Gros Cap, among its *débris*, using a large fallen mass of rock for our table.

If I am to speak of my own feelings, they were greatly excited by having realised the wish of many a year, to sail on the waters of Lake Superior. The prospect is in itself beautifully

wild; but it becomes magnificent when we reflect on the size, celebrity, and remoteness of this body of fresh water.

The spectator stands under shattered crags more than 300 feet high, with an apparently boundless flood before him. A low island is in front. Point Iroquois is on the south, a terraced hill; while on the north and north-west a picturesque and high country is somewhat faintly visible.

Lake Superior differs widely from Lake Huron, in having a more regular outline, in having but few islands, in the grander features of its coasts, and in its geological structure, which, as far as I know, have no parallel in America. We have here the advantage of plenty of named localities.

Gros Cap includes the rocky hills constituting the east shore of the lake for four miles from the River St. Mary, which then sinks into a rugged slope enveloped in shrubbery. Both ends are well marked.

These hills are of silicious porphyry, in knolls and crags, piled upon each other to the height of from 400 to 700 feet, a mile from the south end or headland, but are lower elsewhere, and usually dip into the lake by advanced ledges or scarps.

These hills are often bare, but mostly they are covered with dwarf pine, aspen, coppice, and

flowers. Near the north end there is a small but showy cascade dashing over the rocks.

The general course of this, the east coast of the lake, from Gros Cap to the River Michipicotou (125 miles by canoe route) is about a point to the west of north.

The most conspicuous promontories in this interval are Marmoaze,* forty-one miles from St. Mary's River, and Gargantua, ninety-three miles from St. Mary's. These are the outer points of great curvatures, which contain subordinate bays of considerable size. Just within the most southern of these, the Goulais, or Gulé Bay of the *voyageurs*, we passed the night of June 11.†

Early next morning we crossed the mouth of the bay, and made for the lesser Maple Islands, leaving behind us the greater island of this name, sometimes called "Parisien," loaded with timber. The last-mentioned is three miles north-west of Gros Cap. The three others (with Green Island) resemble it, and are based upon horizontal sandstone.

We breakfasted on one of the lesser Maple Islands.

* A Chippèwa word, signifying "an assemblage," and here referring to islets and reefs. It is the Meminee of the *voyageurs*.

† At 5 A.M., June 8, the thermometer stood at 30° Fahr., so that we had no fear of mosquitoes.

Everything looked innocent and pretty: the transparent shallows washed the very tree-roots, and extended far into the lake. Any thought of danger seemed absurd; and yet it was here that two well-manned canoes of the North-west Company were cast ashore about the year 1815, and nine persons drowned. Among the saved were Mr. W. M'Gilvray (my Amphytrion at Montreal) and Dr. M'Loghlin, many years Governor of Fort Vancouver.

We must suppose that the disaster commenced some distance from land, and that the winds drove the canoes upon this strand.

We next come to the Batchewine Bay, deep and large, with a flat island, called Green Island, on its north side, and lofty hills overhanging it; but the interior on the south and west is low and woody.

In September, on our return, we were glad of a couple of pigeons shot here on the main in the bay succeeding that of Batchewine.

The south-east arm of Batchewine Bay is lined with horizontal white sandstone in low ledges at the various points, but elsewhere by sand-banks, extending into dense woods of poplar and spruce, which are backed by hills of imposing outlines, from 700 to 900 feet high. A winding river, fifty feet broad, enters at the bottom.

I observed on the sides of the nearer hills three patches of winter-snow not yet melted; and at our dining-place, near the north angle of this bay (the first south of Marmoaze), we met with a singular but not unprecedented freak of Nature—a solitary pine growing upon the upper surface of a large cubic block of Marmoaze pudding-stone, which itself rested upon four granite bowlders. The block must have weighed forty tons, and was from twelve to fifteen feet square.

From near this place the main continues for four miles and a half, rocky, and tolerably straight to Point Marmoaze; the interior being woody and rather low.

There are three or four islets surrounded by reefs and scattered rocks near the point.

Gros Cap, and even Whitefish Point, on the south-east shore of the lake, are visible from hence, with Point Iroquois between them, looking like an island.

Point Marmoaze* is an interesting spot, and yields indications of copper. With little search on my part I found several small masses of copper pyrites, and of the green carbonate; and we know that, many years ago, an English Company worked

* The minerals I met with at Marmoaze are interesting. They are apophyllite, zeolite, cornelian, agate, laumonite, calcedony, stilbite, amethyst, rock crystal, prehnite, calcspar.

some deposits of copper ore on the neighbouring river Montreal.*

Point Marmoaze, and its vicinity for seven miles northerly, consists of trap, vesicular, amygdaloidal and compact in parts; all interleaved with pudding-stone, of rounded masses of granite, trap,

* A mining company has been formed at Montreal, with Sir G. Simpson for its Governor, Hon. G. Moffat, Hon. P. M'Gill, W. C. Meredith, Esq., and J. Cringan, Esq., Directors, to work the copper mines on the north shore of Lake Superior, of which Marmoaze is one district.

This Company (the Montreal Mining Company) held their first general meeting of shareholders on the 16th of November, 1847, Sir G. Simpson in the chair.

Mr. Forest Shepherd, practical geologist, and mineral explorer of the Company, who had just returned from Lake Superior, presented to the trustees "a systematic and minute geological diagram of the coast of Lake Superior, from St. Mary's to Pigeon's River, a distance of more than 500 miles." Upon this work of labour and science a party of seventeen men, with competent geologists and surveyors, had been employed all the season, from the opening of the navigation until the month of November.

Specimens of the ore from separate localities belonging to the Montreal Mining Company were examined at the Assay Office, Gresham Street, London, September 2, 1846:—

No. 1, Copper, 85 per cent.
2, do. 73 ,,
3, do. 61 ,,
4, do. 16 ,,

and about 44 per cent of silver.

The Quebec and Lake Superior Mining Company (Johnson and Sons) have also copper mines on the north shore, whose ores yield about 33 per cent of copper.

Sixteen or seventeen locations for copper mining, each consisting of a tract two miles by ten, have been made.

amygdaloid, and sandstone, from a size invisible to the naked eye, to that of some square feet. The shore, therefore, assumes a peculiar aspect. It is iron-bound, from ten to one hundred feet high, and scooped into windowlike holes, arches, and shallow caves.

A considerable way into the lake are rugged islets, with short jagged needles of rock here and there. In two places on the main the pudding-stone breaks into right-angled blocks, thirty feet square, mounted one upon another. The effect upon the eye, with its dark tawny colour, and large differently-coloured bowlders, is new and grotesque.

From Point Marmoaze we crossed a shallow bay, seven miles wide. Its rocky shores are only high on the north side, and there they are of granite. Its north cape (with an isle in front) is a massive and lofty bluff. It is followed, northerly, by a second bay, three miles and a half across, with very high angles, and an elevated interior; —the margin of the bay being sand and gravel.

This is now called Mica Bay; the picturesque village of that name being just within the northern headland, called Pont aux Mines, about ten miles south of Montreal River.

About 100 people were employed at the mines here in September last. There is another mining

establishment in the Pays Plat, and a third near Pigeon River or Grand Portage, exclusive of several on the American shores of the lake. I am indebted for this recent information to Sir John Richardson, the distinguished Arctic traveller, who passed through these districts in September 1849.

We next approach the Bay of Huggewong (or Hoguart of the French maps). It is from ten to twelve miles across at its mouth, the south side being eight miles long, and the northern about three.

Off the entrance of this romantic bay lies the flat and woody Island of Montreal, from three to four miles long.

The immediate shores of this bay rise for the most part suddenly, in steep, round-backed hills, precipitous towards the lake, from 400 to 500 feet high, and with woody ravines between them.

Along the outer half of the south side, shingle beaches are common, from ten to thirty feet high; with extensive deposits behind them of large and small bowlders of the granite of the district, imbedded in sand, both confusedly and in horizontal layers.

The Montreal River, celebrated for its copper ore, enters Huggewong Bay in the middle of its south side, in a cove guarded by dark-coloured bluffs. It is 150 feet broad at its mouth, with a

current of three miles and a half an hour among beds of sand and gravel. Six hundred yards from the lake there is a cascade, ten feet high, in a hollow between two conical hills.

The bottom of Huggewong Bay is faced with sand-banks, which retire in successive stairs a mile or two inland. Here the River Huggewong, with two others (smaller), enters the lake. The Huggewong is large, and near Lake Superior runs through low woods; but farther off, occupies the defiles of a rugged country.

At the south and inner end of the bay there is a cliff, 500 feet high, overlooking a terrace of white sand, thirty feet high, and half a mile long. Circumstances made this spot, with its sparkling, hospitable beach, its silver birches, and smooth-faced precipice, a most welcome haven to us in the midst of unapproachable shores and tempestuous waves. In September, on our return home, early in the grey of the morning, we boldly started to cros from the north side of Huggewong direct to Montreal River, on the south, a distance of nine miles of open and nearly shelterless water. We had made two-thirds of our way, and were expecting soon to reach the river, when suddenly the sky and waters darkened, the winds arose, and raised such waves that we must have gone to the bottom in a canoe. As it was, the danger was

considerable; and we were glad to run some miles out of our course into the fair nook just noticed. We breakfasted there, and waited until the storm had passed by.

Point Huggewong (sixty-six and a-half miles from St. Mary's River) is round, and consists of bluffs and cliffs, dipping from shattered and round-topped eminences 400 to 600 feet in height.

There are four rocky islets with high, sloping sides, off this point, besides several smaller ones around an indentation, an excellent harbour half-a-mile from the extreme point at the entrance of the bay. We here saw on a little cape an Indian signal or guide-post—a stick fastened to the rock, and holding a bunch of grass in its cleft end. It pointed in the direction which the Indian's friends had taken.

From this conspicuous point to Gargantua, the next remarkable headland, the distance is twenty-seven miles. The first fifteen of these are slightly concave, and are almost entirely of silicious sand. The interior is high. I ascended a hill near the lake, 600 feet high, as a panoramic point, I hoped; but the prospect inland was closed in by a barrier of similar elevations.

The streams are numerous here, the principal being the Charon, six miles from Point Huggewong, and Gravel River, five miles further north-

west. Gravel River is sixty yards wide at the mouth, with a woody isle close by, and a cascade not far distant among the rocks of the main.

A mile south-east from Gravel River the lofty hills of the interior come to the lake, and dip into the water for three miles in slopes and scarps.

The remainder of the twenty-seven-mile route to Point Gargantua is a naked and rugged coast, the outskirts of a high, granitic region.

Point Gargantua is a prominent feature on the east side of Lake Superior. It has a very indented front, being composed of parallel ridges of black amygdaloid, rising one above another in retreating succession to the height of from thirty to eighty feet, from time to time much dilapidated; and with little coves of black sand.

The granite region, a mile inland, is nearly destitute of any vegetation but burnt pines, looking most desolate; but the point itself, and the parts adjacent, being of amygdaloid, a fertilising rock, is clothed with fir, birch, poplar, &c., and a profusion of mosses.

The River Gargantua issues at the bottom of a small bay beset with isles, south of, and contiguous to the point.

Gargantua Point has numerous islets scattered along its south side, for two or three miles close

in shore, low and woody; one, however, having a cliff 100 feet high.

Intermixed with these islets, and especially lakewards, small detached pointed rocks and solitary ridges rise out of the water naked. One of these, a few hundred yards from the point, is a rude pyramid from fifty to sixty feet high. Its strange shape, dark colour, and the surrounding gloom, have induced the Indians to worship it as an idol. It has given to the place the name of Gargantua.

Point Gargantua may be considered the south angle of the great bay of Michipicotou.

The two sides of the bay, together with a line drawn across its mouth, form something like an equilateral triangle, the north side and base being twenty-seven miles long direct, and the south twenty-five miles long, while the bottom is four miles in length.

The south side, along which we first travel, is broken into several important bays, Capes Choyyé and Maurepas being the most remarkable headlands.

We were stopped at Gargantua for a day by a heavy gale of wind and rain on our return home, rather late in the season.

Our astronomer was sitting in the tent, over a map, when he suddenly dropped his pencil on the paper. Looking up, I saw that the dim curtain

of reverie had fallen before his eyes, and the lights and shadows of former years were playing over his hard features.

After a time I broke into his trance, by asking him what he was thinking of, and where he had got to? "Got to!" repeated he, mechanically, and then said, "Why, if you must know, I was once more on the east flanks of the Rocky Mountains, in my old pursuits, with my old companions,—scenes and friends I shall never more see. People may fancy and may say what they like, but give me a gallop into the natural meadows, the glorious hunting-grounds of Central America, with their clear skies and bracing airs. Let me wander over parks of bison, deer, and moose feeding promiscuously. Let me listen at the close of the day to the cries of the wild creatures, as I sit at the door of my skin-tent—to the loud whistle of the stag, the sullen, gong-like boom of the elk, the bellow of the bison, or the wolf-howl.

"Then comes the buffalo-hunt! and the well-trained Indian horse! How beautiful to watch his motions, prepared for the chase, as he stands on a gentle rise, in full view of a herd of bison! His frame erects and stiffens. He paws the turf, with his eyes on fire, and his ears pointing to the game; but when put at speed the ears fall back and seem lost in the head. He is directed to

a cow-bison; away she scampers blowing and snorting, swaying from side to side, and changing leg from time to time, as her manner is. Sooner or later the fatal shot is fired. The animal is disabled, and left for inferior hands to slaughter.

"The moment a shot is fired a curious scene takes place.

"Up to that instant, nothing but the dun bulks of the bison had been visible; but now a bear or two may be seen stealing away; deer arouse themselves in the grassy hollows and flee; wolves become numerous, standing on their hind-legs, snuffing and peering about. Ravens, eagles, and vultures, take wing and hover about, awaiting their portion.

"It is dangerous to attack a bison on foot," continued my friend. "I had to do it once, and paid very dearly for it. It was in the time of snow. I crept up to the animal on all fours and fired, wounding him desperately; but still he was able to reach me. I did not run,—that the hunter never does,—as it would be almost certain destruction.

"I laid down motionless; and the bull seemed to doubt whether the death-like object which lay before him was his enemy. So, after staring about a bit he laid down, with his bleeding mouth and deep-sunk, glaring eyes, close to mine,

breath to breath, eye to eye, — aye, and for some hours.

" At length, feeling that my limbs were freezing and stiffening, I was meditating the desperate step of making a run for it, when an Indian boy came in sight, dancing and carolling on a snowy knoll. The bull saw him, got up, and staggered and floundered to him, as well as he could, as his true enemy. The boy, perceiving his danger, jumped into a snow-drift, and the bull could not find him, although he searched diligently, and with many a groan. There the boy remained till night. For myself, I could not move at first, so thoroughly was I benumbed; but in the end I managed to crawl to the fort. Next morning the bull was found dead 300 yards from the snow-drift." * * * * * *

A lofty style of country prevails in this part of Lake Superior; the hills rising in steps or ledges, or in slopes covered with foliage, or again in vertically-fissured precipices. The immediate shores are rocky, and often high.

At Cape Choyyé (where we saw, on the 14th of June, two masses of hard snow at water-mark) the rocks are vertical, and cut up into ravines; but within the lesser curvatures there are extensive beds of sand and bowlders.

All this region is very picturesque, but espe-

cially the bay south of Cape Maurepas. Its shores are a confused and steep assemblage of high rocks. A beautiful cascade near the bottom pours a ribbon-like stream from height to height, and so into the lake. This spot reminded me of some scenes in the Cape de Verd Islands, where we have the same bare red crumbling rocks.

The inner third of this side of Michipicotou Bay is comparatively straight, often in scarps, and very lofty in the interior. Three or four miles from the bottom there is a cape, from which canoes usually cross to Point Perquaquia, on the north side of the bay, a headland projecting a mile into the lake, and about 400 feet high. We did not make this traverse.

The sandy bottom of this bay receives the River Michipicotou, which is large and long, and is the nearest way from hence to Moose Fort, in Hudson's Bay. We went a short distance up the river to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort there.

We found the neighbourhood flat, but dark hills were discernible in the distance; and among them, from the lake, we distinctly saw a ridge of sugar-maple trees many miles long. It goes, with breaks, as far as St. Mary's River, at the distance of ten, fifteen, twenty miles from the lake. There is another, which stretches from the Perdrix Falls, near the Grand Portage, to the

Fond du Lac. Those extensive groves of sugar-maple are highly prized by the Indians.

I was glad to see a fur-trading establishment. This consists of a low wooden house, substantially built, for the officer in charge, a storehouse or two, a line of low dwellings for the servants and their families, put together in a hollow square, so as to be defensible in case of need. There are often a few lodges of Indians on the sand-drifts close by, with furs for sale.

To my young servant and myself the important duty of setting up our tent was intrusted; and it had been left on the sand-bank for that purpose; but, on leaving the fort to do it, we found a very large he-goat in full possession, standing on it and stamping defiance at all intruders. When we came near, he ran full butt at us, and we were more than once near being much injured. But he was merciful, and after his plunge upon us always returned triumphant, to pace over our prostrate tent. I was much ashamed; but thought it best to lay the case before the superintendant, who sent a man to bring Taffy to his senses, which was speedily done.

I need not say that we were made very welcome by Mr. Macintosh. He gratified us with some good milk. The cows here, as in Lower Canada, are frequently fed upon fish.

Visitors are very rare, and domestic comforts on a modest scale, as people come to Michipicotou to acquire, and not to spend. On this occasion, Mr. M. did us the honour of dining with us, and on our only dainty,—Donkin's preserved meat; which we had for dinner occasionally in Lake Superior, but in the close hot forests on the old route to the Lake of the Woods, we had it twice a-week as long as our supply lasted.*

Mr. Macintosh showed me near his fort some shingle banks twenty to thirty feet above the common level of the lake, which are reached, he says, by the surf in the long and severe storms of early winter. [Very doubtful.] These ranges or stairs of shingle are met with all over Lake Superior.

We were never able to make accurate observations on this subject.

One night, however, having pitched our tent on a sand-bank on the edge of the adjacent wood, we were awoke in the dark night by the sound of high winds and approaching waves. The waters

* This article of diet is an admirable substitute for the recently-killed animal. A transport between the tropics, full of soldiers and their families, under my medical charge, became generally attacked with dysentery, against which medicine seemed powerless. In the course of three or four days I distributed among the soldiery 750 pounds of Donkin's preserved meat, and the disease ceased. We landed six weeks afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope, a healthy ship.

had risen four feet in a very few hours, and would soon have been in our beds had we not removed in the midst of storm and darkness to a higher position.

The next morning (Sunday, June 15) we left Fort Michipicotou; but a high wind with rain prevented us from proceeding further on our route than two miles south-east of Point Perquaquia.

We obtained pleasant shelter in a cove among mounds of trap.

We never found detention by storms to be tedious. If it occurred on a week-day, we had journals to correct and transcribe, surveying field-books to prepare, and personal matters to attend to. If, as on this occasion, we were weather-bound on Sunday, we had the special comfort of the day. We never failed to celebrate Divine service every Sabbath, and read a portion of Bickersteth on Prayer, or some such book, as a sermon.

Our astronomer, Mr. Thompson, was a firm churchman; while most of our men were Roman Catholics. Many a time have I seen these uneducated Canadians most attentively and thankfully listen, as they sat upon some bank of shingle, to Mr. Thompson, while he read to them

in most extraordinarily pronounced French, three chapters out of the Old Testament, and as many out of the New, adding such explanations as seemed to him suitable.

Our treatment of these men had convinced them that in all things we meant them well.

The Irish, on the contrary, think the English mean ill towards them, but most falsely, at least in the present day; and hence the few conversions among them to the simple faith of the Bible.

The next morning at daybreak saw us once more progressing by the north side of Michipicotou Bay. We found it to maintain a tolerably straight western course, but full of petty indents. Its hills do not differ from those already noticed hereabouts, except that they are fewer and not so steep.

From Port Perquaquia to the Dog River (about fourteen miles) the shore is frequently faced by deep and extensive sand-banks, and near this river is gravelly, and forty feet high.

The Dog River is thirty feet broad at its mouth, but immediately widens within. Six hundred yards from the lake it undergoes a descent of twenty-five feet by two ledges in a chine or gorge of greenstone slate, whose dark colour,

and some recent conflagrations, invest this scene with peculiar wildness and gloom.*

From this river to the crags of Michipicotou (eight miles) the shore is wholly ledges of rock, gradually ascending inland.

These crags are four miles long. They begin and end abruptly, and are bald, shattered rocks, steep or precipitous, dipping into the water from the height of 150 to 400 feet, the hills, of which they are the flanks, being 800 feet, according to Captain Bayfield. At their west end, these hills, turning northwards, slowly leave the lake shore.

Here the north side of Michipicotou Bay may be said to end.

Not far west of these crags, in a dell of considerable beauty, which permits the escape of a noisy stream, we found some Indian families successfully engaged in fishing. We not only exchanged with these civil people many kind words, but some tobacco for a very acceptable supply of fish. I can readily imagine what passed through the minds of these ragged Indians, the natural proprietors of the West, when they traced, in the pale-faced stranger, the ill-concealed confidence of mastership, and saw him laden with a thousand things most enviable to *them*.

* The Indians burn large tracts of pine barrens in order to favour the growth of very useful autumnal fruits.

As Lake Superior is not under the exclusive control of the Hudson's Bay Company, its Indians can exchange their furs for ardent spirits whenever they please. Their drunken bouts, therefore, are but too frequent. On these occasions, when quarrels arise, they all, men and women, have a strange propensity to bite each other's noses off, and particularly when the passion of jealousy is concerned. One of our surveyors at this place saw an Indian with a fresh leaf stuck on the small remains of his nose. This had been recently done.

In another part of the country I saw a similar case, but of some years' standing.

I must not forget to say that, a few miles outside of this great bay, and twelve miles from the nearest main (on the north), lies the large island of Michipicotou or Maurepas.

At Gargantua we saw it in the distant horizon, about twenty-five miles on our west. It is from fifteen to twenty miles long. Several high ranges of hills are distinguishable on it, 800 feet high in places. It is only visited by Indian hunters. The telescope showed that it is primitive, geologically speaking.

The interval of seventy-five miles between the crags and the River Peek presents but two localities known by name, viz. the Otter's Head,

thirty-four miles; and the Smaller Written Rocks, sixty-one miles from the crags.

From the crags to Otter's Head the coast rounds gradually to the north-west, in a chain of steep, bluff hills, scantily clothed, and having aspen in the damp hollows. The immediate beach is sand or shingle, with here and there a steep islet, and reefs in front of a small cape. On more than one of these points* we observed the Indian road-marks which we noticed at Gargantua.

We cannot particularise the numerous lesser curvatures in this part of the lake. Their sand-beds are very large, and extend into the interior for a mile or more, especially from seven to eleven miles south-east of Otter's Head, where they are 150 feet thick, and in two or more terraces.

The Otter's Head we passed on the 17th of June. It is an upright slab, from thirty to thirty-five feet high, placed on some scantily-clad rocks, 120 feet above the lake, and at an interval from it, which, though looking small, is much greater than it appears. These rocks guard a deep cove, with islets in front, one of which is well wooded.

Soon after leaving the crags, I thought it possible to run along the shore and keep abreast of

* Here we saw a piece of birch bark in the cleft of an upright stick, with four white fish drawn on it, and some marks I could not make out.

our boat. I therefore landed, my object being to see the rocks better; but smooth as the coast seemed from the boat, my utmost exertions were required to keep pace with it. I rushed through water-runs, or over patches of sand; I skipped from rock to rock, like an angry Sicilian shepherd in chase of his goats; but after an hour thus spent, I was fain to embark, beaten by the little wrinklings of the rough coast.

We had made but little way this morning (June 17), before the wind became so violent, and raised such a boiling sea, that, to my secret content, we were obliged to put ashore.

Seeing that I had the day before me, I set off, hammer in hand, and ink-bottle on button-hole, determined on a long stroll.

The country consisted of bare ridges of white granite (you may see the same, but darker, in Merioneth, Wales), increasing in height as we leave the lake. I first scrambled a mile or two directly into the rear, among white hills, dotted with knotty pines. A wide expanse of waters was beneath me, darkened with surcharged clouds, and the great island of Michipicotou in the remote south.

From this point I changed my course, and proceeded with speed over the rugged and slippery rocks for four or five miles parallel with the coast.

I was then suddenly brought up by a ravine 400 or 500 feet deep; its shelving and shattered sides feathered with young shrubs, and its bottom a receptacle of great blocks, which had fallen from above. The lake was white with foam, the few stunted trees bent before the gale. I held my hat on with both hands. What did I see in the depths of the chasm, but an European figure, kneeling, bare-headed, on a flat rock! His back was to the wind—his long, iron-grey locks streamed before his face. On getting nearer, I saw that it was our astronomer, who, like Moses in the wilderness of Sinai, had escaped from the camp to worship the Lord.

I thought I had been swift, but here was one swifter, and on a better errand. It is in such utter wastes as Lake Superior, as I have said before, that the inner life—the devotional spirit—often awakes and labours. Thousands, in solitary places, have discovered that none need cry in vain, with aching heart, "Oh, that the Comforter would come!" The sacred and secret hand of God is everywhere.

Near our sleeping-place, a few miles north of Otter's Head, I found some very curious animals resembling molluscs, from one-third to half an inch long, and broadish. They are peculiar in having no shell, but are studded very closely all

over with a single layer of very small pebbles, each the third of a line perhaps in diameter, always of a hard rock, such as quartz, feldspar, jasper, bits of granite, &c. The twisted form of the animals is closely followed by the mosaic of the pebbles, and the effect is pretty and singular, especially when shining in the water. I brought away six specimens, and showed them to the Philadelphia naturalists, who said that, although rare, these animals were not unique. In my various removals I have lost them. I found them nowhere else. They have been named *Thelidomi* by Mr. Swainson, F.R.S., from two Brazilian specimens; and Mr. Lea, of Philadelphia, has described them as a new shell, which he named *Valvata Arenifera;* but Mr. J. E. Gray, the eminent British naturalist, says, that they are only the cases of a caddis-worm, common in the Brazils and the United States, but they differ from the European form in the cases being spiral.—*Annals of Nat. Hist.* vol. v.*

The coast between Otter's Head and the River Peek (forty-one miles) is more deeply indented than that between the former place and the crags. Its hills are higher, more massive, and

* For this information I am indebted to Mr. Sylvanus Hanley, who possesses, I am informed, the finest collection of fresh-water shells in London.

often dip precipitously into woody dells. The water-margin is lined with low, jagged rocks, while the interior is very barren, the whole vegetation being a few small Canada pines, apparently dead, save a little pencil of leaves at the top.

About twenty-one miles from the Peek River there is a broad sand-bed, 120 feet high, and passing inland out of sight. It is cut through by a river from a level and rather fertile country of granite hills.

A similar deposit, extensive, but low, is in the bay south-east of this river. These are usually in regular horizontal layers.

The Smaller Written Rocks are, in a sandy cove, defended by islets fourteen miles south-east from the Peek River. They here are smooth and coated with tripe de roche and other lichens. Various names and figures of animals have been traced on them, both long ago and recently.

The basalt dykes, which form such a peculiar feature in the geology of the north shore of Lake Superior, are particularly abundant in this region. They are from one to sixty feet broad, and they cut through all the primitive rocks indifferently, proceeding without the slightest change of size, texture, or direction, from one to another. In a district of white granite their appearance is very striking, and resembles a ruined staircase, cleav-

ing and mounting acclivities of all heights. As they are broken into transverse pillars or steps, more or less perfect, they are the best road up the hills—a kind of staircase. Near the Written Rocks, an eminence 800 feet high is thus traversed. I saw the same dyke on both sides.

The rivers of this interval are not remarkable.

About three miles and a half from Otter's Head, a moderately large river descends into the lake by three slanting falls, into which the stream is divided, close to the lake, by two high crags.

Above these three channels is a small basin, into which the river falls from a still higher level, the whole dip being about ninety feet. The scene is interesting: its beautifully-grouped cascades, the heavy masses of water, the high-ascending spray, and the wild accompaniments, would have told well in a sketch, but the King's business was urgent, and away we went.

The River Peek takes its name from an Indian word, signifying mud, as it pours out an ash-coloured, and, when swollen, a reddish-yellow water, tinging the lake for a mile or two round its mouth, and derived from beds of yellow and white clay some distance up the river.

Eighty yards wide at its mouth, but wider within the bar, it issues with a gentle current at the south-east corner of Peek Bay, among sand-

drifts, tufted with pines. For ninety miles inland this river flows quietly from the north, with little change of dimension, and having banks of sand and clay, with greenstone heights a little way off. The first fall occurs ninety miles from Lake Superior, and, of the two others, the third is thirty miles further on, and passes through a sandhill 200 feet high, having worn its way to the primitive rock beneath.

The Peek River leads to Long Lake, 180 to 200 miles from Lake Superior by canoe route. Long Lake is seventy-five miles long, but is narrow. It is on or near to the height of land.

At the mouth of the Peek River the Hudson's Bay Company have a fort—a picketed square, formed by the superintendant's house, other dwellings, and storehouses.

Peek Bay is of moderate size; its north arm is a line of woody steeps, with several thickly-timbered islets at its west end.

The country here is of a softer aspect than has been the case latterly. The hills swell in gentle, egg-shaped slopes, and are freely wooded with spruce and birch. At a distance from the lake they become loftier, and are seen in retiring series.

Seventeen miles and a half by canoe route, north-west from the River Peek, is Peek Island,

opposite a lofty and broad promontory of fissured, dull-red rock. It is several miles round, and has three naked summits. One of these, 760 feet high, I ascended, while our astronomer trafficked for fish with an Indian canoe lying under its lee. Bargaining with savages is always lengthy and ceremonious; so that I had plenty of time. The view from that elevation was beautiful and wide.

Lakewards, the pure blue waters extended shoreless as far as the eye could reach. As I turned towards the land, tall casque-shaped islands* were seen here and there, bordering the north shore, full of sinuosities, and overlooked by pleasingly-grouped hills of conical or waved outline, from 600 to 800 feet high. I was well repaid for the trouble of the ascent.

The bay north-west of Peek Island is deep, and nine miles across at its mouth. A round islet of greenstone, near its middle, is of great use in rough weather to canoes. Its hills are in broad, imposing flanks, from 800 to 1000 feet high.

* If I mistake not, it was under the lee of one of these islands that we espied the trim schooner, the Julia, in which Captain Bayfield, R.N. was surveying Lake Superior. We exchanged news and civilities for a few moments, and passed on. Captain Bayfield had been employed on this service for three or four years, without a sick man among his crew; but that summer Government supplied him with a medical officer, and half the ship's company were shortly laid up with illness.

A convenient cove, with a narrow entrance, a little within its western cape, has given to that angle the name of Bottle Cove Cape.

The previous night we had passed in a nook east of this bay; and we started in a foggy morning; but, until breakfast, not so densely as to prevent travelling. We took that useful meal inside the great bay just spoken of, on the slimy beach, our clothes and faces shining with cold rime.

'By this time the mist was so thick that we could hardly see objects at the boat's length.

We nevertheless started, and rowed heartily for full four hours, until we suspected something was wrong, because we ought to have struck shore. Putting, therefore, our boat direct north-east, after half-an-hour's rowing the shore loomed in sight—first the high trees, then the rocks, and last the breakers. We had been working in a circle, and in four hours had not made two miles of good way.

The wall of rock constituting Bottle Cove Cape rather exceeds two miles in length. It is crowned with pine-woods, and backed by a range of heights. It ends westwards in a second cove, darkened with high cliffs, and receiving at its bottom a slanting cascade.

Two more irregular and large bays succeed

westwards (the direction of the coast from Peek to Gravel Point in the Mammelles being west). They are remarkable for their high and extensive sand-banks, unmixed, as is usual here, with lime or clay; and hence their comparative barrenness.

The Black River is now at hand. Of the islands a little to the east, and seven miles from this river, named "the Slate Islands," from their being of greenstone slate, I only know further that they are rather large and high. Captain Bayfield has visited them.

We were enabled to examine the Black River for five or six miles inland, as the fog of the morning was succeeded by a storm of wind and rain, which kept us for two days near its mouth: into which, in fact, we ran our boat. On the sudden occurrence of a storm, landing is a delicate affair in the large lakes of the interior, such as Superior, Winnepeg, &c.

The very approach to the land is dangerous, as a loaded canoe must not touch earth or rock.

When a brigade of fur-trading canoes, ten, twenty, or thirty in number, are compelled to land suddenly, it is done one by one in rapid succession. The first makes a dash at the beach. Just as the last wave is carrying the canoe on dry ground, all her men jump out at once and support her; while her gentlemen or clerks hurry out her

lading. During this time the other canoes are, if possible, heading out into the lake; but now one approaches, and is seized by the crew of the canoe first beached, who meet her up to the middle in water, and who, assisted by her own people, lift her up high and dry: and so on with the rest. If the loading gets wet, a hindrance of two or three days' duration is necessary, in order to dry it. Every brigade of canoes has a well-paid guide. If he permit his goods to be thus injured, he loses his place, which is worth from 70*l.* to 90*l.* per annum.

Our canoe was never suffered to touch ground, except when turned upwards.

Close to the calm basin into which we had pushed our boat, and close also to the lake, was a flourishing wood of pines. In the midst of this we pitched our tent, and set up the tripod for the *voyageurs'* fire, after having with our axes cleared a sufficient space of ground.

We were quietly at work, when one of the men informed us that the wood we were in was a mere belt, 300 yards across, and that there were extensive open plains beyond, with lofty hills in the distance. We threw away pencil and pen, and set off to explore.

The Black River, rising near Long Lake, enters Lake Superior on the west side of a

small bay, with a rocky islet or two on its outskirts.

A hill of bleached granite, a mile and a half from the lake, overhanging the river, showed us the environs to advantage. From hence we see, five or six miles inland, a line of hills, bare, high, and hoary, ranging parallel with the lake shore; the space between them and it, east and west, as far as the eye can reach, being a flat of gravelly sand,* bearing mosses, with a few small firs, and now and then pierced with a knoll of granite. I found a deer's antlers lying on it.

This deposit is 170 feet thick near the lake, and there lowers in a succession of banks, six in number, except where occasional coalescence makes them fewer. But close to the river, on the east, all the lower levels have been swept away, lost in one great concave steep, facing both lake and river, of 1300 yards' chord. It is the shore of a deserted bay. I mention these particulars to point out that, in these regions, the same land-lift has taken place as in Europe, &c.

The Black River, fifty feet broad, passes through the gritty plain between three regular terraces, makes an elbow round the granite hill from which we take our survey, and then under-

* Very small pebbles of greenstone, granite, and quartz, in a dark brown coarse sand.

goes a series of descents, until it arrives at the lake, with accumulations of erratic block at every obstructed point.

The first fall is sixty feet high (*vide* Plate), pitching into a deep funnel-shaped chasm, 250 yards long, at the lower end of which several other jets of great beauty take place. The river then escapes into Lake Superior from a pretty basin, amid islets tufted with cedar, spruce, and alder.*

[e] I found many traces of copper pyrites about the mouth of this river.

The Written Rocks, chiefly deserving notice as a point of reference, are seven miles west of the Black River. They occur in a cluster of islets close to a large headland of glaring red colour, like all this vicinity, and which are separated from the main by a narrow, not quite a mile long, and called "The Détroit."

The drawings which have given a name to this place are made by simply detaching the dark lichens from the flat red surface of the rock. At their west end there is a good representation of

* "How divine the liberty for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps;—regions consecrate
To oldest time; and reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest!"

an Indian firing at two animals; and not far off is a cross set up by some pious traveller, in memory of a drowned comrade. Here we saw snow again.

From the west angle of a picturesque, but small bay, close to the Written Rocks, commences a line of iron-bound coast a mile long, a dangerous pass for canoes in particular winds. It ends abruptly at Cape Verd, to form the important and picturesque bay of Nipigon.

Cape Verd is so called from the fine woods with which it is crowned. Its rocks are basalt. Wherever this rock or any of its congeners prevail, such as amygdaloid, porphyry, &c., there vegetation becomes luxuriant, and the trees numerous, but not large.

Both here and at Marmoaze I found the woods completely impassable. For several hundred yards inland the ground is buried in blocks of stone, carpeted with moss a foot thick. Fallen trees are rotting in every direction, matted with briers and wild roses. Every step hazards the breaking of a limb in some unsuspected crevice. The prostrate trees are often mere forms; in treading on them we plunge into a green mass up to the middle. I cannot but think, from the flourishing state of the cryptogamia here, that some new species might be discovered.

From Cape Verd westward to Fort William (ninety to ninety-five miles by canoe) the north shore of Lake Superior is divided into three very large bays — Nipigon, Black, and Thunder Bays. They require separate notice.

The first of these, Nipigon proper, extends to Gravel Point, on the great peninsula of the Mammelles, a distance of forty-six miles, outside of the islands soon to be mentioned.

Nipigon Bay may be roughly stated as thirty-six miles across from east to west, four to six miles deep at its east end, and sixteen on its west end. Its wide mouth (or outer face) is closed up with a dense belt of large and small islands, which, taken together, are denominated "The Pays Plat," a translation from the Chippewa language, and refers only to the shallow black or red floor* of the lake hereabouts. It is true that there is one, a large island, very level in parts, and covered with shingle and loose rocks; but, generally speaking, it is an elevated region. I cannot describe this splendid bay and archipelago with any minuteness. Mine was only a *reconnoissance*. The surveyor and naturalist will follow.

The islands are numerous. I made the circuit of the whole by going outside in June, and inside

* According to the colour of the amygdaloid or porphyries subjacent. The lake, too, is remarkably transparent here: for miles from land we see its bottom.

in the ruder month of September. St. Ignatius, the most westerly island save one, is much the largest. There are three or four others, extending from it to Cape Verd, girded with some that are smaller.

The island of St. Ignatius, according to Captain Bayfield's map, is twenty-six miles long by twelve broad. It is oblong in shape. Its centre is table land, sometimes 1300 feet high, and dipping on all sides in rough declivities and precipices, whose features change with the component rock. If this be porphyry (common here), we have long pilasters, beginning at the crest of some sterile height, and ending below on a slope of ruins, thinly wooded. This we see on the south side of the island, in Fluor Island,* at the west end of Ignatius, and in Stag's-home, Détroit. The high black cliffs of the latter are very impressive and gloomy. If the cliffs be of red sandstone (often as hard as jasper, and fissured horizontally), they are only in patches at the very summits of lofty flanks buried in woods.

The islands east of St. Ignatius are often very high: their sandstone precipices are occasionally formed nearer the level of the lake, and then they are worn by watercourses into singular shapes,

* See plate, taken from the west-south-west. Fluor Island is in hummocks, and rises to the height of 1000 feet. It is very picturesque.

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Thun Island off Nipigon Bay from the West
L. Superior

such as pillars, arches, recesses (for statues!) and window-like apertures, which not a little resemble a street of ruined chapels and chantries shrouded by mosses, vines, and forest trees. We have this fissured state of the rock both in the inner and outer route.

Wherever the sandstone or red porphyry is found all the beaches and bare places are red; but as much of the Pays Plat is of black trap and amygdaloid, the colour there is rusty black.

On one of the islets at the west end of the Pays Plat we have a beautiful display of true basaltic columns. A sketch was given me by Captain Bayfield.

The island called La Grange is in a fine open basin not far from Nipigon River, with a few others about it having flat tops. It is a naked mass of trap rock, springing high and perpendicular out of a slope of coppice. It is exactly like one of the long barns of Lower Canada, and thence its name. We passed it on a lovely evening towards sunset. Not far from this island I took as a memorial, perhaps unwisely, from off a jutting point, the skull of a bear placed on a pole. It was as white as snow, and must have been there many years as a land-mark.

The trappose and amygdaloidal districts are here thickly wooded, but the trees—mountains

ash (very common), spruce, pitch pine, birch. &c.—are hide-bound and small, sheathed in the trailing moss called goat's-beard.

The region around Nipigon Bay is full of enchanting scenery. As we journey up this great water we have the ever-changing pictures presented by the belt of islands on our left; while on our right we have the Nipigon mainland, an assemblage of bold mountains from 900 to 1200 feet high, tabular, rounded, or in hummocks, or sugar-loaf, and only separated by very narrow clefts or gorges.

My sketches give a poor idea of all this, as I could only draw where I had opportunity, not in the finest situations.

The bay is a beautiful lake of itself, so transparent that we can, for miles together, see its red pavement, and the living and dead things there inhabiting. It is sprinkled with a few isles of conical or tabular rocks, each with its girdle of verdure, in which are little coves, inviting to repose, with bright red beaches, reminding one of the Ægean Sea, or the Friendly Isles.

The Nipigon, Alempigon, or Redstone River, enters the bay at its west end. It is from 80 to 100 yards broad at its mouth, and discharges a muddy grey water. Its length is ninety miles, and on it are seven cascades and three rapids. It comes

from Lake Nipigon (or St. Anne), which is sixty miles round, and in a barren country.*

The Mammelles Hills are 21½ miles from Gravel Point, a well-known resting-place. There are several, but the two most conspicuous are cones of soft and beautiful outlines, at least 800 feet high, and close together at the south-west corner of the great promontory between Black and Nipigon Bays, being the southern extremity of a long ridge coming from the north.

The Mammelles district consists of this headland and the multitudinous islands which are in front of it. It bears a strong resemblance to the Nipigon country. Space forbids our entering into a detailed description of it.

We slept, on the 23d of June, on the edge of a beautiful basin, two miles and a half south-east of the Mammelles Hills, and next morning plunged into a charming labyrinth of porphyritic, amygdaloidal, and sandstone islands, sheltered even from a hurricane. From time to time we saw the free lake at the bottom of a long vista of pine-clad islands; and we were glad, for the sake of change,

* From Mr. Mackenzie of Fort Nipigon, who told me a singular story of the momentary resurrection of an Indian about to be buried without his arrows and medicine bag, &c., some years before Beckford's Italian legend of a similar kind was in English print. It shows that human nature repeats itself all over the world, with modifications.

to come suddenly (nine miles from camp) into open water, opposite Thunder Mountain (see Plate), seven miles from us, at Point Porphyry.

This magnificent headland is a principal feature in Lake Superior, and forms the north-west end of Black Bay. This bay, I am informed by Captain Bayfield, is forty-six miles deep, and extremely woody. It receives a large river. The mouth of the bay is partially guarded by a great assemblage of woody, and for the most part low islands.

The high hills at the bottom of Black Bay are visible from its mouth, of course much depressed below the horizon. Several islands occupy the centre of the bay.

It is not always that a boat can cross from the Mammelles to Thunder Mountain; but on the 24th of June the lake was as smooth as glass. We greatly enjoyed the gradual unfolding, as we approached, of the various parts of the great basaltic cape.

Thunder Mountain is several miles long, and of considerable breadth, except at the point, where it descends into the lake in three shelves. The west half of its summit (1350 feet, Captain Bayfield; 1400, Count Andriani*) appears to be

* Count Andriani, an Italian nobleman, about the year 1800 fitted out a light canoe at Montreal, through the agency of Messrs.

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Thunder Mountain, from the East L. Superior

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table land; but the eastern half is hummocky. About the middle of its south side an immense crater-like cavity, with steep woody acclivities, is scooped out of the body of the mountain. The precipices are largest and finest on the north-north-west, and extend in rude colonnades over two-fifths of the whole height, terminating in naked taluses, 300 to 400 feet high, which, however, do not reach the water, but are succeeded downwards by three woody terraces, the lowest of which touches the lake.

On the side of Thunder Bay I saw no precipices.

At and about the water-level, under Thunder Mountain, I saw a good deal of fixed limestone (without fossils), the only place where it is known to exist on the north shore of this lake.

Thunder Bay, to which we have now arrived, under the shadow of its great promontory, is round, and from ten to twelve miles across. Grand Point is its western angle; its margin is

Forsyth and Richardson, and circumnavigated Lake Superior. He occupied himself in astronomical observations and the admeasurement of heights, mingling also freely with the Indians.

Mr. Astronomer Thompson furnished me with the above fact respecting Thunder Mountain. Lord Selkirk quotes him in a pamphlet on the late disputes in the north-west territories; but I cannot find any publication of the Count's, although I have made diligent search.

swampy on the west, but its bottom is here and there bold and precipitous.

The only islands in Thunder Bay are Welcome, Hare, and Sheep Islands, opposite the mouths of the River Kaministigua, or Dog River, where Fort William is placed.

Pursuing our journey, we made for Welcome Island, and were soon afterwards safe in the fort.

On our return from the Lake of the Woods, as we passed Sheep Island in September, we were agreeably surprised to see lines of haycocks, and four haymakers in white shirt sleeves and straw hats. This sudden coming upon one of the prettiest sights of Christendom, which we had left far away, and long ago, made us quite tender, as the Indians say.

Fort William, once the depôt at which every year were assembled the wintering partners of the North-west Company, with the proceeds of their trade with the Indians, is placed on the northern of the three channels of the Kaministigua River ("River of the Isles,"—Chippewa), 800 yards from the lake. It is a large picketted square of dwellings, offices, and stores, all now in comparative neglect. It is 403 miles from the Falls of St. Mary; and forty-two miles north-east of the Grand Portage, as measured on the ice by Mr. Astronomer Ferguson (Boundary Commission).

I was much pleased at Fort William. Although its palmy days were gone, when the rich furs of the Arctic circle and the Rocky Mountains were brought here by the adventurous men who alone, in those days, could conduct a distant commerce with savages, attended by a crowd of clerks, trappers, and voyageurs, still some interesting remnants of these people were at the fort during my visit.

We all took our meals together in a plainly-furnished, low-roofed hall, capable of seating a hundred persons. We were placed a good deal according to rank, the seniors and leaders at the head of the table, and the clerks and guides, &c. of respectable but humbler grade, ranged down the table in order due.

The conversation was wholly north-west and Indian.

My *vis-à-vis* was a handsome young gentleman, but pale and wasted, who told me that he had been living upon his parchment windows, and a little tripe de roche, for three or four weeks, the fish and fowl having failed at his winter quarters.

I asked him how the Company fed their fur collectors during the idle time of summer. "We give," said he, "to each family, if in the great plains, six bullets and a quart of powder, with which to kill the buffalo. If in the lake country,

they subsist upon geese and fish, and receive a net and some shot, instead of bullets, with their gunpowder."

I saw at Fort William several fine specimens of the Cree and other tribes of the plains.

We engaged an active young Indian, born in Lake Lapluie, as our guide to the Lake of the Woods, by the old route. The treaty for his services was quite a scene — his apparent indifference, his solemn looks, and evident resolution to sell dear, and, above all, the endless, enormous volumes of white smoke he emitted from nose and mouth, were past belief.

When the bargain was completed he shook hands with his new masters, suffered his features to relax, and proved a most useful fellow. Like the rest of his tribe he wore his hair long, and plaited into twenty or thirty slender strings, which were weighted with bits of white metal interwoven at regular distances.

As some of these hung over his face (poodle fashion), when he wanted a clear sight he somehow, in an instant, shook them all behind him.

We left Fort William* for the Grand Portage on one of the last days of June.

* The Dog River, on which this post is placed, issues from a considerable lake of the same name, on the new route to the Lake of the Woods, in longitude 84° 40′, and latitude 48° 45′.

We found the shore of Lake Superior swampy as far as Grand Point, but there the hills, which in lofty slopes and scarps for some way inland skirt the Kaministigua (and are perhaps the highest—1000 feet—at Mackay's Mountain, near the south fork), join the lake, and line it in precipices from 300 to 800 feet high, south-westwards, to near Pigeon Bay. They are flat-topped, cut up by ravines, and clad with pines. A slope of ruins, clothed with birch and aspen, creeps up their sides.

The shores of the two bays east of Pigeon Bay are also frequently escarped, but being low, disclose a barren interior of broad rock ridges, attaining an elevation of from 600 to 900 feet, and affecting a rough parallelism with the coast.

Pigeon Bay is supposed to be the "Long Lake" of French geographers, and to have been intended in the treaty of 1783, between Great Britain and the United States, as the point of departure from

In the first half of its course it runs south, and east during the second half. It has numerous rapids, and some splendid cataracts, especially those of Du Chien and La Montagne. The soil at its lower end is fertile — sand, clay, and vegetable mould.

It enters Lake Superior, amid extensive morasses, by three channels, of which the southern is the longest, and the middle much the smallest, being also obstructed by fallen trees. There is another smaller river in Thunder Bay, a few miles north-east of the River Dog or Kaministigua.

Lake Superior of the boundary line passing to the Lake of the Woods, therein ordered to be designated.

It may seem odd to call so small a bay by the name of Long Lake; but in a very old French map in my possession, Pigeon Bay is made to run fifty or sixty miles into the interior, westerly, very narrow, and especially at the mouth.

Pigeon Bay is three miles across its mouth by four in depth. In one of its coves, sheltered by an islet, a schooner belonging to the North-west Company usually winters. Its worthy commander bears the singular name of Maccargo.

Pigeon River enters at the south corner of the Bay. It has a beautiful cascade, 120 feet high, a mile and a half from the lake.

From Pigeon Point, a rocky coast for a few miles brings us to the bay of the Grand Portage. Anxiously we looked into it as a celebrated spot, by which we were to enter the northern interior.

Grand Portage Bay is two miles and three-quarters wide by one and a third deep, with a margin of sand and shingle.

The North-west Company formerly had an important post here, of warehouses, stables, gardens, &c., which occupied a grassy flat, backed by high hills.

A small island (Mouton) is near the east angle of the bay, which is called Point Chapeau, rising in the rear to the height of 840 feet by our astronomer's geometrical admeasurement.

The whole voyage from Fort William to this place has been full of scenic beauty. The very lofty and broken interior is nearly naked; but where there are woods, we have the tender green of the aspen and birch down below, while sombre pines crown the black precipices.

The large and broad island called the Pâté, near Thunder Bay, is a prominent feature from every part of this region.

It is everywhere lofty, and at its west end an immense square rock, like a raised pie, rises perpendicular from a woody flat to the height of 850 feet. It gives name to the whole island, and is joined to it by a low isthmus. This pilastered and tower-like eminence may be half a mile in diameter.*

Isle Royale is forty-five miles long and nine

* On our return in September we breakfasted opposite the Pâté, in a cove, on a raw, misty morning. All our provisions were gone, except the men's soup, and of that there was little. We were then glad to share a hawk (shot by Mr. Thompson, junior) between four. I roasted it. We had had nothing but salt meat, cocoa, and a very little biscuit dust, for nearly three weeks. We dined the same day, however, at Fort William, distant sixteen miles.

broad in the middle by admeasurement (in the winter). It extends from near Thunder Mountain to the Grand Portage, and is about fifteen miles from both. Its general direction is north-east, as is that of its several ranges of hills. The north-eastern half of its shores is fringed with narrow islets or reefs.

Isle Royale is lofty, and particularly at its west end. I am indebted for this information to Mr. Astronomer Ferguson.

Father Boucher, in his account of New France (Canada), dated 1663, announces the presence of copper ores in Isle Royale, and the fact has been fully confirmed within the last twelve months.

The numerous islands between Thunder Bay and the Grand Portage, running along shore, in addition to the two large ones just noticed, have the fine bold features of those of Nipigon Bay. They assisted to embellish a delightful sail in our canoe.* Their position is best seen on the accompanying map. They are rocky, in hummocks, cliffs, and ledges, not often a hundred feet high; but for this, Isle Royale and the Pâté compensate fully.

* We had exchanged at Fort William our boat for stout north canoes, manned by six *voyageurs* each.

The remainder of the north shore of Lake Superior, to its western extremity at the River St. Louis, is almost wholly bold and iron-bound. The hills on the immediate coast range from 900 to 1200 feet above the level of the sea, and are principally basalt.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

PART IV. SECT. I.

OLD ROUTE TO THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

The Fur-traders — Grand Portage — Pigeon River — Mosquitoes — Outard Lake — Migration of Dragon-flies — Moose, Mountain, &c. Lakes — Wild Rice — Lakes of the height of land — Hudson's Bay — Gunflint and Keseganaga Lakes — Sick voyageur — Indian Family — Bears — More Lakes — Indians — Watch-tower — Crooked Lake — Sioux Arrows — La Croix and other Lakes and Rivers — Rainy Lake circumnavigated — Scenery — Natives.

In my sketches of the north shore of Lake Superior I have been as brief as is consistent with the fact that, in addition to its natural claims as a remarkable and but little known region, its mineral riches are attracting a large population, who have a right to look for information to those who preceded them in this new seat of human enterprise; and I may at the same time add that a new and

flourishing state, that of Wisconsin, has been established within the last few years on its southern borders.

Although the wilderness now to be entered upon be almost certainly metalliferous, a party of miners being now at work close to it, we shall only mark the leading points in the journey of 431* miles from the Grand Portage to the north end of the Lake of the Woods.

The country between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods is, like the whole watershed between Hudson's Bay and the Valley of the St. Lawrence, a rugged assemblage of hills, with lakes, rivers, and morasses, of all sizes and shapes, in their intervals. It is, in fact, a drowned land, whose waters have assumed their permanent features by a balance of receipt and discharge.

They all communicate practically with each other, either by water or by portages, so that the traveller may reach the Lake of the Woods by many routes, differing only in danger, labour, and directness. Thus nineteen of the rivers which enter into Lake Superior west of the Grand Portage rise near Lake Boisblanc, the tenth lake on our route. All these are used from time to time

* We actually passed over 1000 miles of the waters north of Lake Superior, if we include our circumnavigation of Lakes Lapluie and of the Woods.

by the Indians to get to Lake Lapluie, &c., and so is a chain of lakes leading westward from the Nipigon country to Lake Boisblanc.

During great part of the eighteenth century, before the union of the Indian traders into one company, the North-west, the Lake Superior end of the Grand Portage was a pent-up hornets' nest of conflicting factions intrenched in rival forts.

The traders first coalesced into two companies; one called the "X Y Company," from a mark placed on their packs, and consisting of Sir Alexander M'Kenzie, and Messrs. Ogilvy, Richardson, and Forsyth; and of the North-west Company, at whose head were Messrs. W. and S. M'Gillvray, M'Tavish, and others. Latterly both these firms united to contend with the old Hudson's Bay Company, acting under the charter of Charles the Second and later parliamentary sanction.

The American Government, properly conceiving that the Grand Portage, the centre of so much commercial activity, was within their territory, signified, about the year 1802, to the amalgamated company, now called the North-west Company, their intention of imposing a duty of from twenty to twenty-five per cent on all goods landed there.

After having in vain offered a composition of five per cent, the North-west Company abandoned the place, but not before they had well examined

the Pigeon River from the north end of the Grand Portage down to Lake Superior. Sir Alexander M'Kenzie occupied a long day in this task, accompanied by two Indians; but they found that high falls, rapids, and shelving precipices, rendered the river utterly impracticable for commercial purposes.

The company then built their Fort William, and made the Dog River and other streams and lakes their road into the north-west fur countries, although this is inferior in every respect to the old route; so much so, that the *voyageurs* had to be coaxed and bribed into the use of it.

I am obliged to Mr. Astronomer Thompson for this information.

The direction of the old route is nearly west as far as the mouth of the River Lapluie. From Lake Lacroix westward the two routes unite.

We left Lake Superior on the 29th of June, and walked over woody hills and waded through swampy bottoms to the west end of the portage (eight miles and one-sixth), greatly annoyed by mosquitoes and the closeness of the air, the path, such as it was, being overgrown by briers and coppice. The trees were sometimes large, and fruits were in blossom.

We were visited here by two of the birds called "Whistling John." It has a long bill, and is

almost all feathers. Its back is brown, and breast white. It is extremely familiar, and goes about whistling a little note of its own, seeking small objects, which it hoards. It is of the size of an English blackbird.

We encamped on the banks of the Pigeon River several days, waiting for our canoes and baggage. It was here from 120 to 130 feet broad, with a gentle current and muddy bottom.

One mile east of us, towards Lake Superior, begins a long and most picturesque series of cascades and rapids, one of the former plunging into a mural chasm 200 feet deep with a gloomy desperation worthy of the Handeck in Switzerland. The sides of the river hereabouts are rocky terraces, naked and high, or are ravines choked with huge *débris* overspread with underwood, wild roses, and raspberries. Its left bank rises to the height of 800 or 900 feet, and has only a few tufts of pines growing in the fissures. It is a very savage place, and will repay a visit. I was almost a whole day in scrambling two miles below the first fall, and returned to camp in a very tattered state.

The mosquitoes were ferocious, their bites being also much envenomed by our salt diet. Although the heat was very great in these close woods, we wore gloves, veils, and caps over the

ears. My pantaloons were tied close down to the boots, or the creatures would have crept up the legs.

I could not help wishing them to leave me alone, and with Bryant begged them to

> "Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
> Enriched with generous wine and costly meat:
> On well-filled skins fix thy light pump,
> And press thy freckled feet."

We had at this place a curious instance of the boldness and endurance of the mosquito.

My servant, a very handy lad, was lining a waistcoat with a prepared deer-skin which I had just bought of some Indians, and which I thought would be warm on our return voyage. A mosquito settled on his hand, and filled itself with his blood. Calling my attention to what he was about to do, he cut off (wholly, I think) the hinder part of the animal, a mere bag of blood, with his scissors; but the insect continued to suck and the blood to drop out from behind. The young man now struck at the mosquito, but it escaped; soon returning, however, to the same hand, and there again fastened, when his two wings were deliberately cut off without disturbing the drinker. Another blow killed him.

We hear at our camp the roar of an upper set

of falls a mile and a third up the river. They are fine, the largest being forty-nine feet high.

We travelled up the Pigeon River eighteen miles, partly through meadows,* with occasional rapids, to Outard, or Fowl Lake (six miles long by two where broadest). It is so called from an Indian tradition that the hens and chickens of white men have been heard to clack and scream there.

This lake may in some sense be considered as an expansion of the Pigeon River, as this river enters high up, near the narrows, and leaves at the bottom.

We enter it by a long portage, woody like the rest of the environs, and overlooked at its west end by a basaltic precipice not less than 600 feet high. The view from the summit is beautiful. A strong north-west gale was blowing across a clear sky successive companies of clouds, which mapped the sea of woods before me with fugitive shadows. Looking to the north-west, Lake Outard lay below, nearly bisected by a rushy narrow. Beyond it we have hilly ranges of woods, running

* We slept, or tried to do so, in these meadows. The mosquitoes were in billions. As soon as the tread of man gave notice of his approach, I saw them rising to the feast in clouds out of the coarse grass around. We burnt the grass after watering it, and lived in the smoke.

W.N.W., with long valleys between. To the south and south-east we see the valley of Pigeon River buried in dark pines, among which we still discern short silvery traces of the stream itself.

The loose stones on the eastern shore of this lake were, for several hundred yards together, covered over with myriads of bright sky-blue dragon-flies, their long bodies crossed by three or four bars of black. They were doubtless preparing for migration,—a proceeding, I think, not common among insects.

Two similar facts are recorded in the 'Magazine of Natural History" (iii. 516, 1839), as having occurred in Germany in 1816 and 1838. Vast numbers of *Libellulæ depressæ* and *Quadri maculatæ* went from Weimar, Halle, and other places, into the Netherlands, following the course of the rivers.

Lord Selkirk attempted to form an agricultural establishment on the low lands about this lake; but it failed, and is deserted. A short carrying-place now took us into Moose Lake (three miles and a quarter by one-half to two-thirds of a mile). Like Outard, it is hid in pines, cypress, spruce, and aspen. Its length runs west. I shall never forget the numbers and activity of its mosquitoes.

A short series of portages and ponds of rushes

and wild rice brought us into Mountain Lake (six miles and one-third by half a mile).

This picturesque lake in one place shows six distinct distances in lofty basaltic headlands.

In the vicinity, but away from the lake, we see large, naked, solitary, barrow-like hills,—high, and often precipitous.

Our astronomer says that he has not discovered the feeders to this lake, and our Indian guide, "the little Englishman," says there are none.

As we float over its transparent waters, we notice below us very large blocks of basalt reposing on fine mud.

A short carrying-place conveyed us hence into the fine irregular sheet of water called the Entre-deux (three miles and one-fifth long).

Its scenery, of open basins and narrows, ample groves, hills, and cliffs, is very striking. (*Vide* Plate.)

The new Grand Portage (2200 yards long), low and swampy, now leads into Rose Lake, another delightful *morceau* of lake solitudes.

It is heavily wooded down to watermark, with high precipices of trap, jutting capes, brightened by the delicate green of the young aspen. It runs nearly west for six miles, being very narrow two-thirds of its length.

In the middle, this lake is very shallow (deep

J. T. B. del.

E. Young sc.

Lake Entrodwa — Old Route to the Lake of the Woods

elsewhere), the bottom smooth and level. The *voyageurs* are convinced that the mud, without touching the canoe, attracts and retards it. It is almost liquid to the depth of ten or twelve feet below the apparent bottom.

Sir Alexander M'Kenzie is inclined to think so too; and certainly, though it seems impossible, we thought our canoes dragged slowly and heavily over this ground.

A couple of moderate portages and some ponds now bring us to the East Lake of the Height of Land, a narrow basin about three miles long, westerly, and pouring its waters into Rose Lake.

It was here that we saw the Indians, even at this early period of the year, gathering their rice harvest. Several canoes were at work (men and women) in a flooded marsh. The men cut off the green heads of the rice-plant, and let them fall into the canoe, while the women stowed them away. Great was the merriment. We looked on for a few minutes.

We next passed into the West Lake of the Height of Land, by a carrying-place (468 yards long) profusely loaded with trees, shrubs, and grass. We are now in waters tributary to Hudson's Bay, and seventy-eight miles from Lake Superior.

The West Lake is five miles and a half long, but

its principal part lies to the east of our route, and is surrounded by very high hills. We therefore cross it obliquely towards the north (one mile and a third), passing by porphyry of silicious base *in situ* on a point close to our route on the east.

We now gain access to Gunflint Lake (six miles and a third by two miles) by two sets of narrows and rapids, altogether three miles long.

Gunflint Lake often takes the name of Red-ground Lake, from the ochrey red gravel with which it abounds, and the ferruginous colour of its basalt. We find on it greenstone porphyry in lofty hills, with fine olivine or feldspar crystals; most likely a part of the basaltic and cupriferous rocks of Lake Superior.*

Leaving this lake we descended to the still larger lake, Keseganaga, by a series of five small basins (or lakes) and narrows; the whole twelve miles long, and often the seat of rough rapids,—the scenery of hills, shattered rocks, and turbulent waters being savage in the extreme, especially at the portage of the Wooden Horse.

The moment we entered this chain of waters, the high table-lands, the cliffs, the rich vegetation of a basaltic district, the regular outlines of the lakes, the absence of islands, were exchanged for

* We found puddingstone on the Grand Portage, and the silicious porphyry of Gros Cap, Lake Superior, in West Lake.

a naked country of granite, in mounds, either piled one upon another or single (low, perhaps), and surrounded by wide marshes; the prevailing tints of the country being red and dark grey; the former from the granite or gneiss, and the latter from the admixture of scorched pines and young poplars everywhere filling the eye.

There are several very fine cascades in these twelve miles, almost rivalling the best in the Canadas. The occasional rapids were so strong and billowy as to shake the canoe severely.

On the Height of Land one of our *voyageurs* was seized with inflammation of the bowels, which bleeding, &c. subdued only for a time,—being reproduced by the roughness of the waters. The man's agony and exhaustion were extreme. We were, therefore, exceedingly glad to see, on entering Lake Keseganaga, a large wigwam, on a marshy point, belonging to a well-known old Indian named Frisée. He had two or three strong sons and three or four daughters and daughters-in-law, and their children, all looking brown and fat, although said to be starving.

Frisée willingly received the sick man, but said that both hunting and fishing had failed them; that his young men had been out four days and had only killed two rabbits. The *voyageur*, he said, must be content with family fare.

And on landing I was not a little disturbed by seeing two men and a woman, at the entrance of the wigwam, feeding with their fingers, out of a tub, on the unwashed entrails of a rabbit, and wiping their hands, when they had done, on their own heads or on the back of a dog.

There was no help for it—stay our man must; so Mr. Astronomer Thompson prepaid Frisée one-half of the proposed reward in tobacco and coarse blue cloth, promising the remainder on our return to receive our man again. I gave some yards of tape and of scarlet and yellow riband to the girls, who are very fond of such things.

To our friend we gave tobacco and biscuit. He was content to stay, and nodded languidly to his comrades as they stepped into the canoe. When we had begun to move through the water I looked back, and saw behind the wigwam the children with my riband, cut into short pieces, tied in their hair. They were scampering and screaming with joy like little furies. Indian children are treated with great indulgence.

Lake Keseganaga, down which we are now moving, is much larger than any we have yet seen; and pass along its length (fourteen miles). It is very irregular in shape, and derives its name from being full of islands. Its south shore displays three ranges of heights;—first, the green

slopes at the water's edge; secondly, a thinly-wooded purplish-red ridge; and thirdly, behind it, a blue line of hills, still higher, and visible along all this side of the lake.

Its outlet is a river of the same name, which flows into Hudson's Bay by Lake Sturgeon of the New Route.

Here we saw two bears (where the Indians had seen none); one was sitting at gaze on a high rock. As soon as he perceived us, he wheeled about, and hurried into the interior.

We met with the other on our return home. What I took to be an old hat floating in a wide expanse of water was declared to be a bear. Bears swim low. Both canoes made for him as fast as we could paddle, and we soon came up with poor Bruin.

Our astronomer took his stand at the bow, and quietly discharged his piece into his neck. The animal gave a loud howl, and rolled about in the bloody water violently, while we struck at him with poles and an axe. So great was the hubbub that I thought we should all have been drowned, for a small birch canoe is the last place to make war in; but the bear being soon stunned and quiet, a *voyageur* laid hold of him by the neck, and we slowly drew him to the shore.

When on dry land, and the water had ran off a little, the bear suddenly revived, stood up and showed fight, but he was so weakened by loss of blood that a few more blows on the head laid him low for ever. He was skinned that evening, and we made three good meals of him. Fresh meat is a luxury those only can estimate who have been living on salt provisions for some time in hot, steaming woods.

We saw but few bears this summer, but in that of 1824 the party met with nearly twenty, owing probably to a new distribution of food making fruit or fish more plentiful here than elsewhere.

Leaving Lake Keseganaga, we again found ourselves among basaltic hills and marshes; and after a couple of carrying-places, passing down Cypress Lake (five? miles long), and its near neighbour, Knife Lake (nine miles and a half long).

The soil of these portages is two-thirds primitive gravel, the rest sand and brown clay.

On Knife Lake I saw a cypress whose bark had been stripped by lightning from top to bottom, in a spiral three inches broad. I have seen other trees so treated.

A succession of rapids, closely shrouded in foliage, sometimes violent (and an expanse, some-

J. J. B. del.

R. Young sc.

Outlet of Lake Boisblanc South Hudson's Bay

times called Carp Lake), bring us into Boisblanc Lake (fifteen miles long.—Mackenzie), so called from its producing bass-wood.

Its many islands, high and well-wooded shores, with pretty beaches of yellow sand, render it very picturesque. We passed a wintering-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, consisting of two or three comfortable huts on a cape.

Boisblanc Lake is very crooked, and resembles the letter Z in shape. I found here the *Etheria exitiosa*, the destroyer of peach-trees, as determined by Say of Philadelphia; but I saw no peach-trees.

On our return home in autumn through this lake we espied a canoe rounding a point to enter one of its deep bays. Being then very short of provisions we hastened after it, and found it in company with four others, all filled with Indians. They could only sell us some strips of dried deer's flesh, each a yard long and four or five inches broad. It looked like thick, red leather; but our men were glad of it to thicken their soup. While this purchase was going on, the gentle breeze drove a canoe full of women alongside of mine. As we rocked on the wave, the women fixed their eyes with wonderment upon me sewing on a button. The needle having an eye, and carrying the thread

along with it, caused many a low, soft note of surprise; but when I presented a needle and some thread to each of the dark ladies, they were delighted. Although their prattle was unintelligible to me, not so their thankful eyes.

A series of violent rapids and cascades, from three to five miles long, now follow, with their portages. Of the first, the reader is presented with a view. At the lower end of one of these rapids there is an interesting relic of ancient Indian warfare in a hollow pile of stones, five feet broad by six long. It is now only three feet high, and has an aperture in the side, by which the rapids below may be watched. Each stone of the ground-tier (granite and gneiss) would require the united strength of three or four men to move it. Under this shelter, in days now gone by, the Chippewas, or Wood Indians, used to watch for their invaders, the Sioux of the plains,—a race of horsemen and warriors living principally on buffalo.

We next came to a narrow of still water, the entrance in fact of Lake Croche (crooked), about twenty miles long. This narrow is walled in by high precipices of shattered granite, beautifully striped downwards by broad bands of white, yellow, red, green, and black stains (vegetable). Until lately, the arrows shot by the Sioux, during

a conflict at this spot, might be seen, sticking in the clefts of the rocks.

Seven miles from the upper end of the lake, the passage is almost closed by large blocks and bowlders; but not far from thence, westerly, the lake widens, and becomes diversified by fine islands, and an occasional high white hummock on the main. Some square masses of bleached rock dotting the shore made me think I beheld a Canadian village.

In the middle of the lake, where the islands were thickest, we shot past a pretty and unexpected sight.

We saw, sitting before a conical wigwam, a handsome, comfortably-dressed young Indian and his wife at work, a child playing with pebbles on the shore, and a fox-like dog keeping watch. There they sat, fearless and secure. When they saw us they only nodded and laughed. It occurred to me that many an Englishman might envy them.

Heathen though they be, the greatest affection often obtains between husband and wife. An Indian and his wife, I was informed, hunting alone on the plains, were met by a war-party of the Sioux. They endeavoured to escape, but the poor woman was overtaken, struck to the ground, and scalped.

Seeing this, the husband, although at this

time beyond either the balls or arrows of the Sioux, turned, and, drawing his knife, rushed furiously upon them, to revenge the death of his wife, even at the inevitable sacrifice of his own life; but he was shot before he reached the foe. This occurred not long ago.

After some sharp currents along narrows, and the picturesque Iron Lake (three miles and two-thirds across), we arrive at the Pewarbic, or Bottle Portage, and Lake Lacroix. (See Plate.)

The Lake of the Cross is thirty-four miles long by eighteen wide, according to Mackenzie. According to our survey, it contains 260 islands, often pine-tufted with rushy sides, besides rocks innumerable.

Its shores are extremely capricious in their outlines, and often bare and high. The Indians have names for most of the localities, but we could seldom procure them.

Wild rice grows so abundantly and fine on the south shore of Lake Lacroix that we sometimes could hardly push our canoes through it. Its water-lilies are superb, much the finest I have seen. They are about the size of a dahlia, for which they might be taken. They are double throughout, every row of petals diminishing by degrees, and passing gradually from the purest white to the highest lemon-colour. There is in

J.J.B del. R. Young sc.

Lake Sacrosia from the Pewarbic Portage

the neighbouring lakes a variety, wholly bright yellow.

A few miles from the Pewarbic Portage, on an island near the south main, there are the remains of a round tower, or defensive building of some sort, twenty-seven feet in diameter. It was erected by the Indians, and commands a wide view of expanses and woody isles.

The new or Dog-River route, from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods, enters Lake Lacroix on its north-east side by the River Maligne, and thenceforwards is the same as the old route.

The large River Lacroix (the outlet) leaves the lake on its north-west side, and finds its way into Lake Namaycan. We ascended it on our return home, entering from a small, quiet bay in Lake Namaycan, full of reeds and water-lilies, its shores lined with long grass and fine young oaks: but when once in the river all is romantic—that is, beautiful and dangerous.

This stream is a chain of vehement rapids and still waters; the former pent up in high walls of black basalt, from thirty to sixty yards apart, and crowned with pines; the latter, wide, full of marshy islets, rushes, and lilies. It is twelve or fifteen miles long—more, perhaps—and leaves

Lake Lacroix by a series of pretty cascades and rapids.

Two miles up the river from Namaycan the rapids were hardly practicable. We therefore unloaded, and scrambled over the tangled cliffs for a considerable distance, using the tow-rope to the canoes. But good and new as the tow-rope was, the strain was too great; it broke, and away went the first canoe down the heaving, foaming rapid, ten miles an hour, our two men in her escaping by miracle almost.

Just as a bend of the river took our distressed people out of sight, looking up the stream, we saw a long spear erect in the water, and riding rapidly towards us. This I could not at all understand; but in a moment or two there darted down the current, from an upper bend, a canoe in full pursuit, one Indian at the bow, standing aloft on the thwarts, spear in hand; another was guiding. In striking a large fish, it had wrenched the weapon from the hand of the spearsman.

This river is unfit for commercial purposes, a fact we had to verify, because other formidable rapids, as well as cascades, are met with beside this. The falls near Lake Lacroix are pleasing.

We slept on the lake-shore, just above the portage, and had to complain of the singular cry

of the whip-poor-will all night, in a tree close to us, screaming into our ears his unhappy, reproachful notes, without a moment's cessation. This bird, the *Caprimulgus vociferus* of naturalists, is not often seen so far north as this. It breeds in Louisiana, and is nocturnal in its habits. Its food consists of winged insects.

In a wood close by, which had lately been fired, I found a beautiful tomahawk-hatchet. I took it in return for many little valuables left behind in our twilight morning starts.

But we must return to our outward journey. We entered Lake Namaycan by the Loon's Narrow (Mangshe-pawnac), by Vermillion Lake (so named from a paint found there), and finally by subsequent channel choked with aquatic plants.

There is a fur-collecting post on Lake Vermillion, where the scenery, though sometimes bold, is on the whole softer and more fertile than is common in gneiss districts. Encamping on a greensward, we were glad to catch a few fish for supper.

Of Lake Namaycan, I shall only say that it is about twenty miles long in a north-west direction, singularly broken up into bays and inlets. It resembles in its general aspects the granite lakes of the old route. We were cheered by noticing five wigwams at an open, pleasant-looking spot.

We gained admittance into the much larger lake Lapluie (or Rainy), by a short portage near the mouth of the River Namaycan. This stream is short, and runs through a wild rice country.

We had here the pleasure of shaking hands with our friends the American portion of the Commission. They had surveyed along the new route up to that point from Fort William.

We spent fourteen days in Rainy Lake, and had fine weather all the time, two days excepted.

As neither map nor description of Rainy Lake has been as yet published, a few pages will now be devoted to its topography. (*Vide* Map of Route, vol. i.)

We went carefully round it, and found the sum of our courses to be 294 miles, in which measurement small curvatures are not taken into account. We also counted 516 islands, small and great, besides mere rocks, and others which we did not see.

Its length along the south shore from the River Namaycan to the River Lapluie, taken direct by compass from the map we constructed (one inch to one geographical mile), is thirty-eight and a half statute miles. The traveller would of course find it longer.

From the same river Namaycan to the bottom of either of the two gulfs, horns, or arms, the

distance, similarly marked off, is fifty statute miles.

Its breadth varies from three to thirty-one miles, the former occurring about the middle of the south shore, and the latter being taken from Black Bay (south shore) to Spawning River in the north-east arm.

Captain Lefroy, R.A., of the Toronto Observatory, makes this lake to be 1160 feet above the level of the sea, from a mean of many observations by barometer and boiling water. Of its depth I know nothing.

The south shore of this lake, compared with the others, is straight. It has one large promontory, and three principal bays — Wapes-kartoo, Cranberry, and Black.

Wapes-kartoo is the first on the east; it does not call for any remark.

Cranberry Bay takes its name from the delicious fruit which it affords. Rather more than half a mile from its east angle and near the main lies Maypole Island, a favourite sleeping-place of *voyageurs*. It may be distinguished by a tall pine-tree trimmed into a Maypole.

Black Bay is a shallow, swampy water, from three to four miles in diameter, with a narrow entrance, and full of rice, rushes, and water-lilies.

The Grand Détroit on the south shore, called by the Indians Wabash-gaundaga, is formed by a lengthened group of islands and the main. It is nine miles long; its east end being near and east of Black Bay. It is part of the canoe route to the Lake of the Woods. One of these islands, on which we encamped, abounded in wild onions, which, although small and hard, were excellent in the long-boiled soup of our *voyageurs*.

Close to Black Bay, on a pebble beach, we saw a lynx standing to look at us. It looked like a tall, gaunt shepherd dog, with dirty white fur and prick ears, with pretty tufts at their ends. Our interpreter fired at it, but missed. The prudent beast did not wait for a second shot. Near Perch River, on this shore, five or six miles west of the River Namaycan, we were preparing our night-camp, when a black and white animal, with a rich fur, called a skunk (*Mephitis Americana*), rushed by not far from us. "In a few minutes," one of the men said to me, "you will know more about that handsome fellow:" and so it was. A most abominable stench gradually infected the air, and lasted about an hour.

The east shore of the lake from the River Namaycan is tolerably straight (for this lake) for eighteen miles, when we meet with a bay seven miles across at its mouth, and nine miles deep,

in a north-eastern direction. I have called it Seine Bay, from the name of a large river at its bottom.*

The north-east horn or arm commences in the centre of the north shore of the lake, with which it communicates by a pass only a few yards broad. The main shores are not a thousand yards apart, and the interval is greatly lessened by islands.

It is a labyrinth, twenty-two miles long, of sounds, bays, and coves—here in broad sheets of water—there thickly studded with islands, woody, but seldom high.

The main shores approach very closely in four or five places. One of these, at the foot of an expansion called Otterberry Lake, and about three miles from the entrance, is noted for the passage of bears. The Indians kill many here; but after a time the bears pass by some of the other narrows, having, without doubt, by some means learnt their danger. The bears subsist on berries, bilberries, bears' grapes, &c. which are

* Dining in a strait where the flow of water seems to have always been free, between the rivers Cormorant and Wahschusk, I observed an oval hole (kettle) in the rock, three feet deep, twenty-three inches by sixteen at the top, but gradually narrowing towards the flattened concave bottom. A crack in the side admitted the water of the lake and a few fresh-water shells. There is another on the River Namaycan, which has vase-like sloping lips.

extraordinarily abundant, and in finest flavour when they have passed a winter under snow. Fish is another great resource. One of our men, while strolling up a shallow brook, on a former journey, came upon a bear sitting upon his haunches in the water. Every now and then he landed a fish on the bank, by striking the water sharply with his paw.

I have nowhere seen or read of shores so wrinkled and devious, so full of unexpected bifurcations, closures, and openings, as in this and the neighbouring horn.

The (north-east) horn is remarkable for the pure, smooth, porcelain whiteness of its granite hills, which are often very high, and gleam through their scanty clothing of pine in a beautiful and singular manner, while the dark forests of cypress at their feet greatly heighten the general effect.

At a place where a lofty cascade falls into the lake with a loud roar, this kind of scenery is quite melodramatic. It presents a somewhat new combination of colours in landscape—white rocks, black foliage, and blue lake.

The vegetation in the bottoms is rich in oak, pine, cypress, poplar, and various useful fruits.

In the evening I ascended the hills near this fall, to obtain specimens of the white granite

before-mentioned, as well as to sup upon the large juicy bilberries, which lay on the ground so thick as to be crushed at every step.

On my return, I found a small party of Indians at our camp, with whom we bartered a supper of fine fish for some tobacco and biscuit.

From their leader, "Le Grand Coquin" by name, we procured a rude but very useful map of the adjacent parts of the lake; for every Indian has an accurate knowledge of the district he frequents, together with great facility in map-making. These Indians were too familiar and lengthy in their visit, and more civil than was agreeable.

On the west side of this horn, ten miles from its north end, in a narrow side-bay, four miles long, I found well-characterised prisms of beryl, and in two spots; but I had no time for a careful search for more.

A tempest of wind and rain overtook us in this neighbourhood, and detained us for two days in a pleasant little islet. Our camp was pitched in a dry grove of large cypress-trees, where the time passed agreeably and profitably.

Rainy Lake being near a principal post of the North-west Company, and possessing in itself a variety of resources, we met with more Indians here than in any other lake.

At the eastern angle of the mouth of the north-

east horn, three or four days afterwards, we fell in with a numerous band of Indians, men, women, and children, under a chief with the sinister name of "Two-hearts." They were occupying a quiet cove. As it would have been offensive to pass them by without notice, we landed and exchanged the pipe of peace. Our astronomer, well accustomed to the manners of the Indians, always made a point of treating them with that punctilious decorum they so much love.

After having received a little present of tobacco, and while sitting in friendly conference, Two-hearts said that his people had seen us frequently (we had not seen them), as well as other canoes of pale-faces, holding up pieces of shining metal to the sun.—"Have you suffered wrong from any red man? What is your purpose in rambling over our waters, and putting them into your books?"

Mr. Thompson replied, that we had met with no molestation whatever; that our purpose was to find how far north the shadow of the United States extended, and how far south the shadow of their great father, King George. He added, that the Indians would not be disturbed in any way.

Two-hearts expressed content.

I could not help wishing that the intrusive white might permit this almost extinguished race

to hunt undisturbed, over these bleak wilds, for some time to come; for I am not sure that any change, apart from Christianity, would add to the sum of human happiness.

We have now to speak of the north-west horn.

It occupies the north and north-west side of the lake. It is 21½ miles deep, and is distinguished by the same extreme irregularity of outline, and the same prolonged and devious curvatures, as the north-east horn; but it is usually broader from main shore to main shore, and therefore of greater area. It runs west of, and behind, Fort and River Lapluie.

The land around is lower than that of the north-east horn, is often naked, or has aspens and willows at the water's edge—the interior showing great wastes of grey granite, over which the desolation of fire has passed. It is full of islands.

In this portion of the lake Mr. Astronomer Thompson was taken ill. We rested under a granite hill, while the proper remedies were successfully employed. The weather had been close and sultry in no common degree; the heavens above seemed brass, and the blue lake beneath shone into our faces like a sheet of hot steel.*

* Having broken my thermometer, I do not know the temperature of the water during these days. In shallows it was very

At the mouth of this horn (1500 yards broad), near the part of the lake called Peché, nine miles from Fort Lapluie; we met a merry band of Indian women, alone, gathering early berries from the rocks. We bought some for our men, for the prevention of scurvy.

The islands of Lake Lapluie are counted by thousands—few more than two or three miles long: the mere rough-tracing of their shores would be a great and profitless labour. They do not call for further remark.

It has twelve principal rivers, including Rainy River, besides others, small, and without names.

They are, on the east shore, the Namaycan, Wahschusk, Cormorant (antlers as a guide-post near it), and Seine River (seventy yards wide at

warm. Colonel Delafield favoured me with the following table of temperature, taken in deep waters, two feet below the surface:—

Day of Month.	Place.	Temp. Fahr.
1823. June 26	Lake Superior . .	44°
July 4	Pigeon River . . .	69
16	Outard Lake . . .	72
17	Mountain	72
20	Boisblanc	74
24	Crooked	72
25	Lacroix	72
25	Vermillion Lake . .	75
26	Namaycan	73
28	Lapluie River . . .	70
31	Ditto	72
Aug. 2	Lake Lapluie . . .	72

the mouth). In the north-east horn, Turtle and Spawning Rivers. In the north-west horn, Manitou-saugee (fine falls), Nah-katchiwon (from near White-fish Lake). On the west shore, Little Peché and Lapluie Rivers; and on the south shore, Wah-chusk-wateep-pear, Wapeskartookow, and Perch Rivers. These are of good size, and navigable by canoes.

Mr. Thompson found the magnetic variation to be 11° east, both at the upper parts of the north-east horn (August 5th, 1823), and on the south shore, near Rainy River (August 11). It was 10° east at the mouth of the River Namaycan.

Every one of the series of lakes we have been passing through has its own set of water-levels, from one to five horizontal lines, usually green or yellow, and formed of the surface-scum of the waters, which, by the bye, are almost always of the most excellent quality. The larger the lake, the greater the range of water-lines.

The highest line or level in Lake Lapluie was five feet above that of the time of my visit. This was well seen on the north shore, opposite the Grand Détroit, and in the Peché district.

The Rainy Lake and its vicinity is naturally a good fur country; but its proximity to the United States keeps the stock low, as its commerce cannot be confined to the Hudson's Bay Company.

EXCURSION THE SEVENTH.

PART IV. SECT II.

THE RIVER LAPLUIE AND THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

Fort and River Lapluie—Hudson's Bay Company—Indian Massacre — Lake of the Woods — Murder Rock — War-road River — Driftwood Point — Monument Bay — North-west Corner of the Lake — The Rat Portage — The Nectam — River Winnepeg — Red Cliff Bay — Whitefish Lake — Isle of the Yellow Girl — Portage des Bois — Turtle Portage — The Thunder Bird — River Lapluie.

A THOUSAND years ago, while yet our England was a wolfish den, the silver Trent of the midland counties must have greatly resembled the Lapluie of the present day. I am not sure that the fur trader, an Italian perhaps, had not a hut on its banks; but certainly, at the time we are speaking of, both these streams flowed smoothly and freely in a succession of lovely and sequestered reaches, and through terraced meadows, alternating with rich woods and reedy marshes.

The Lapluie seems made for a pleasure excursion; all is serenity and beauty. The winds can seldom come near, in summer at least; and as to rocks beneath, there are none, save in a very few places, and easily avoided. At the mouth of any of the tributary streams, during most of the open season, a net will secure a supper—nay, I am told that sometimes the canoe can hardly get along from the number of fish. In the autumn the gun will bring down a score of pigeons, a wild duck, or a swan.

We entered the River Lapluie on the 14th day of July by the rapids at its head (120 yards broad) in two sets, the upper caused by a low, rocky isle, the lower by a greenstone ledge. Having passed these without difficulty, we arrived in a basin 1300 yards wide, but soon contracting again.

Two miles and a half then brought us to the Cataracts. These are two, a higher and a lower. The first descends ten feet, and the second twenty feet, with a boisterous interval of fifty yards.

A few hundred yards below this last cascade, within the hearing of its roar, is the Hudson's Bay fort, Lapluie. It is on the north bank of the river, a cleared, alluvial terrace, fifty feet above the water.

The fort is a set of timber dwelling-houses, stores, stabling, &c., forming a hollow square, protected by strong picketing and heavy gates. Near to these last is a small hole in the picket, through which to pass articles in unsafe times. High above all is a wooden platform, ascended by a ladder, and used as a look-out.

The fort is quite safe from a coup-de-main of the Indians, but at present there is no fear of any such event.

We were cordially received by Dr. M'Loughlin, the Governor, a chief factor of great energy and experience. He has since been several years Governor of Fort Vancouver, on the River Columbia, and has taken a leading part in founding the city of Oregon. He is the same gentleman whose narrow escape from drowning in Lake Superior I have noticed.

Our fare in the Fort was primitive — chiefly damper (scorched balls of dough), potatoes, and fish, wine, coffee, and tea. We partook of the same food as our hosts, and were thankful; but I was rather surprised that the fat meadows about did not produce beef and mutton. I well remember, gourmands as we were, that we left the fort purposely before twelve o'clock, on our way down the river, and dined on our own more sub-

stantial fare on an island out of sight, some hundred yards below. Our life-errant in the open air for months had given us ravenous appetites.

Walking out, the morning after our arrival, with Mr. W. M'Gillivray, the Lieut.-Governor, I saw on the opposite side of the river some buildings, and a tall, shabby-looking man, angling near the falls. I asked my companion what all that meant. He replied, "The two or three houses you see form a fur-trading post of John Jacob Astor, the great merchant of New York. The man is one of his agents. He is fishing for a dinner. If he catch nothing he will not dine. He and his party are contending with us for the Indian trade. We are starving them out, and have nearly succeeded."

The expedients for preventing a rival from entering a rich fur country are sometimes decisive. Every animal is advisedly exterminated, and the district is ruined for years.

Permit me here, as perhaps the most proper place, to state the conclusion I came to respecting the treatment of the Indians by the Hudson's Bay Company.

They are based upon the personal knowledge (limited, indeed) which I acquired at the several stations we passed through, and still more upon extensive inquiries made of persons acquainted with the distant stations.

Where I state what I saw I expect to be believed, whatever others may have seen at other times and in other places. My opinions and inferences must be taken for what they are worth.

I have no connexion with the Hudson's Bay Company, and do not know by sight any individual belonging to it.

My conviction is, that their sway is a great blessing to the Indians. True it is, however, that it might readily be made more so, because there are important errors of detail capable of removal. The whole, almost boundless, region under their management, five millions of square miles, is at peace. None of those slaughters *en masse*, or solitary murders, that are now of daily occurrence along the western border of the United States, from the Valley of the Saskatchawine to the frontiers of Mexico, take place within the territories of this Company, or with extreme rareness.

Within their dominions every man's life, family, and goods, are safe. Order and ready obedience everywhere prevail.

A man's ability in the occupations peculiar to the country is known, and he is treated, I have every reason to believe, with tolerable fairness. He knows that his reward is at hand, and certain, though small, for the Company are prompt paymasters.

When distress from famine, sickness, inundations, or any other public calamity, arises, the Company steps forth to assist, and expects no return. When its hunters are worn out, they and their young families are provided for as a recompense for past services. It is the interest as well as the duty of this corporate body of merchants so to treat the natives, but this cannot be done by private traders in the midst of competition, and only thinking of the gain of the day.

The result is, that the Indians of Hudson's Bay are not decreasing, although they are, and rapidly, in the southern latitudes, under much more favourable natural circumstances. To be stout, or even fat, and in good humour, was the rule among the Indians we met with. The ravening, meagre figures, who loiter about the sea-board towns of America, the modern representatives of the "masterless man" of the middle ages, we rarely or never saw.

These are great facts. My feeling, therefore, is, that the Hudson's Bay Company ought to possess the exclusive privilege of trading with the Indians dwelling in this portion of North America now under consideration, and that to deprive them of it would be, on the part of Parliament, a step most impolitic, and followed instantaneously by disorder, crime, and misery.

I am confirmed in this opinion by the nature of

these territories, their distance from human inspection and authority, by the ignorance inconsequence, irritability and waywardness of the Indians, ever the victim and sport of their own wild passions.

I hardly need here observe that it is the duty of the Company, as speedily as possible, to remove this state of pupillage, and not to allow it to subsist as an excuse for keeping these aborigines in bondage.

To throw open the fur trade would inevitably do away with every present advantage, and would render impossible all attempts at religious and social improvement.

This vast region, hidden from all eyes, would be filled with unprincipled and daring adventurers, looking only to the gain of the moment, and rivalling each other in violence and libertinism.

A few years would see the extermination both of the fur-bearing animals and of the natives themselves.

The murderous contentions, which have not been put down many years,* would be renewed

* It was only in 1848 that the Cree Indians residing near Fort Pitt, on a branch of the Saskatchawine in the Hudson's Bay territories, massacred a party of nineteen Blackfeet Indians, who happened to approach too near their camp.—*Ch. Miss. Record, Feb.* 1850.

This must be a very unusual event, and, it is hoped, has met with due punishment.

under new captains, with the Indian onslaught,—"fear in front and death in the rear,"—as of old; scenes of which I took many notes from the lips of the traders: but man was not created to furnish incidents for the novelist, nor a gallery of battles for Versailles.

One such story, I think, may not be out of place here.

In picturesque barbarity, it is such as Walter Scott might have told of a clan of Scottish Highlanders in the fourteenth century. It only happened in 1810, and exemplified the misrule then prevailing in the Indian countries.

I was dining one day as usual in the canoe, on Lake Superior, when an old *voyageur* began to tell the tale to his next neighbour; but hearing it imperfectly, I asked the astronomer about it. He said it was all true, and happened when he was in the vicinity.

Twenty Iroquois and four white men had hunted unsuccessfully the Lake of the Woods, the Winnepeg River and Lake, and high up the River Saskatchawine.

They then heard that there was game on the Bow River, a southern feeder of the Saskatchawine.

Mr. Hughes and other traders, living at a fort some fifty miles from the Bow country, entreated

these hunters not to go there; but they were all brave, experienced, *and poor;* so they went.

Soon after they appeared on the rolling meadows (with here and there a patch of poplars or alders), of which the district consists, the lawful occupants residing near a cascade, and therefore called the Fall Indians, fell in with the newcomers.

After counsel taken, it was resolved either to make the strangers pay tribute for their hunt, or drive them away. "This," said they, "may be only the first of many such bands. We shall be devoured."

They now sent two spies to the Iroquois camp, who reported twenty-four determined men, armed to the teeth.

A week or two afterwards, no offence in the interval having been given or taken, twenty-five or thirty Falls entered the camp of the newcomers, which was pitched on a creek bordered with balsam-poplars, with their muskets charged with powder only—*not with ball,* be it remembered.

They came with professions of amity, and had a long talk—whether payment for their trespass was agreed upon, or what other proffers and promises were made—is not known, but all parties became so kindly and confidential, that the Fall Indians ventured to remind the Iroquois, that it was an

old custom in the plains for friends to change guns. All started to their feet; and the exchange was instantly made, when the Falls stepping back a pace or two, each shot his man. All fell dead or mortally wounded, except two whites and an Iroquois.

The latter ran off, but was followed and killed.

A chief tried hard to save the whites—to make a present of them to Bras Croche (the *nom de guerre* of Mr. Alexander M'Donald, a favourite trader), at a fort some miles distant.

He obtained a reluctant and imperfect consent to their lives being spared, and the party set off for the fort.

But the chief made the whites walk immediately before him, and close behind some of his young men.

One of the whites, an elderly man, as they were trudging on, wished to go aside for some temporary purpose. "No," said his protector; "if you do, you die." The man, however, perhaps from not knowing exactly what was said to him, stepped out of the line of march, and was in a moment shot dead.

The chief then wrapped his blanket closer about him and called out, "Young men, it is not worth while going to the fort with one white; the shriek of the Blackfeet may perhaps be even now heard

in our village, and the scalps of our wives already borne away." The last of the twenty-four did not live five minutes more. The Indians wheeled round, and went full trot home.

In 1815 the unauthorised and wicked subordinates of the North-west Company shot down like carrion birds seventeen unarmed men (one an officer of Scotch Fencibles), belonging to Lord Selkirk, in a grass-field at the Red River Settlement.

The best endeavours of the Government of the United States are now put forth in vain to prevent the robberies and wholesale murders resulting from unrestrained intercourse between the white and red races of men; and this because they employ troops and diplomatic agents instead of an exclusive trading company under the inspection of public officers.

I must now state, that at the Hudson's Bay posts I visited rum did not appear to be the staple article of exchange, neither was it used as a means of throwing the Indian off his guard.

Some was given, perhaps, because the southern boundary line was near, on which less scrupulous rivals had stations. Doubtless, too, rum is distributed in the Rocky Mountains, because the neighbouring distilleries of Oregon within the limits of the United States are ready to supply ardent spirits to all comers.

The great bulk of the trade lay in necessaries, blankets, gunpowder, lead, knives, guns, cooking-pots, pomatum,* &c.

Lord Lincoln, in the parliamentary session of 1849, made a speech (most probably a mere party speech), in which he complained that 7000 gallons of rum were consumed here in 1847. But what is this in so rigorous a climate, and in so vast a region? A single London gin-shop distributes as much in the same time (18 gallons a-day). There are 200 fur-stations and their outposts to be supplied, and not only natives, but the Company's servants.

I am aware, as Col. Crofton (lately resident at the Red River Settlement) has said, that the sale of spirits was at one time totally prohibited by a general order. The circumstances which have led to its partial resumption I do not know.

So earnest in the cause of temperance have the Hudson's Bay Company been, that they stipulated, in a recent treaty with the Russian Association of Fur Traders, for the total disuse in trade of ardent spirits in their territories.

I am persuaded that the influence of this Com-

* Pomatum is, or was lately, a favourite medicine among the Indians, taken in scruple doses, and sovereign in many cases. Why not?

pany is actively used on the side of morality. At the forts I observed great order, sobriety, and economy, with a marked cheerfulness in the faces of all, save in those, perhaps, of one or two old clerks, who thought they had not met with due preferment.

There were no outward and visible improprieties. As in India, a better social tone has arisen in these wastes, and it will soon receive a new impulse.

Little or nothing has been done until lately by the Hudson's Bay Company, as a body, for the Christian instruction of the Indians, but some of their servants have made isolated efforts. The East India and New Zealand Companies have done as little.

What has been effected is almost wholly due to the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies of England. But a fairer prospect is now opening upon these countries in the enlightened labours of the excellent Bishop Anderson, who has just arrived at the Red River Settlement, which may be called the capital of Rupert's Land. It is to be hoped that he will be the vigilant and fearless protector of the red race in their best interests, temporal and spiritual. But I fear he can do but little with a flock sprinkled in scores on spots in

an arctic climate from 100 to 500 miles apart, and whose subsistence requires continual change of abode.

A nomade population like that of the Plains and Rocky Mountains require at present less a principal shepherd than a number of under-pastors, to watch over the Indians with that incessant and minute personal care which they especially need—a care which must descend to the smallest details of general life.

It seems to me that the will of the testator who provided the funds for this new bishopric (a great boon) would have been more truly and beneficially carried out, if one of the clergymen now at the Red River — such as the Rev. Mr. Cockran, an experienced and able labourer in this mission— had been made an archdeacon, with an increased salary for travelling expenses; and the rest of the noble legacy had been expended, for twenty years to come, on one or two additional missionaries, and on schoolmasters and catechists. At present a solitary bishop absorbs the whole, living in a small group of villages with a population of perhaps 3000 — Wesleyans and Roman Catholics in great numbers, as well as Episcopalians, and 1000 and 2000 miles apart from important portions of his charge.

The inhabitants of Rupert's Land certainly

submit to many grievances, but to none without remedy, or of sufficient moment to call for a withdrawal of the charter.

Of these I will only mention the exorbitant and almost incredible price of European goods, of which the Company, directly or indirectly, has the monopoly. A cotton handkerchief, perhaps worth a shilling in England, costs in Hudson's Bay 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; and all other articles in proportion, according to the tariff furnished by the Company to Mr. Murray for his account of British North America; thirty-three per cent on the prime cost being at the same time sufficient to cover the expenses of transit.

The Company is accused of being averse to colonization: and it may be so, any further than is necessary to support their stations. Their business is to buy and sell furs — not to promote emigration. As for colonizing their territories east of the Rocky Mountains at present, the idea is preposterous. A large part is irremediably barren, consisting of vast deserts of sand, gravel, and bowlders, of rocky, moss-covered barrens, immense lakes and morasses. Most of it is from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and exposed to the full force of the arctic cold. Within the last three years Fahrenheit's thermometer has stood at 50° below zero at the Red River settle-

ment, close to the south frontier, where, nevertheless, the short, hot summer, sometimes abundantly rewards the cultivator of the rich soil around.

Let the fertile lands of New Brunswick and Upper Canada, &c., first be occupied and subdued.

To proceed with our voyage down the River Lapluie.

Its descent took up two delightfully placid days, although aided by its always sensible and often strong current.

It is estimated to be eighty-five miles long, and runs westerly, with considerable bends, however, north and south, through a level country. Nothing like a *hill* is ever seen, but one, where there is a small hummock of sienite.

Vegetation is everywhere abundant; the trees —elm, basswood, oak, pine, birch, and poplar— are often large and healthy. Usually they are mixed; but we often sail by a single species of tree for a mile together, according to the nature of the soil.

I am informed that these fine woods do not extend far back from the river, the land generally sinking into swamps.

The meadows (sometimes deserted clearances)* are loaded profusely with strong tall grasses and

* As to settling on this river, many things are desirable besides fertility. The drawbacks here are overpowering. They are, a long

flowers. I had difficulty in making my way for a mile through one of these, near the Long Sault Rapids. I was sometimes up to my shoulders in grass.

About nine miles above the entrance of the river into the Lake of the Woods willows begin to abound, and then we enter extensive marshes of tall reeds and rushes, which gradually become broader, until the dry banks of the river and their hard wood are out of sight, and we finally are sailing over the shallows of the lake.

Excepting the marshy districts just mentioned, the banks of the Lapluie are alluvial, with one or two terraces behind, from twenty to fifty feet high.

Although there is some black loam, the soil in general is a mixture of grey clay, sand, yellow limestone grit, and decomposed vegetation, well seen opposite Little Fork River.

We just see enough of the rocks of this district to show that it is most probably (or certainly) underlaid by horizontal yellow limestone (Silurian), resting on sienite and greenstone.

During the first four miles below Fort Lapluie

and severe winter, total want of society, and of the means of education, dearness of many necessaries, and insecurity of life and property. The Lapluie is a frontier river, and therefore liable to devastation in the time of war.

the north shore is lined with a breccia of primitive pebbles in a calcareous cement. The beaches and banks are everywhere strewn with masses of limestone, some of them more than a ton in weight; and this especially near the Lake of the Woods. They must be *in situ*, or very near, and have been split up by the thaws and frosts of spring.

The water of the River Lapluie is excellent, and very clear, except near the mouths of tributary streams, where it is discoloured by the clays or ferruginous matters over which the latter have flowed.

The river ranges in breadth from 200 to 400 yards, until we come to within fifteen miles of its mouth, when the width gradually increases, until we come down to the marshes already spoken of.

Contractions, however, take place at the only two rapids which occur below the fort.

The first is the Manitou Rapid, from thirty to thirty-five miles below the Hudson's Bay post, at a rocky narrow. They are not long, but violent, and include one short slant of from eighteen to twenty-four inches perpendicular, succeeded by billows, eddies, and back-water. Our tow-rope broke on our return at the sharpest spot, and the canoe with her men were all but lost (*timor—pallor*).

The Long Sault Rapid is seven or eight miles lower down, and is two miles and a half long—

powerful but variable. They are caused in one part by an island; in others, by a narrowing of the river-bed, by shallows, and drift-wood.

There are twelve islands—small, woody, single, or in pairs.

Sable Island, at the mouth, is five and a half miles long, and made up of sand-hillocks and granite-mounds. It bears willows and aquatic plants.

The rivers entering the Lapluie are large, and often very long.

The principal are eight in number. The first from above enters from the south, and is called the Little Fork. A Canadian named Roy has cleared the east side of its mouth, and built a house. An extensive meadow is all the farm I saw; but I did not land.

I understand that the Wesleyan Missionary Society has established a mission here under Mr. Peter Jones, a converted Indian.

Judging from what I saw of him in England a few years ago, he is well qualified for the work. As the number of tractable Indians within reach is here great, and as the means of support are easily obtained, I am sorry that excellent society did not send to this place a regular mission-staff, as explained in p. 322, vol. i.

Such is the only true method of doing extensive

and permanent good; but I suppose they desired to proceed cautiously.

The next is the Valley River, coming in from the north (?), hemmed in by very high banks, but which, as we proceed up it, subside into marshes filled with diminutive spruce. The mosquitoes were unusually distressing at this place.

Three miles lower down we come to the Great Fork. It enters from the south, and comes from near Lake Cassina, once supposed to be the source of the Mississippi, and six or eight days' journey from hence. This stream is one hundred yards wide at its mouth, with high woody banks on one side and swamps on the other. Three miles further down we meet, on the south bank, with the Black River, both large and long.

Near the head of the Long Sault Meadows, seven miles below the rapid of that name, the Oak River enters amid a grove of oaks growing on high banks.

Next we have Rapid River, on the south bank, flowing in from a circular basin edged with grass. The river leaps into the basin by a cascade, beyond which we see high walls bounding a fierce rapid.

A few miles downwards bring us to Steep Bank River; and then, at an interval of two miles, we come to the River Baudet, called by the Indians, "The River of the Bitter Side of the Ribs." It is

at the mouth from 100 to 130 yards broad, much choked with rushes and grass. I have been induced to set down these topographical details so fully, because I do not know where else they can be had.

We now enter the Lake of the Woods with pleased and inquisitive eyes; but before proceeding further it will be well to make a few brief observations on its leading features.

The Lake of the Woods is not so much one body of water as three, connected by short straits, through which either ships or canoes can freely pass. They are very different in size, shape, and aspect. The southern division is aptly named by the Indians "The Lake of the Sand Hills," or "Parpequa-wungar;" the northern is called by them the "Lake of the Woods," or "Kaminitik;" and the eastern, "Whitefish Lake." With its Indian appellation I am not acquainted.

The two first-named, taken together, run northerly, and are 400 miles in circumference. We made their circuit in ten long, laborious summer days.

The Lake of the Sand Hills, from which Rainy River proceeds, is by far the largest, being seventy-seven statute miles wide, from east to west, near the parallel of Reed River; its greatest length from Rainy River to Lake Kaminitik, at

the narrows, being fifty-one miles; and it is thirty-two miles across from Rainy River to its northern shore,—a great promontory soon to be mentioned.

It is extremely irregular in shape. Four-fifths of its surface is wholly, or nearly, free from islands; but it has very many on the east and north. Other particulars will come out in the course of our voyage.

It is divided on the north from the Lake of the Woods, as named by the Indians, by a very large, oblong promontory, but which is so hemmed in by Whitefish Lake that it is nearly an island. This promontory is thirty miles long from its base near Whitefish Lake, and advances westward to within six miles of the western shore of the lake, there meeting two large islands, which occupy most of the interval. It is twenty miles broad near Whitefish Lake, and fourteen near its west end, a few miles east of Portage des Bois, a carrying-place, created by a singular meeting of two deep, narrow cul-de-sacs, one on each side of the promontory; which makes the commercial route from the Rainy River to the north end of the Lake only seventy-five or eighty miles.

The northern and upper division of the Lake of the Woods, called Kaminitik, is an irregular oblong twenty-four miles in length northerly. Its greatest breadth of twenty-eight miles occurs at the

deep inlet called Dryberry Bay; but its average breadth is from ten to twelve miles.

Of Whitefish Lake, the little we know is found a few pages onwards.

These bodies of water are interesting in their characters, but very dissimilar.

The Lake of the Sand Hills resembles a lagoon in Holland, in its shallow waters and low, sandy shores of regular outline, belted with pines, willows, reeds, and rice plants.

The Lake Kaminitik is a maze of rocky islets and deep sounds, like the gneiss lakes we have passed through; while Whitefish Lake wears the general features of the basalt lakes of the old route.

The map which accompanies these pages has been reduced from the large one (one inch to two geographical miles), constructed by order of the Boundary Commission, the present Secretary for Foreign Affairs having very liberally allowed me access to it in the archives of the Foreign Office.

It is not from trigonometrical survey, but made by fixing fifteen principal points on the lake at about equal distances from each other, by observations for latitude and longitude, and then filling up the intervals by compass and log or estimate, —our rate of going having been found to be 120 yards per minute, or rather less than four miles per hour. A degree of accuracy is thus attained,

quite sufficient for practical purposes. To have attempted more would have incurred useless delay and expense.

As the Lake of the Woods is of importance in a national point of view, as the point of departure westward of a great boundary line, and is a portion of the route from the Canadas to the Red River settlement, the Buffalo Plains, and the regions beyond, and as it has never been circumnavigated either before or since, it may be well to bestow a few pages on its topography.

Having advanced a few hundred yards out of the River Lapluie, if we look into the Lake of the Sand Hills we have on the west open waters, with a few black spots marking so many emerged rocks; no shore is visible in that direction;—it has sunk under the horizon. In front (north) there is a compact belt of woody islands from fifty to a hundred feet high, and five or six miles off. On the north-east and east the islands are continued, and there is seen a low mainland of sand and hummocks of rock.

We did not pursue the usual commercial route, which runs directly north from the River Lapluie. We were ordered to go round the lake, to discover, if possible, its most north-western corner, and therefore turned off to the west, and kept as

close to the south shore as the shallow waters permitted.

Once fairly launched into the lake, it was perceived that we were in a new region. Two fine fishing-eagles were soaring over our heads, with white bodies and black wings. Hitherto, throughout our whole journeyings, we had noticed very few birds. An hour or two afterwards were observed flights of geese, swans, and a solitary crane or two winging their way to the marshes. Hundreds of small grey gulls were hovering about the solitary mounds that dotted the lake shore. On one of these we landed, and found it so covered with their eggs that we unavoidably crushed them at every step. They proved very acceptable to our men; neither were we too nice to partake of them.

In sailing along, we found the south and southwest borders of the lake to be mere sand-flats and dunes,—the latter capped with small poplars and other stunted trees. All around, landwards and lakewards, were lagoons and marshes.

The lake is extremely shallow,—not more than from eighteen to twenty-four inches deep a mile or more from shore, with a bottom of white clay, sand, or weeds.

Four or five miles from the River Lapluie, the

LAKE
OF THE
WOODS.
KAMINITIK
SAKAHAGAN
OR
LAKE
OF THE
WOODS
THE PROMONTORY
WHITEFISH
LAKE
District of
KREBASKCA
District of
WABEBECA
The Boundary Line
PAR-PE-QUA WUNGARY
SAKAHAGAN
OR
LAKE OF THE SAND-HILLS
Swamps Lagoons
CORNFIELD ISLAND
The 49th Parallel of N. Lat. assumed as the Boundary
from the Lake to the Rocky Mts
MUSKEG BAY
Sand Hills
Swamps and Lagoons
Sand Banks
Reduced from a Map made from actual survey by
David Thompson Astr to the Boundary Commission

shallows begin to be crowded with erratic blocks of great size; one of which, perched upon a granite mound (seventeen miles from Lapluie), must have weighed fifty tons. They line the coast in inconvenient numbers; for, as far as Driftwood Point, there is some difficulty in getting near dry land.

While thus coasting along, about ten miles west of the River Lapluie, an island was pointed out to me in the offing, which ought to be called Murder Rock. It is a mere mound, bare and low, about eighty yards long.

Sixty years ago some Indians there murdered a Roman Catholic missionary and his five or six boatmen. The only favour shown to the poor priest was that of being killed last.

While they were massacreing his people in some deliberately revolting way he kept running up and down the little patch of rock, muttering supplications, less to the savages than to his God.

The lone, wild rock, the foul waters, the wretched morasses around, seemed to fit the deed. The Indians themselves told the story, and were probably punishing the innocent for some bygone wrong committed by others.

In due time we arrived at the bottom of a wide, indented curvature in the south-west shore, and

noted that it gave passage to the Muskeg, or War-road River, — names sufficiently indicative of its character and uses, "muskeg" being the Indian word for "morass."

We then proceeded to encamp near Buffalo Head (see map), the north-west angle of this great bay; and so called from a tradition that a buffalo, or rather a bison, was once killed there, which had strayed from its companions in the great plains, seventy or eighty miles distant.

The War-road River is fifty yards broad at its mouth, and drains the marshes which occupy the interval between this and the Red River of the great plains. It rises in or near Reed Lake (a large and shallow lake communicating with Red River); but although this is the direct route to the settlement on the last-named river, it is only used by the Indians on account of a long and troublesome portage.

The water of the lake had always been greenish from within seven miles of the River Lapluie; but in Muskeg Bay and its neighbourhood, for miles from land, it was filled with dead shad flies and rotting marsh-plants. The paddles moved heavily through it, and it could not be drunk until strained, and then it was turbid and disagreeable.

We slept near Buffalo Head, where the land is

rather higher and drier than elsewhere, and bears some young hardwood trees.

Within a few yards of our encamping-ground was a wintering-house of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which I had great hopes of residing during the coming winter; but as the work was finished sooner than was expected, I was disappointed.

It ought to be mentioned, that red, fawn-coloured, and white limestone, abounding in fine Silurian fossils, are in such large sharp-edged blocks that it must be *in situ* close by, and most probably underlies all this western portion of Sand-hill Lake.

In the Lake Kaminitik we saw no calcareous *débris;* every fragment of rock was primitive.

The next day we proceeded northerly along the skirts of three or four bays, passing Reed River in the first of them, to Driftwood Point, or Cape Embarras, on this west shore; the style of country remaining much the same as in Muskeg Bay.

Driftwood Point is thirty miles direct from the River Lapluie, and is a broad tongue of marsh and shingle, so heaped up with snow-white driftwood as to have received its name from the fact.

Our Indian guide and myself landed, and ran along this beach for two or three miles. He was

a little before me, and disturbed a wolf smelling at a dead fish; and soon after we came upon a lynx standing still, all a-drip with water. My companion fired at him and missed. We heard a plunge into a cove and saw it no more.

Nearly opposite Driftwood Point, and five miles in the offing, is a considerable island, which we call Cornfield Island, for we observed there a little plot of potatoes and beans, about a quarter of an acre, planted by Indians. Upon the whole, these people are discouraged from agricultural efforts, as, while they are necessarily away at some hunting or fishing-ground, the produce is liable to be taken by strangers on travel.

Seven or eight miles north of this, among savannahs, grassy shores, and groups of small larch, we enter a strait between the main and an archipelago of islands, leaving henceforth the shallow expanses of a limestone district for the wrinkled shores and crowds of islands always met with in a primitive district.

We are, in fact, at the south angle of what may be called Monument Bay (three miles across and opposite Shebashca), on whose north-west side is the most north-western corner of the Lake of the Woods, sought for as the termination of the water-line under the seventh article of the Treaty of Ghent, and so determined in 1842 by Lord

Ashburton and Mr. Webster, aided by Dr. Tiarks and other astronomers.*

I am informed at the Foreign Office that a satisfactory conclusion was arrived at by passing an imaginary north-east line (on paper) westwards over the face of the lake, touching and leaving, successively, the curvatures and indentures of the west main-shore, the last touched and most westerly being then assumed to be the most north-western, and the point desired.

This takes place at the bottom of a narrow, marshy cul-de-sac, eight miles and a half deep, at the northern part of the bay across whose mouth we are now passing. It is in north latitude 49° 23′ 55″, and west longitude 95° 14′ 38″. It is 3′ south of the parallel of the Portage des Bois, and 32′ on its west.

A stone monument has been erected to mark the place, two-thirds of a mile from the end of the inlet; perhaps on account of the wetness of the ground at the exact spot.

From this point, according to treaty, a line is carried due south to the 49th parallel of

* Upon this point the original commissioners, Mr. Barclay and General Porter, could not agree. The matter, not being of immediate and pressing importance, was suffered to remain in suspense. It was thought advisable by the British Government, about 1841, that Dr. Tiarks should make a personal inspection of the Lake of the Woods, which he accordingly did.

north latitude, which parallel, from thence to the Rocky Mountains westwards, is the boundary between the two nations concerned.

The boundary-line from the great lakes, and eastward, meanwhile, has been advanced directly hitherwards from Rainy River, and passes at the mouth of and within Monument Bay certain islands, which are numbered on the official list.

Great advantages arise from the adoption of this parallel of latitude, as, with more or less exactness, it runs along the dividing-ridge, the water-shed of the two great hydrographic systems of the Mississippi and of Hudson's Bay. It, therefore, takes away from Great Britain any pretence for entering the waters of the Mexican Gulf from its tributaries, while it excludes the United States from Rupert's Land and its streams. The height of land thus felicitously selected is a natural geographical boundary.

Doubtless in 1783 a better bargain might have been made; which would have placed under British sway the feeders of the Missouri and the rich prairies of Iowa. But have we not as much as we can manage?

Any deviation from this line might have been productive of serious misunderstandings. If removed a few miles to the north, it would have given to the United States the Red River Settle-

ment, while a parallel a little more southerly would have placed a British fort on the Missouri.

Besides the advantages just hinted at, this boundary gives to the United States access to the more valuable furs of the north.

New and arbitrary arrangements were made to obtain this boundary for Central North America, which bear evident marks of the far-sightedness of Dr. Franklin, one of the four American diplomatists employed in concluding the treaty of 1783.

We see that the treaty of 1783 ordered, first, that the water-boundary should end at the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods. Secondly, that from that point a line should drop south on the 49th parallel; and, thirdly, that this intersecting point should be the starting-place of the boundary westwards to the Rocky Mountains.

Now, in the sixth article, the line always pursued the shortest course from the outlet to the head of each lake, leaving, in Lake Huron, the lion's share to Great Britain; but, in the seventh article, this principle is departed from as to Lake Superior, in order that the boundary should leave at the Pigeon River, and so to move along the old route to the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods. This assigns to the United States Isle Royale, a fine island, now the seat of pro-

sperous copper mining, and all the west end of Lake Superior, with a full quarter of its north shore.

To return to our coasting voyage. From Monument Bay, on our route to the Rat Portage, we skirted every bay, and entered sufficiently within them to keep the true main in view.

I have no doubt but that we passed unnoticed several small rivers, because, in a low, woody country, it is not easy to see an entering stream, unless we catch sight of it when fully opposite, or are very near.

We encamped, on the 18th of July, on an islet near the mouth of the River La Platte, from fourteen to sixteen miles south-west of the Rat Portage. It comes from a very large and shallow lake of the same name.

I refer the reader to the map for details respecting this part of the lake. It is full of low islands, usually set thickly together, but sometimes allowing of extensive views around. The main is low, rushy, and grassy, densely planted with oak, spruce, poplar, and larch.

Towards the Rat Portage the country rises, and the scene becomes precisely that of the Thousand Isles on the St. Lawrence below Kingston, so exquisitely beautiful when seen on a calm evening when the shadows are long. We

The Rat Portage – Lake of the Wood.

have the same low cliffs and morsels of rock, the same pines and birch in artistic groupings, the same deep and transparent waters.

In one place, while our canoe was moving through the water rapidly, it received a sudden and startling shock. We had struck upon a sleeping sturgeon, which we traced in the troubled waters making off with all speed.

The Rat Portage, in north latitude 49° 46′ 22″ and west longitude 94° 39′, which leads from the Lake of the Woods into the River Winnepeg, its outlet, we reach by a narrow cul-de-sac, 600 yards long, ending in a grassy swamp, the portage lying between two eminences, naked but for burnt pines, a few cypress trees, and poplars.

This cul-de-sac is 120 yards broad at the portage, and is made offensive and foul by dead insects, the croaking of frogs, and the plague of mosquitoes.

The hill east of the cul-de-sac, 200 feet high, gives an excellent idea of the environs. It embraces the Lake of the Woods and the waters of the Winnepeg. We see from hence that the Portage is a neck of land fifty paces across, between the dirty cove in the lake and a magnificent sheet of water formed by the junction of the Winnepeg with a large river, whose name I could not learn, coming from the west; and the

united stream flowing down a prolonged woody valley. Wild islands of granite stud the west side of this basin, whose shores are high and naked, and backed by three ranges of lofty hills, either bare or covered with bright young verdure.

We were honoured at this place with a visit from the Nectam* of all the Algonquins, the still-acknowledged chief of that wide-spread Indian tribe.

We were at dinner when he was announced as being near. It was thought proper to show him due respect, although he was now only the faded head of a fading race, and in a very different state from that in which the Five Nations demolished every habitation in the island of Montreal, killed a thousand men, and burnt twenty-six alive at a public festival.

The Nectam was almost alone. As he was long in appearing, I could not help going to see what was the matter. After some search I found him in a thick coppice, in the act of being adorned by his wife—a hearty, middle-aged Indian—in the needful braveries, out of a wooden box, the royal wardrobe. Being ashamed of my intrusive tendencies, I retired hastily, and, it is to be hoped, unobserved.

* An Indian word, signifying personal pre-eminence.

In a few minutes the chief slowly and meekly approached us. He had on a good English hat, with broad silver edging round the brim, gold strings around the crown, and black ostrich feathers. His coat was of coarse blue cloth, with here and there a bit of tinsel; and his leggings and mocassins were of fine leather, richly worked in porcupine quills.

We arose at his coming, did obeisance, and received in our turns his proffered hand.

Our astronomer pointed out a box for his seat and presented him, after the exchange of some further courtesies, with a plate of salt beef and biscuit,—great dainties to him, and the only ones we possessed. We gave another plateful to his faithful spouse, who then retired to a stone and a bush hard by.

The Nectam had seen forty years, was well made, and middle-sized. His face was ruddy and comparatively fair, regular and pleasing, but far too mild and unresisting for one of his race. His whole person was utterly destitute of the prompt watchfulness of the Indian—all touch, all eye, all ear,—whose every faculty is ready to spring into instant and violent action.

He asked none of the jealous, uneasy questions, of the wiry savage of Rainy Lake. He merely ate his dinner, drank his glass of rum, received some

little presents, and after a few whiffs of the peaceful pipe, took his leave, gratefully observing, "Tapoue nih-kispoun" ("Verily I am satisfied").

Other Indians visited us here, partly from curiosity, and partly in hope of presents. A company of six remained about us for some time,—Indians of the olden days,—broad-chested, powerful bronzed statues, with serious and rather fierce physiognomies. They were nearly naked, wearing only the breech-cloth and a buffalo-skin or a blanket loosely across their shoulders, and a string, it must be added, of bears' claws about their necks.

We had no fear of them, and never carried arms. The Englishman's foot is on the Indian's neck. If an Indian had robbed or offered us violence, the Hudson's Bay Company could, and most probably would, have stopped the subsistence of all the tribe until the evil doer had been brought in for judgment.

The summer before our visit to this lake, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company was encamped for the night near some wigwams on Lake Namaycan, and next morning missed a keg of gunpowder. His Indian neighbours disclaimed all knowledge of the theft; when, after a long parley, the white man seized a woman and child, and hurried off.

Very shortly a canoe was perceived following in double quick time; and with many explanations and apologies the missing keg was exchanged for the living hostages. The powder was much wanted, or perhaps instant redress would not have been sought.

I spent three pleasant days in sketching and geologising about the Rat Portage. The weather was charming, but had been sultry.

We left it on the 22d of July, and made an earnest but vain attempt, on the west of the portage, to find out any well-marked spot entitled to be called, in the language of the treaty, "the most north-western point of the Lake of the Woods." An idea then prevailed that this locality lay hereabouts; but the decision of 1842 has properly placed it many miles to the S.S.W. of Rat Portage. It is a matter of very inferior moment to the adoption of the 49th parallel as the great central boundary line.

We now returned eastwards to complete the circumnavigation of the lake.

A mile to the east of the Rat Portage cul-de-sac I noticed one of the outlets by which the Winnepeg* escapes from the lake,—a rough rapid

* To the mouth of the River Winnepeg, in a light canoe, is a journey of from two and a half to three days. Its general course is N. or N.N.E., among naked primitive rocks, from ten feet to one

flowing down a rocky narrow; and a mile further east we come upon another channel, terminating in a cascade.

hundred or five hundred feet high; but at its mouth it passes over white limestone. It is a large and as yet uninvestigated river. It receives many tributaries, and divides into numerous channels, broad and unknown, among islands. It has twenty-five cascades, some of them high and picturesque, besides frequent rapids,—three so strong as to become carrying-places. It forms into lakes, communicating with each other by falls and rapids in straits, of which few, however, are less than 400 yards wide. This information I gathered from traders frequenting this region. One of these, a friend of mine, Mr. J. Mackenzie, met with an awkward adventure on this river a few years ago.

He and his wife were left intentionally by his men at a carrying-place. It was at a rocky spot, in a labyrinth of morass, forest, and river expanses. Together with his wife, Mr. Mackenzie had gone a little aside to gather the pleasant berries which there load the ground in August, while the men were passing the goods over the portage.

They were but a short time away, and then walked to the place of embarkation, from whence, to their great astonishment and dismay, they saw their six canoes smoothly proceeding down a long reach. Signals were made of all possible sorts, but in vain; not a face turned in the canoes; and soon all were out of sight.

Two hundred miles of impassable country lay between the forlorn pair and a house. The wife sat down to weep; but soon started up, and said she thought she knew the country, having been there more than once with her tribe. The river just there performed a circuit of thirty or forty miles in length. She said, that by going straight through the woods for fifteen miles, with hard walking and wading, they perhaps might be able to reach a certain portage before their men. So off they set; and by most severe labour, and with many anxieties about the proper direction, they gained the portage in time, and saved their lives.

On questioning the *voyageurs*, only frivolous excuses were offered. Some thought their master and his wife had walked on;

As to the northern and eastern side of the Lake of the Woods proper, I can only speak of its topography in general. The reader is referred to the accompanying map.

The whole east shore, as far as the great Promontory, is distributed into bays and sounds, usually filled with islands.*

Sixteen miles of coasting brought us through various groups of islands, often bristling with young pines, to the River Anogoyahmé (Spawning River). It enters by a fine fall, over granite, at the bottom of a deep bay. The coast had been rocky, but not high, and well covered with small trees of hard wood.

The lake was almost always polluted with green scum and dead insects. It is not shallow here. There is in all lakes a sort of rough proportion between their depth and the height of the neighbouring land.

others, that they had changed their canoe, and were with the party, &c. &c. I do not know that they were punished.

* A thousand and nineteen islands were counted, and more or less fully laid down, in Lakes Kaminitik and Parpequa-wungar. There are very many more. Those we saw rarely attained the length of eight miles, and these are near Shebashca. Mere rocks are not noticed.

None of the islands on the Old Route and in this great lake, embracing a line 430 miles long, are as yet appropriated to the United States or Great Britain. Some of them must very speedily become valuable mining property, as on Gunflint Lake, Iron Lake, &c.

Continuing our southerly course along the east shore, we come to Red Cliff Bay, so called from its many greenstone (basaltic) cliffs, from thirty to one hundred feet high, coated with red moss, and having perpendicular abutments, such as we see propping the walls of old churches. The new colouring gives a singular effect to the scenery.

Erratic blocks of great size are common here. I saw a large one on a mound thirty feet high. Any alluvial deposits or embankments which may exist in this portion of the lake are hid under foliage.

Six miles further south bring us (in crowds of isles) to the marshes called "Sucker Fishing-place" by the Indians, from the abundance of that fish found there. Near this the main was hilly; and here we slept.

Next day, hugging the shore, we breakfasted near Yellow Girl Island, eight miles south of our sleeping-place. It is small, woody, and rather high. It takes its name from a young girl in a yellow dress having been seen standing on one of its cliffs. She disappeared on being searched for.

Islands are fewer in these parts. We again met with a pair of fishing-eagles.

About two miles south of Yellow Girl Island is a narrow inlet in the east main nine miles long. It receives Dryberry River. In this cul-de-sac

my young servant carelessly dropped my indispensable hammer into the lake. As the weather was warm, the waters clear though deep, and as he was an excellent swimmer, I requested him to recover it, which he gladly did.

On our return towards the mouth of this inlet we perceived an opening in the main, which we found to lead into White-fish Lake, the third portion of this great body of water.

We did not enter here, but by another channel a few miles to the south-west. From this part of White-fish Lake to the Turtle Portage, which connects it with the south-east side of the Lake of the Sand Hills, the direct distance is thirty-five miles. White-fish Lake must therefore be of considerable size, as it extends also northward and eastward from this spot.

We only went a couple of miles into it. I saw a large expanse of clear waters, with two or three lofty islands. The scenery resembled that of the basalt lakes of the Old Route, or of Lake Superior about Pigeon Bay. Dark heights and pine-crested headlands were all around; and the lake was as blue and unruffled as the lagoon of a coral island.

We returned to the Lake of the Woods by a third channel, guided by our Indian, and proceeded west, having on our left (to the south) the

great promontory which, with one principal island, and some others, cuts the lake into the two parts, so well named by the Indians, and which the commercial route from Lake Superior to the Red River crosses at the Portage des Bois.

Along this part of the route a pouring rain and endless changes in our course ("wandering in vain about bewildered shores") prevented accurate notes being taken.

The shape and dimensions of the promontory have been already given, but I must add that the outline of its shores is irregular on the west, and its end broad. Its average height is under one hundred feet. It is well wooded, but burnt in patches. Islands abound in its vicinity, as almost everywhere else. One of these near its east end is called Pipestone Island, from its having in its sienitic greenstone a vein of hard chlorite earth, about eight inches thick, of which the Indians, far and near, make their pipe-bowls. There is another place in the lake where this substance may be procured.

The Portage des Bois, ten miles from the west end of the promontory, enables the traveller to avoid going round it and its islands. It is a grassy swamp, one hundred paces across, at the bottom (on the north) of a fissure or cul-de-sac, about ten miles deep, and full of small islands.

We rounded the promontory by Point aux Chênes, through the narrow on the eastern side of the long island adjacent, and entered once more the Lake of the Sand Hills. We paid a passing visit to the south end of the Portage des Bois, and found it in a moderate-sized bay. From thence we skirted the promontory eastwards, eight miles (?) to Gravel Point, a cape surrounded by gravel, sand, and bowlders.

The view into the lake from Gravel Point presents in every direction islands of gneiss and granite, large and small (from one to five miles long), either naked or topped with pines and poplar; but in front, or southerly, they are fewer, and very small, so that far in the distance, through isles, whose trees loomed high in the haze, we saw the open lake.

Proceeding eastwards, along the southern and straighter side of the promontory, we met for a time with open waters, islets (small and few) chequering the foreground, and larger beyond.

Here we found a party of Indians gathering black bilberries (*Vaccinium Canadense*). This fruit is incredibly abundant all over these countries. For miles we cannot tread without crushing them under our feet; and we owed much of our health and strength to the free use of them. The berries

are very dark purple, as large as the out-door English grape, and they grow on a low creeping shrub. Their flavour is sweet and agreeable; most so in the spring, when they have lain a winter under snow. At that period of the year they are a very important resource to birds, bears, and other animals.

While we were purchasing bilberries, I noticed a sulky old Indian sitting apart on a somewhat high rock, with his arms round his legs, and his head on his knees.

I asked "the little Englishman" who that woe-stricken man was; when he gave me the following statement.

Some years ago this Indian had strangled his lunatic son—his only son and favourite child.

The youth, eighteen years old, for a year or more had refused to hunt, became abstracted, melancholy, and at times frenzied.

When his paroxysms were coming on he would warn his family to protect a particular sister from his unwilling violence, as he had an irresistible propensity to kill and devour her; and, in fact, he made several attempts upon her life.

After a time, his lunacy, for such it was, changed its object; and he declared that he must murder and eat the first Indian he could master in the woods or elsewhere.

He now daily begged his father to put him to death; and so end his miseries.

The surrounding Indians took alarm at all this.

The father, as is usual in great emergencies, called a council. It sat several times, and after much deliberation ordered the lunatic to be strangled by his own father, the *giver* of his life.

The father obeyed. The youth, after listening to a long speech, and assenting aloud to every separate observation, bared his neck to the cord, and soon ceased to breathe. His body was burnt, lest he should rise again.

The parent never looked up more.

We slept that night on a small, flat, well-timbered island, not far from the east end of the promontory. In my geological ardour I determined to run round it, though cautioned not to do so. Away I went as fast as I could go; but such were its innumerable little wrinkles, among deep waters, the night also soon setting in, that I did not reach the camp until past eleven o'clock, thoroughly worn out, and thankful for a supper of cocoa and bilberries. Had not the moon arisen at about ten o'clock, I must have slept in the woods.

Although the west end of the promontory is well wooded, towards its middle it becomes naked, and is often purposely fired by the Indians.

Going still eastwards, we soon exchange the

comparatively open lake for a vast belt of low islands, pretty well covered with young trees, and girt with white granite mounds barely appearing above water.

Beaches and hillocks of sand are now almost universal on the main, and from time to time we see the same great collections of erratic blocks which encumbered the west shores of the Lake of the Sand Hills; but here they were on the heights 120 feet above the lake, among tall straight cypress-trees.

Being now about thirty miles from the west end of the promontory, we leave it, and from going east we gradually turn to the south.

We have in this vicinity access twice to White-fish Lake, at places ten or twelve miles apart.

The northern of these points is at Turtle Portage, across eighty yards of swamp and rock. The other is at the Falls of the Pine River (twenty feet high), at the extreme east end of the lake, at the bottom of a deep bay, and thirty-five miles direct from the nearest part of Rainy Lake. This river, however, does not actually communicate with White-fish Lake, but only passes near it. It is much the shortest way to Fort Lapluie from White-fish Lake, assisted by a chain of streamlets and lakes.

It was remarkable that at Turtle Portage we

found among some long grass a turtle, from twelve to fifteen inches long, of a very dark colour, and its markings, if it had any, obscured by dirt.*

The shape and direction of the east and south shore of Sand-hill Lake are best seen on the map. It is very long, and sweeps in large, easy, low, sinuosities of sand, in ridges and flats, with frequent marshes, and productive rice-grounds. Thousands of foreign rocks of large dimensions crowd the sands and shallows, which extend very far into the lake.

There are very few islets; one of these is named Elm Island.

Twelve miles E.N.E. from Windy Point on Sable Island there is a remarkable spot, Point Brûlé, a striking landmark.

It is a sloping headland of white gneiss, sprinkled with small pines. On its summit, once doubtless hidden by trees, is an ancient round look-out against the hereditary enemy, the Sioux, and of the same size as that near Lake Croche; but here, all the stones are thrown down in circles outwards. The Indian imagination of the present day has found out a meaning for it. They call it the nest of the Thunder Bird.

Three miles west of Point Brûlé is Rice River,

* It was probably the wood terrapin (*Enys insculpta*), but larger than is common.

one of three in the lake of the same name. It looks large and flows through low lands.

A course of eight miles from this river, along a mainland of sand-banks, bushes, with small burnt trees in the rear, brings us to Windy Point, a spot five miles north-east of Sable Island, at the mouth of the River Lapluie.

A violent thunder-storm, followed by a gale of wind, drove us into the narrow pass between the main and Sable Island, among tall rushes and grass. We then reached the River Lapluie, and completed the circuit of this distant but interesting lake.*

I shall spare the reader our homeward journey of nearly two thousand miles. But for aught I know, he may have long ago left us engulfed in suffocating woods, or on the waters, which, unlike those of Siloam, do not go softly.

We were greatly indebted under Providence to the care and skill of Mr. Astronomer Thompson.

* Highest water-mark in the Lake of the Woods proper was five feet above its level in July 1823.

Magnetic Variation :—

1823.

July 17, Near Driftwood Point . . . . . 7° E.
18, N.W Coast, 30 miles from Rat Portage, mid-day 14° E.
24, South side of Portage des Bois . . . . 13° 14′ E.
26, Mid-day. Sandhill Lake. On Promontory . 12° E.
28, East angle of mouth of Rainy River . . 12° E.

There was a good deal of wear and tear in our life of little ease, constant exposure, and unsuitable food.

The ill effects were only temporary; and we soon remembered only the pleasurable part of our wanderings.

Great was the enjoyment of returning to the comforts and amenities of civilised life. Milk was a luxurious novelty. The Indians call the land of the pale-faces "the cow-country." The use of money was strange, and so was access to letters, newspapers, and large assemblies of people. Few things, however, struck us so much as the happy eyes, carmine lips, and pleasant voice of childhood.

APPENDIX.

(A).

As there are very few, if any, of the *Voyageurs* songs in print, it would be desirable to insert a few of those which are sung in the Indian countries, but the want of space forbids the insertion of more than one. It was taken by the author from the lips of the singer, and is evidently ancient Norman, in the Canadian *patois*:—

CHANSON.

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
Petite et jeune étant,
M'envoyait à la fontaine
Pour pêcher des poissons. } *bis*
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

La fontaine est profonde,
Moi de couler au fond;
Par-ici ils passent
Trois cavaliers barons.
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

"Que donneriez vous, belle,
Pour vous tirer du fond?"
"Tirez, tirez," dit-elle:
"Après-ça nous verrons."
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

Quand la belle fut tirée
S'en va à la maison ;
S'assied sur la fenêtre
Et commence une chanson.
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

" Ce n'est pas, ma belle,
Ce que nous demandons ;
C'est votre cœur en gage,
Savoir si nous l'aurons."
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

" Mon petit cœur," dit-elle,
" N'est pas pour un baron ;
C'est pour un gentil-homme,
Qui à la barbe au menton."
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

" Oh ! dites-nous, ma belle,
Où est-il, votre mignon ?"
" Il est à la fontaine
Qu'il pêche la poisson."
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

" Oh ! dites-nous, ma belle,
Quel poisson y prend-t-on ?
On y prend la carpe,
Aussi l'esturgeon."
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

" On y prend la carpe,
Aussi l'esturgeon,
Aussi des écrevisses
Qui vont à reculons."
La violette dandine, la violette dondé.

&c. &c. &c.

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